I LOST MY BABY!

THE DRAMATIC TRUE STORY OF A STAR WHO WAS TRAPPED BY THE ADOPTION RACKET

MBER

Radio MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

THE DON AMECHES

KEEP COOL! Read a hilarious new **JACK BENNY** "Vacation Broadcast"

e **Mystery of THE LONE RANGER – Radio's Most Surprising Story**

"What cleanliness! What luster!

with the

NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"

Never anything like Luster-Foam," says glamourous Athalia Ponsell, lovely New York Model.

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

Luster-Foam's dainty, gentle "bubble bath" surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women's Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, *energized* tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an *unfelt*, but none the less *real* miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

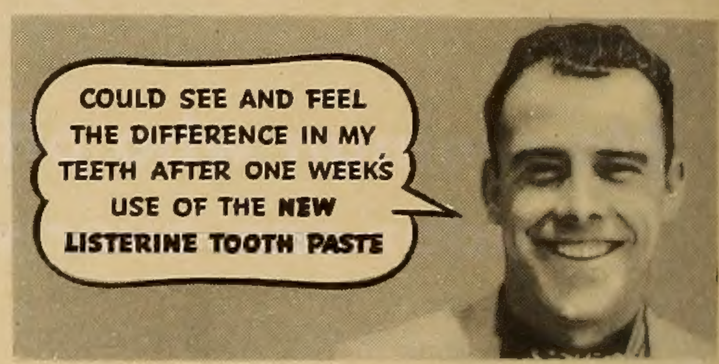
Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced.

Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments below are typical:



supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

[$C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$]

FOR *Super-cleansing*

ROUGH COPY

THE WORD THAT CAROL NEVER HEARS IS . . . "DARLING"

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever win out with men

SHE MEETS NICE MEN—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with *her*. For she's a charming girl—Carol!

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a *second* date. It isn't as if she weren't pretty enough—or easy to talk to. And she *thinks* she's careful about her *person*. After all, doesn't she bathe each day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts her bath alone to keep her sweet! She fails to realize that baths take care only of *past* perspiration...that they can't prevent odor *to come*...that underarms must have *special* care.

Smart girls, *popular* girls, use Mum. Mum is a gentle, pleasant cream that prevents underarm odor before it ever starts. With Mum you never, never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! A half minute is enough to smooth Mum into each underarm.

MUM IS SAFE! Gentle Mum is actually soothing to the skin—you can use it immediately after shaving the underarms. And Mum is harmless to every kind of fabric.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or a full evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM —Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's safe, sure. No worries, when you use Mum this way, too!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft... as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Theobroma." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In 7 ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50¢.

"Air-Spun" Rouge To Match... Another thrilling new Coty discovery! Torrents of *air* blend colors to new, life-like warmth. The shades match "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50¢

Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

SEPTEMBER, 1938 VOL. 10 NO. 5

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Special features

The Adoption Grab-bag ..... Dorothy Canfield 8
A smashing indictment of a muddled American situation

I Lost My Baby ..... Anonymous 9
Exposing the heartbreak of thoughtless adoptions

The Guy Who Sells the Stuff ..... Kirtley Baskette 11
He's Ken Carpenter, Bing Crosby's chime ringer de luxe

A New Jack Benny "Vacation Broadcast" 12
Keep cool with this hilarious, exclusive feature

Success—A Delusion? ..... Judy Ashley 15
Read this if you are torn between love and a career

You Are Invited to the Ameches ..... Marjorie Haynes 16
Meet the month's most engaging family

Murder in Room 1203 18
Steve Wilson crushes the dope racket in this Big Town broadcast

The Story of Music ..... Rose Heylbut 21
How to double your enjoyment of radio

Betty and Bob ..... Lynn Burr 22
This dramatic story of marriage moves toward its climax

Radio's Photo-Mirror
- Their Reasons are Sound 25
- The Mystery of the Lone Ranger 28
- Radio Finds Pitcairn Island 30

Charlie McCarthy's Father ..... Marian Rhea 32
Once Bergen thought he had fired Charlie for good

Hollywood Radio Whispers ..... George Fischer 36
Introducing our new Hollywood reporter

The Girl who Learned How to Live 38
Love helps Mr. Keen to trace a missing heiress

We Canadian Listeners ..... Horace Brown 69
News of programs you hear but don't read about

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions 3
What Do You Want to Say? 4
Facing the Music 35
Radio Mirror Almanac 43
What Do You Want to Know? .. 52
What's New From Coast to Coast 54
Headed for Fall 83
Drink to Health 85

ON THE COVER—Mr. and Mrs. Don Ameche and Family—by Robert Reid

RADIO MIRROR (Copyright, 1938, by Macfadden Publications, Inc.) The contents of this magazine may not be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without permission.

Published monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General Offices, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and advertising offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Chicago office; 333 North Michigan Avenue. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. San Francisco office: 1658 Russ Building. Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 14, 1933, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Price in United States, Canada and Newfoundland $1.00 a year; 10c a copy. In U. S. Territories, Possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $1.50 a year; all other countries $2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. Unaccepted letters for the "What Do You Want to Say?" department will not be returned, and we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking unnecessary risk.

PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. What well-known radio commentator renounced the country of his birth to become an American citizen?
2. What radio script writer, whose dramatic sketches are heard on the Rudy Vallee hour and the CBS Workshop, was once a Cleveland druggist?
3. What CBS conductor recently married a Goldwyn Follies dancer?
4. What member of a rural comedy team recently became a father?
5. What recently married radio couple will broadcast by short wave from South America this summer?
6. What is the Edmar?
7. What radio and movie star has one of the most famous collections of modern art in the country?
8. What romance between a radio singer from Florida and a movie actor from Tahiti, culminated in marriage?
9. What well-known book reviewer heckles what well-known newspaper columnist on a radio program?
10. What swing band leader recently recorded the Mozart Quintet?
11. The books of what famous scientific writer are being dramatized over the Columbia network?
12. What famous comedy team will change their sponsor from breakfast food to cigarettes this fall?
13. If you were horseback riding in New York's Central Park some morning, what orchestra leader would you probably see riding his own horse?
14. What radio singer and what band leader are brothers?
15. What Southern band leader is married to a Texas debutante?
16. What CBS music series is named for the conductor's secretary's blouse?
17. What former Saturday Night Swing Club pianist is now a composer for Twentieth Century-Fox?
18. What two radio dramas were written about swing music?
19. What radio singer and mistress of ceremonies, who recently turned commentator, is now an authoress?
20. What member of a famous radio trio now carries on solo?

(You'll find the answers on page 80)

The Doctor smiles at the enthusiastic young mother. "I dare say you're right," he says, "but that's not the most important reason for using them. Judy, here, is too big for Strained Foods, but she still needs more even-textured foods than you can fix at home. Lots of food dislikes are started by home-prepared foods —with their lumps and stems and seasoning that's never twice alike."

"Aha, young lady!" exults the head of the house. "Look what Daddy's having—corn fritters! And here I thought I was on a baby diet for keeps!"

"Not any more!" he is told. "Baby's got her own menu now—those new Clapp's Chopped Foods. Tonight she has Chopped Carrots and Chopped Mixed Greens . . . Look at her stowing away the vitamins—she loves 'em. And do I love getting out of all that special marketing and cooking!"

Ask your doctor when to promote *your* baby to Clapp's Chopped Foods. They're the next step after Clapp's Strained Foods—just more coarsely divided, the texture baby specialists recommend for older babies and young children. For the runabout child, order Clapp's Chopped Foods from your grocer today!

FREE—booklet about the new Clapp's Chopped Foods, with valuable information about diet for small children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. HCG, 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

9 VARIETIES: Vegetable Soup • Liver Soup • Spinach Carrots • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens Apple Sauce • Prunes

Danger days! Hot weather and vacations hold perils for children under six. Clapp's Chopped Foods are safe—anytime—anywhere.

CLAPP'S *Chopped* FOODS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLAPP'S STRAINED BABY FOODS

SING!

Everybody loves to sing—but very few know the words. Now you can

learn the words of all your favorite songs

. . . complete

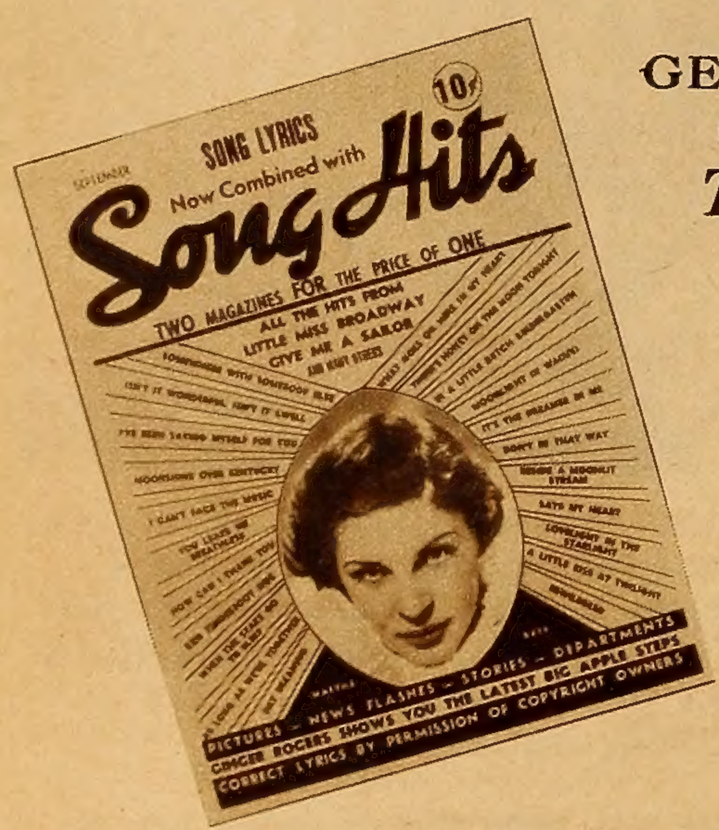
. . . accurate

in

SONG HITS

THE MAGAZINE OF POPULAR SONGS

September Issue Now on Sale Wherever Magazines Are Sold



GET YOUR COPY *Today*

Complete with Words of Latest Songs, including those from the newest screen musicals—accurate, official lyrics, printed by permission of the copyright owners. Illustrated with many pictures of your favorite screen and radio stars and scenes from the latest hit movies, latest dance steps, etc. It's a big, beautiful magazine—and only **10c**

SONG LYRICS now combined with SONG HITS. *Just ask for* SONG HITS—*and sing for fun!*

"WILL WE HAVE WONDERFUL MEALS LIKE THIS WHEN WE'RE MARRIED DARLING?"

They will. Providing, of course, that Edith uses the same thought and careful planning that she used for tonight's special treat. But that's assured, because Edith sent for IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S SERVICE COOK BOOK NO. 2, which she got from RADIO MIRROR'S Service Bureau for only 20c. There are enough cooking tricks, suggestions and recipes in its 196 pages to make sure that her meals will be just as wonderful after they're married as they are now.

SEND FOR IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S COOK BOOK TODAY

196 pages in big easy-to-read type. Loose spiral-type stiff-cover binding lies flat on the table. Quick thumb-nail index makes every recipe easy to find. Helpful information on cooking tricks, measures, baking temperatures, meal planning, diets, serving.

Mail stamps or dimes to Desk RM-1

RADIO MIRROR
205 East 42nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

20c POST PAID

What do you

Paramount

Edward Arnold — your new master of ceremonies for the Chase and Sanborn hour, while Don Ameche is vacationing.

FIRST PRIZE

THANKS A MILLION

FOR months I have been grieving over something which seemed to be breaking my heart, tearing the very life from my body. I have lived through long torturous, sleepless nights, praying for tears that wouldn't come.

And the radio has been silent too—but last night in a sort of frenzy I flipped the button. Presently Gracie Allen's merry voice filled the room. I laughed aloud—then like rain the tears poured down my cheeks, easing the tight bands around my throat and heart, like a refreshing rain.

Laughter does so much to a person, helps so much to cross the "Rivers of Life." So I say to George and Gracie, a million thanks for helping me.

MARCHE PIPES,
Texarkana, Texas

SECOND PRIZE

HAVE YOU A MOTHER-IN-LAW?

Radio comedians have made so many jokes about mothers-in-law that when anyone mentions the word, we all expect some joke or slam.

A while ago on the Major Bowes Hour a man said he recently lost the best friend a man could have—his mother-in-law. The audience burst out with laughter but I am sure they felt a little sheepish when they learned the man was a minister who was giving a sincere tribute to his friend.

I think instead of all the poor-taste jokes about them on the radio, mothers-in-law deserve celebrations and parades, as a certain southern state gave them.

MRS. M. M. KOSICH,
Wilkeson, Washington

want to say?

THIRD PRIZE
RADIO'S LESSON

Many times we hear the daytime radio serials ridiculed. But from these same serials one can learn a valuable lesson—the great wrong of gossiping. There are very few of these stories where, at one time, you have not heard some person spreading lies, exaggerated truths, or telling a story to his or her liking. Several episodes later the harm, misery and unhappiness caused by this is revealed. You hate this person but dismiss it with, "Oh, it's only a story." But it is the same in real life. In many cases people who gossip do not realize the harm they are doing. Radio gives them a good illustration. Won't they please heed its warning? We can learn much from radio, but first and foremost let it teach us to be more kind and charitable toward our neighbors.

WINNIFRED WITTRY,
Marshall, Minn.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00
Second Prize $5.00
Five Prizes of $1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than August 22, 1938.

FOURTH PRIZE
LISTEN, SPONSORS!

This criticism is being sent in hopes the Lucky Strike sponsors will cast an eagle eye over it and thereby get the opinion of many listeners. As a representative of the clan, I wish to say that Kay Kyser's Musical Kollege is one fine hour of entertainment. There is certainly no kick coming about the way Professor Kyser handles his part of the program. The faulty moments are the ramblings of the tobacco auctioneer. When this advertising stunt was first started, it was a novelty but now it is becoming monotonous.

The appreciation the audience feels in hearing a good program minus excess advertising sells the product much more quickly to the minds of millions of thoughtful listeners.

So sponsors—as Kay Kyser, himself, might say: "Yet's profit by criticism, come on, yet's profit."

MRS. ALTHEA BRUWER,
Portsmouth, Va.

FIFTH PRIZE
IDLE DIALING

When we get fed up with it all—with the same old Cantors, Jolsons, Burns and Allens—with their same old gags and even older commercials; we start a little idle dialing. This is

(*Continued on page* 7)

—there she was
WAITING AT THE CHURCH

. . . waiting at the church because the cutest boy in the neighborhood, playing "groom" to her "bride," walked out on her—*and told her why.* Lucky little Edna, to learn so young, that halitosis (bad breath) is the fault unpardonable. Later in life, radiant, beautiful, sought after, she always used Listerine Antiseptic to make her breath agreeable.

How's *your* breath?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that it affects everyone at some time or other—*without them knowing it.* So they often offend needlessly. That goes for you, too.

Why take the chance? Why guess? Use Listerine Antiseptic to halt food fermentation in the mouth, a major cause of breath odors. Then you will know that your breath is sweeter, purer, more agreeable. Fastidious people rinse the mouth with Listerine morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

Why don't *you* acquire this delightful mouth freshening habit? It pays rich dividends in popularity. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

FOR HALITOSIS *USE* LISTERINE

WANTED

LONG TRUE STORIES

20,000 TO 50,000 WORDS

We will pay from $1,000 to $3,500 each for book-length and serial true stories submitted between now and midnight December 31, 1938, provided they conform to our editorial requirements. This is a grand opportunity for writers of true stories to dispose of stories at almost unheard of prices.

$12,500.00

has been set aside for the purchase of this material. Not a contest but a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply write a true story falling within the specified wordage and send it to us. If it has the quality and human interest we seek you will receive a check for from $1,000 to $3,500 for it regardless of what anybody else sends in.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Write today for our free booklet telling "What You Should Know Before Writing True Stories" and other important information regarding our requirements for material submitted under this special, unprecedented offer which will terminate at midnight, December 31, 1938. Use the coupon in requesting information, and also to save time and possible confusion, address your envelope exactly as per the address furnished in the coupon.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station

New York, New York

COMING NEXT MONTH! A Great New Contest for *Short* True Stories. Watch for It. Take Part in it. But *Do Not* Confuse it With This Great Special Offer To Purchase Book-Length and Serial True Stories.

R.M.

True Story Serial Editor
P.O. Box 477, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories," also particulars regarding your true serial offer.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

(*Continued from page 5*)

what we got the other night:

"What do you owe yourself and family * * * (which, of course, means turn the dial) * * * Blue white diamonds * * * only ten cents a quart * * * The simplest thing is to add this to the liquid * * * on the New York Curb * * * We want a city of trees to * * * scratch an itching skin * * * When you take your stockings off at night, do you just hang them over a chair * * * perform that last task for the service of your country."

Now, who said a dial was a thing that when you turn it you get something else not as good?

MARY LEE FORD,
Burlingame, Calif.

SIXTH PRIZE

THIS COURT BUSINESS

Ma Perkins has just finished a session in court with the "Old Meany" Sam Grimm, (and as usual she won out), Kitty Keene's husband, Charles Williams, is in the middle of an exciting court fight, and Joan Blaine, our Valiant Lady is heading for one now, (I hope she wins) along with Miss Bess, of Hilltop House in her effort to get custody of Tiny Tim.

Why all these daytime serials are turning to court scenes, I do not know. But I will admit that it makes exciting radio programs. It may also be educational too, should we ever need it, but why so much of it and all at the same time?

MRS. EDWARD J. ANDRESEN,
Sioux Falls, South Dak.

SEVENTH PRIZE

TO SWING OR NOT TO SWING

I suppressed my feelings when they began to swing tunes like LOCHLOMMOND and COMING THRU THE RYE over the air, for much of the beauty of these favorites was lost by blaring instruments.

But when the Columbia Broadcasting Company celebrated recently in Hollywood, a band began to swing and twist the STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER composed by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, I saw red. The original tune was barely audible through the din of musical contortion. I'll bet Sousa stirred several inches of earth above him.

Aren't there enough popular tunes to distort, without killing the classics?

PAULA FERNALD,
Chicago, Illinois

HONORABLE MENTION

"Let me, a Canadian reader, compliment you on your fine articles and photos in May magazine. Stars' Babies was especially interesting and a little different from the usual run of articles."—Mrs. Elizabeth C. Smith, Hamilton Beach, Ontario, Canada.

"Here are some one word descriptions of the boys who sell the stuff:

Harry Von Zell—bombastic
Ken Carpenter—pompous
Bill Goodwin—swingy
Graham McNamee — Breathless" — Maxine Baxter, Norwood, Ohio.

"In a few months the big stars will be off the air and on vacation and most of the sponsors will be in a huddle with their advertising agencies preparing their new fall programs.

"Please, please tell them there are nights other than Thursdays and Sundays that the public listen in."—Mrs. M. S. Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

"To my regret there is no more Popeye broadcast, but Walt Disney filled the gap with his Sunday program. Haven't they forgotten the children? There are so few programs for them this season and we are the coming citizens, remember.

"Tell them to be sports and throw in more kid broadcasts."—Donald Abbott, Washington, D. C.

"Although I am a great admirer of the stars, never before have I had such a letter as this published in any form in any magazine whatsoever, of considerable note, and I don't suppose the following will be either, but I would like to say, "Hats Off!" to Miss Verna B. Hermann of Bath, Ill., for the splendid contribution she paid towards a truly grand artist of the acting type in the July issue of RADIO MIRROR, when she really sees one! . . . None other than our own DON AMECHE! . . . Three cheers, Verna, for your excellent boosting! Who could but resist his topnotch characterizations both on the screen and over the air? All in all, a regular fellow, a swell guy, and a most enjoyable emcee—the best radio ever had! Orchids, DON AMECHE, and many of them! May we have still more of you in the years to come for you are what WE typify Hollywood at its best!!!—Mary Miller, St. Catherines, Ont., Canada.

POND'S SUNLIGHT SHADES

"GLARE-PROOF" powder shades to flatter your skin in hard blazing sun . . .

OUT in the pitiless glare of the sun, skin faults are magnified. Color flattens out. Skin seems coarser. Your face looks harder all over!

But see how "Sunlight" shades flatter you!

"Glare-proof"—Pond's "Sunlight" shades are scientifically blended to reflect only the softer rays of the sun. They soften its glare on your skin . . . make it *flattering!* Your face has a lovely soft look. Your tan a rich glow.

Try them right now. Two glorious "Sunlight" shades, Light and Dark. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. Big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 8RM-PW. Please rush me, free, Pond's "Sunlight" shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1938.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

THE Adoption Grab-bag

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Brimming Cup," "Her Son's Wife," and many other novels, broadcast the following talk when she appeared, on behalf of the Child Welfare League of America, with Alma Kitchell on the Let's Talk it Over program on NBC. RADIO MIRROR *is happy to reproduce Miss Canfield's message, in accordance with its policy of publishing the finest and most significant of radio's many offerings.*

OFTEN, when a man and wife adopt a child, there is little or no previous effort to find out whether the child's family history is one of insanity, crime, contagious disease; or whether the foster parents have a background that makes them fit or unfit to raise the child in their home; or whether the parents and the child are likely to be compatible. The transaction is often conducted in a secretive, hurry-up fashion, with as little outside influence as possible. The foster parents take a blind chance—the helpless baby takes a chance—it is indeed a grab-bag.

A few months ago we were all startled to read of two unfortunate young people—a youth of twenty-three and a girl of about twenty-one—who met at a party, fell in love and got married, only to learn that they were actually brother and sister. They had been left orphans when they were tiny babies. The boy was taken to live with one family; the little girl adopted into another home in a nearby town. Each grew up without even knowing that the other existed. The tragedy of their meeting and marrying each other is appalling evidence of a problem in human relations that could have and should have been prevented.

The nation's attention was recently centered on another story of tangled and painful domestic relations in which an innocent child was the victim of his elders' mistakes. This was the story of an infant whose unwed and poverty-stricken mother and father begged the doctor to place the child with foster parents. This was done and the child was adopted by a couple in the same city. Presently the financial situation of the real parents improved; they got married and, being able to support their child, tried to get custody of him by kidnapping him from his foster parents. The foster parents objected; this started court action which brought the case sharply into the limelight. (*Continued on page* 70)

A famous author and a nameless star expose the heartbreak that comes when you try to adopt a child without stopping to think

Illustration by Vincentini

I Lost My Baby

ANONYMOUS

In order to awaken everyone to the realization that there exists today in America a condition of heartbreak to which we have all contributed by our indifference and ignorance, RADIO MIRROR *asked Dorothy Canfield's permission to publish the broadcast on the opposite page.*

In order to demonstrate that this heartbreak can come to the wealthy and famous as well as the poor and humble, the editors asked one of radio's most successful stars to tell what happened to her when she adopted a baby.

Here is the story that star agreed to write in the hope that the present dangers of adoption due to lax and outmoded laws will shock you into a determination to help eliminate those dangers. RADIO MIRROR *publishes it in the same hope.*

FOR a long, long time, I thought I could never bear to speak about our baby—even now I think of her as ours, though when you read this you will know how slight was our right to that possessive word.

But now I see our experience in perspective. I see that the mistakes we made, though they led to our intensely personal and private tragedy, were mistakes that many other men and women are planning, even as I write this, to make. In the hope of staying some of the thousands of eager hands that reach too rashly for children they can call their own, I write my story.

Try as I may—and shall—to disguise the facts of our history, I know that I could not conceal our identity from you if you bent your efforts to guess which radio voices, which pictured personalities, we are. For that reason I ask the readers of RADIO MIRROR not to make

of this a guessing game, but to accept my story as it is told, to read it thoughtfully for the lesson it can carry to all intelligent men and women who want the happiness of being parents.

It was just after we had made our first picture that I realized our marriage had reached the point when it needed a child. Before that, our struggle through a dying vaudeville to sudden success in radio had been too strenuous a climb for such a thought.

But in the first months after we knew we had definitely "arrived," we both, I think, felt something was missing. I wondered if our marriage was so conditioned to trouble that it could not survive success, or if it was just the Hollywood climate. But it was simply this: There comes a time in every good mating when a child is the natural fulfilment.

IT was on the Chief, coming back to New York in the Autumn, that Mark broke the strange new silence that had become a habit with him. We were sitting in the dining car, where we always loved to make our coffee last while we sat watching the wide window frame its ever-changing picture. He said, "Eileen, listen. Did you notice anything different on the coast? Something that made you kind of stop and think?"

I said, "Why, Mark, that's a big order. Everything was different. It was a great show—"

He said, "Look. We've got money, now, just like they have out there. We've made our first picture and it won't be the last. It's good. They're going to like it. We'll be going out there again, you know that. Out there they have homes. They know there's some place to come back to. Gardens. Dogs. And—and kids."

I lay awake that night in our drawing room with the rails flying, singing, speeding beneath me, and knew I should have guessed before. There was that night on the road when the child in the family act on the number two spot on the bill had been sick. She was an unattractive little girl, really—spoiled, cocky—but it was Mark who had taken her to the hospital while her parents were still wondering what to do. And there was the way his face had looked when we stood in the moonlit nursery of a star's home and watched the even sweet soft breathing of their littlest girl. Yes, I should have known it. Mark deeply, truly, wanted a child.

But as for me—well, I wish I could tell you differently but only the facts can explain what happened later. I was a child myself. Though I was in my mid-twenties, my life had not prepared me for maturity. Remember that a girl in show business must think for years of nothing but herself, how to build that self into something that will attract the public. How could such a life make me other than self-centered, even selfish? True, I'd have given away anything I owned—and often did—in a generous moment, still it was an impulsive, fleeting kind of generosity, not the deep unselfishness that makes real sacrifices.

That was how it was that I could lie dreaming that night of having Mark's child, and three days later, when the wire from our agent told us of a new contract, toss the vision into the discard.

But in the midst of my excitement I saw Mark's eyes. I was sobered, suddenly.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt brings Radio Mirror readers still another important message upon a subject of the most vital interest to all women

"This rather postpones Junior," I said.

His answer was husky. "I guess—yes, I guess it does."

"You can't go around having babies while they're shooting a picture," I said.

He said, "That's right." And he smiled. But there was something missing in that smile.

I wondered if he was thinking the thought that had come to me. Other comedians had changed partners without hurting their act. There were hundreds of girls who could sing and dance as well as I. But suppose the audience liked this new girl better? No more Sanders & Ross! I couldn't bear it. I *had* to make this picture. But the look in Mark's eyes—

I said, "Mark, we could *adopt* a baby—"

Before he could answer I rushed on, "Most of those babies we saw in Hollywood were adopted. Think, we'd be giving a good home to some poor little kid—"

He said slowly, "I guess you're right, honey. I guess that's the best thing to do."

He woke me up next morning with information he had gathered from a friend of his in City Hall. He gave me a paper with the name of an approved agency for placing homeless children. "You'd better get started," he said.

Any pangs of conscience I might have had the day before were gone now. Driving downtown I felt thrilled and excited, top of the world. Life was wonderful. A new Hollywood contract in our hands, a house of our own in prospect—and now a baby! I saw myself bidding the admiring crowd farewell at Grand Central, with a gray-veiled English nurse holding our baby, reporters calling out questions, photographers taking pictures— "We must be careful of those flashlights in the baby's eyes," I said to myself. I was like that. Now that I had made up my mind to get a baby, it was as good as in my arms. Action came almost before the thought, with me.

When I stepped across the threshold of that agency I received a big surprise.

I hardly noticed the woman who stood behind her desk to meet me. She was just a quiet, unspectacular person. In my world only spectacular people counted.

"I don't care whether I get a boy or a girl," I told her. "And we aren't demanding a raving beauty. Of course if you could find a redhead like me or a blond like my husband, and make sure it's cute and healthy and very young—"

"Wait a minute," she said smiling. "Let's go back a bit. Tell me a little about yourself and your husband."

I realize now that I must have bristled. Without even being aware of it I was missing something in her voice—a tone people can become addicted to like a drug. Her voice took no account of the millions of people who listened to me over the air every week. She was pleasant, but—

"What," I asked, "do you mean?"

"Well, first," she answered, "we need to know why you are adopting a child rather than having one of your own."

"Maybe you didn't understand," I said. "I'm Eileen Ross, of Sanders and Ross."

Her eyes did not light up with wonder. They regarded me with the same inter- (*Continued on page* 70)

THE GUY WHO SELLS *the Stuff*

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

He's Ken Carpenter, who chimed in at the right time and made a place for himself on Dr. Crosby's show

The first man to make bell-ringing a fine art, Ken Carpenter is shown at the left with Prexy Crosby and Vice-Prexy Bob Burns of old K.M.H.

KENNETH LEE CARPENTER is the only man in radio history who rang the bell when they gave him the gong.

Kenneth Lee's professional tag is Ken Carpenter. If you've been tuning in on Doctor Bing Crosby's jovial Kraft Music Hall in the past few months, you'll associate that distinctive moniker with an often thwarted, definitely bewildered, gratefully ga-ga hero of a hilarious skit which has made the Kraft hour stand apart from every other program on the air.

It comes right before the station break in the middle of the show. Often it takes as long as ten minutes for a flow of dollar-and-a-half words to toss to and fro between Bing, Bob, John Scott Trotter, what musical or movie guests happen to be hanging around—and Ken Carpenter.

At the climax a distinctive carillon chimes out—Bing—Bang—Bong!—like that. "You are listening to Station XYZ," says your local NBC announcer.

And Ken Carpenter's big moment of the week has come and gone.

But as a result of Bing Crosby's glorification of the familiar little dial welkin, the name Ken Carpenter has spread far and wide in the land and rolled up one tremendous coast-to-coast chuckle around that certain half hour mark every Thursday evening. A new radio personality has been tolled out, and the Burns-Crosby fun team of the Kraft Music Hall has been stretched to three. A new question arises each week in the mass mind of American Radioland—will Carpenter ring the chimes for Old KMH against Yoo-Hoo U and Gesundheit State?

Meanwhile Ken Carpenter is pinching himself to find out if his new found fame is (*Continued on page* 73)

KEEP COOL! A NEW JACK BENNY

Here it is, folks! That ancient fossil of motor-dom, Jack Benny's beloved Maxwell. Below, you'd never expect Andy Devine to be a steam whistle, but—

BECAUSE the only thing wrong with summer, for several million people, is that you can't hear Jack Benny then, RADIO MIRROR this year repeats a custom which it inaugurated in 1937 and prints a special Benny "vacation" Readio-Broadcast. You can't listen to Jack, Mary, Don Wilson, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris and Andy Devine on the air—but read this and you'll find that you're hearing them in your "mind's ear." Thanks are due to Jack and his sponsors, the makers of Jell-O, who gave RADIO MIRROR permission to recreate this special broadcast from material which Jack put on the air during the last season.

It's Sunday evening—a hot, midsummer Sunday evening. And though the Jell-O troupe is officially on a vacation, here they are, nevertheless:

DON WILSON: Now, ladies and gentlemen, we bring you a man with a twinkle in his eye, a smile on his face, and a toupee on his head . . . Jack Benny!

JACK: Jell-O again, this is Jack Benny talking. And thanks very much, Don, for that introduction—although you shouldn't mention my accessories. By the way, is my toupee on straight?

DON: Why, yes—what makes you ask?

JACK: Well, one ear seems to be warmer than the other.

DON: It looks all right to me.

JACK: Now, Don, you *know* I don't wear a toupee.

DON: Of course not, Jack, I just wanted to let people know that you need one.

JACK: Oh well, then—I forgive you. . . . I tell you, Don, it's fun to be here for this vacation broadcast—I didn't know how much I'd miss all the gang.

DON: Me too, Jack.

JACK: I was going to spend the summer in Honolulu, but I got too lonesome. Where did you go, Phil?

PHIL HARRIS: Oh, I went down to Texas on a little fishing trip.

JACK: Fishing, eh? Have any luck?

PHIL: Swell—I caught a hundred-and-ten-pound blonde in Galveston.

JACK: Well! Those are rare too, aren't they?

PHIL: Yeah. But her father was the game warden so I had to throw her back.

"VACATION BROADCAST"

You don't have to stop laughing just because you can't hear your favorite comedian's jokes. You can read 'em!

JACK: That's too bad.

PHIL: So you didn't like Honolulu, Jack?

JACK: Naw. I went with my uncle. He's a swell fellow but he drinks a lot.

PHIL: Well, at least you had company—somebody to talk to, I mean.

JACK: Oh, sure—if you can understand hiccoughs.

PHIL: Where's Mary? I hear she ran over to Paris for a few days.

JACK: Yes—she just got back yesterday—and here she is now.

MARY: (*And what a French accent!*) Bon jure, messeers, ka-mon tally-voo say-swar?

JACK: Hello, Mary!

MARY: *Marie* to you guys.

JACK: Cut it out, Mary, you're home now.

MARY: Yes, and I've brought every one of you a present—from Paris.

PHIL: You did?

DON: What is it, Mary?

MARY: Perfume.

JACK: (*In disgust*) Perfume!

PHIL: Just what we needed.

JACK: Speak for yourself, Harris.

MARY: Come here, Don—here's your bottle. It's called "A Kiss in the Dark."

DON: Thanks, Mary.

MARY: And here's yours, Phil—it's called "Love's Gardenia."

PHIL: Well!

JACK: Mm, quite romantic. What's mine, Mary?

MARY: "Dracula's Dream."

JACK: That's a fine name for a perfume.

MARY: It also kills ants. . . . And I've brought back a present for our audience too.

JACK: Fine! What is it?

Jack Benny's radio heckler and wife in private life, Mary Livingstone, acquires a French accent on her vacation and writes an unbelievable poem about Paris.

The ever-late Kenny Baker—this time he even has a pretty good excuse. He was delayed because Edgar Bergen couldn't tell him and Charlie McCarthy apart.

MARY: A poem—and I'm going to read it now. Ahem!

I've just returned from dear old Paris,
Where life is gay and there no care is.
Some call it Paris, some Paree—
Now which is right, *I'm* up a tree.
With your good old Eiffel Tower,
Where friends you meet and say bon jower,
And people poor and people rich
Ride across your London Britch—

JACK: Mary! London Bridge is in London!

MARY: Well, I was there too.

JACK: Oh!

MARY: I adore you, Paris, France,
Where girls buy hats and men buy pants.
And taxicabs they have a rattle—
The drivers look but do not tattle.
Your onion soup is so delish,
It puts you in a swell condish.
And the whole world shouts hurrah
For your patty fooey grah.

JACK: It's pate de *foie* gras, Mary,

MARY: It's fooey—I didn't like it.
Your waiters with their fine behavyurs
Serve the six delicious flavyurs—
Ze strawberry, ze raspberry, ze cherry, orange, too,
Ze lemon and ze lime, and ze keskay voo-le-voo!

JACK: Hey, Harris!

PHIL: What?

JACK: See-voo-play, Phil!

(*And Phil does, just in the nick of time to drown out Mary as she starts on the second verse —which is much verse.*)

JACK: That was "Love Walked In," played by Phil Harris and his orchestra. And, Phil, it really sounded swell.

PHIL: You think that's something? Wait until we learn it!

KENNY BAKER: Hello, folks.

JACK: Oh, hello, Kenny—did you just get here?

KENNY: Yeah. I'm sorry I'm a little late, but I was over in the next studio talking to Charlie McCarthy.

JACK: Oh, was Edgar Bergen there too?

KENNY: No, just Charlie and me. . . . And gee, he's dumb.

JACK: Well, he's supposed to be—he's a dummy.

KENNY: Oh, say, Jack, if you think I'm bad, Edgar Bergen came over later and boy—is *he* all mixed up!

JACK: Why, what happened?

KENNY: He asked Charlie to sing, and put me in a suitcase.

JACK: Can you imagine that, Mary? Edgar Bergen thought Kenny was Charlie McCarthy. If he can't tell 'em apart, who can?

KENNY: Gee, I don't know. Say, Jack, did you drive down in that old Maxwell of yours?

JACK: I certainly did. And I didn't have any trouble at all. Did I, Mary?

MARY: Not with me, you didn't.

JACK: I'm talking about the car.

MARY: What about that flat tire you had?

JACK: Flat tire? Say, you could hardly feel it. Anyway, my tires are awfully thin.

DON: A puncture, eh? How did it happen?

MARY: Jack ran over a marshmallow.

JACK: Well, no wonder—it was toasted. You forgot to mention *that*. And of course you'd never mention what swell time we made. I even got a ticket for speeding.

MARY: Yeah, right next to a fire plug. (*She giggles.*) Jack, shall I tell 'em what else happened?

JACK: Oh, not now, Mary—we've got a show to do.

KENNY: Come on, Mary—tell us about it.

MARY: Well—

JACK: Mary!

MARY: Oh, what's the difference? We were driving along Wilshire Boulevard, and there was a great big truck right in front of us—

JACK (*in anguish*): Mary!

MARY: And all of a sudden the truck backfired.

DON: And what happened?

MARY: Jack's motor dropped out.

JACK: Well, that could happen to anyone. Anyway, there's one thing about my car—it never backfires.

PHIL: It wouldn't dare to.

MARY: And how about that bicycle that passed us?

PHIL: No kidding, Jack, did a bicycle really pass you?

JACK: Well, what of it? It was a brand-new 1938 model.

Even on a vacation broadcast Don Wilson insists on selling Jell-O.

MARY: Boy, was Jack mad!

JACK: I wasn't mad when he passed me. What burned me up was when he started doing those figure eights around my car. He was a regular Sonja Henie on wheels.

(*The phone rings.*)

MARY: Hello.

ANDY DEVINE (on the phone): Hello, Mary. Can I speak to Buck?

MARY: Sure, Andy. Here, Jack; it's the Voice of Experience.

JACK: Oh, Andy! What's the matter—why aren't you down here?

ANDY: Well, you see, Buck, I got a cold.

JACK: That's too bad. Haven't you done anything for it?

ANDY: Well, Maw put a mustard plaster on my chest, an icebag on my head and a hot-water bottle on my back. Now I look like a one-man band.

JACK: Glad you're taking care of yourself, Andy? Say, where are you—in bed?

ANDY: No, I'm talking to you from the barn.

JACK: The barn? How come there's a telephone in the barn?

ANDY: My bull's got a girl friend in Pomona.

JACK: Oh! Well, Andy, I don't think you ought to be in the barn with a cold. Haven't you a nurse?

ANDY: Yes, sir! And you oughtta see her, Buck. She's a humdinger.

JACK: Oh, yeah? Where is she?

ANDY: In the house with Paw.

JACK: She is, eh? Where's your Maw?

ANDY: She's out on the sidewalk, picketin'.

JACK: That cold of yours certainly has complications. . . . I wish you were here, Andy. We're going to do our version of that thrilling Warner Brothers movie, Submarine D-1, and I had a big part all picked out for you.

ANDY: Aw, gee, Buck, can't I do it over the phone?

JACK: Come to think of it, I guess you could. Just hang on and come in when (*Continued on page* 78)

Lovely Joan Blaine, star of NBC's serial, Valiant Lady.

Success— A DELUSION?

By JUDY ASHLEY

If you must choose between love and a career, first read Joan Blaine's vital message

I SUPPOSE that into the life of nearly every woman there comes, some time, the desire to have a career. Perhaps it comes when she is a young girl, just out of school, filled with dreams and ambitions. Or it may come when she is older, dissatisfied and restless because of her humdrum life. But that desire for a career is like puppy-love and should not be taken too seriously. Once you get the career it may very well not be worth the effort, the sacrifice and the heartbreak that it has cost."

This was Joan Blaine speaking, lovely NBC actress and star of Valiant Lady. I had asked for her opinion on the vital question of careers for women because she, more than anyone I know, has given up everything for her career. Joan is one career woman who has never compromised—with her it has been all or nothing. And in what she has learned there is a vitally important message for all women who have ever hesitated between love and the fascination of an independent life—and for all married women, too, who have looked backwards and wondered if perhaps they would have been happier if they had remained single and carved out their own destinies.

I knew what Joan meant when she spoke of effort, sacrifice and heartbreak. For Joan, since her early childhood, has known more than her share of all three. Her whole life has been concentrated upon the success of her work. As a child her long hours of study, rehearsal and concentration on what was to become her career, kept her from the usual dolls and playing that other children filled their days with. As a young girl, her plans for marriage with the young football captain she met and loved in college were shattered by her father's illness and the resultant necessity for earning a living. Then when she had won stardom and had fallen in love—the great love that she had dreamed of—and was within two weeks of her wedding day, Joan's fiance was killed in an automobile accident.

That determined the pattern of Joan Blaine's future. The years since have been filled with hard work, relentless driving toward that (*Continued on page* 58)

By MARJORIE HAYNES

You'll meet Don who's always losing his car keys, Honore who handles the family funds, Donnie who cut his finger, and Ronnie who won't put toys away

You are invited to the Ameches

I'VE just come home from spending a day at the Don Ameches and I am still in kind of a whirl. So many things happened, like Don losing his car keys and Ronnie being disciplined in the matter of putting away his toys and me falling in the swimming pool.

But I had a swell time, just the same. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. For one thing, I've had some of my preconceived and critical notions about the private lives of famous chaps like Don Ameche knocked into a cocked hat. And for another, I've seen a close-up of an honest-to-gosh happy Hollywood marriage, and that makes me feel good, too.

They live out in Encino—Don and Honore Ameche and family—in those rolling, green hills above

The happy Ameches—Don with Donnie and Ronnie with Honore—live out in Encino and forget all about pictures and radio.

San Fernando Valley. Their house is a big, rambling one with trees and rose trellises all around, a swimming pool in the back and orange groves, gold and green, stretching down toward the boulevard.

And yes, they really live . . .

You'd think Hollywood and the NBC Studios and Twentieth Century-Fox and all the rest of it were a million miles away. You'd think Don just any nice guy with a crush on his family. You'd think Honore just a nice wife with more than a dash of common sense in the way she handles her men folks.

Incidentally, it is a funny thing about Honore Ameche. I never saw a girl so completely unconcerned about herself and yet so completely individual. No, she does NOT look like the pictures you see of her in the press from time to time. We laughed about those, some of them. Certainly, I have never seen one that did her justice, nor even caught a fraction of the elusive yet vital charm of her deep-set blue eyes, her firm, sensitive mouth, that thick, yellow hair she wears in a braid around her head . . . Just as a camera could never catch the quiet efficiency which is hers, the honesty, the humor.

"Come on out early," she and Don had said when they invited me. And as there is nothing lovelier than an early summer morning in Southern California and a drive out Sunset boulevard and through Beverly Glen into the Valley, I was there as requested—early enough, in fact, to witness the hubbub which opened that particular Ameche day.

Turning into the tree-lined drive-way, fragrant with the scent of crimson ramblers and orange blossoms, I almost ran over a plaid-coated figure down on all fours, rummaging in the hedge.

"Looking for something?" I inquired when my brakes had stopped screaming.

"Oh, no. I always play like this every morning—"

IT was the debonair Mister Ameche, himself, who glared up at me. "I—gosh, I've lost my car keys. Thought I might have dropped 'em around here, somewhere."

"Yes, Daddy's lost his keys." This was Donnie Ameche, aged four-and-a-half, speaking confidentially. "Last week he lost them, too. He's always losing them."

"Oh, Dom—" Honore's voice sounded from inside the house—"did you look in the children's toy box? You know you were playing—Oh, hello!" She appeared in the doorway and saw me. "I'm glad you've come. Dom is, too, although he probably has been too busy hunting four-leaf clovers to say so. If he would just put those keys—"

Dom interrupted from the recesses of the hedge. "Yeh, I know. If I'd just put 'em in a place I could remember easily, why then, I'd remember them. And I would always have—"

"Hey, Dom—" (And by the way, I guess I should explain the "m" where you'd expect an "n" to be. Dom is short for Dominic, Don's real name. His relatives and friends use both the "m" and the "n" impartially.

"Hey, Dom—" This was Gabriel, old friend and right hand man to the Ameche family—"what coat were you wearing when you came in last night? Maybe you slipped 'em in the pocket."

"That blue flannel jacket," Don yelled back, "but I looked in those pockets right away. Or—" he stopped his hedge-rummaging and looked suddenly blank—"or did I?"

Honore already was on her way to the house. "A dollar to a doughnut you did *not!*" she flung over her shoulder.

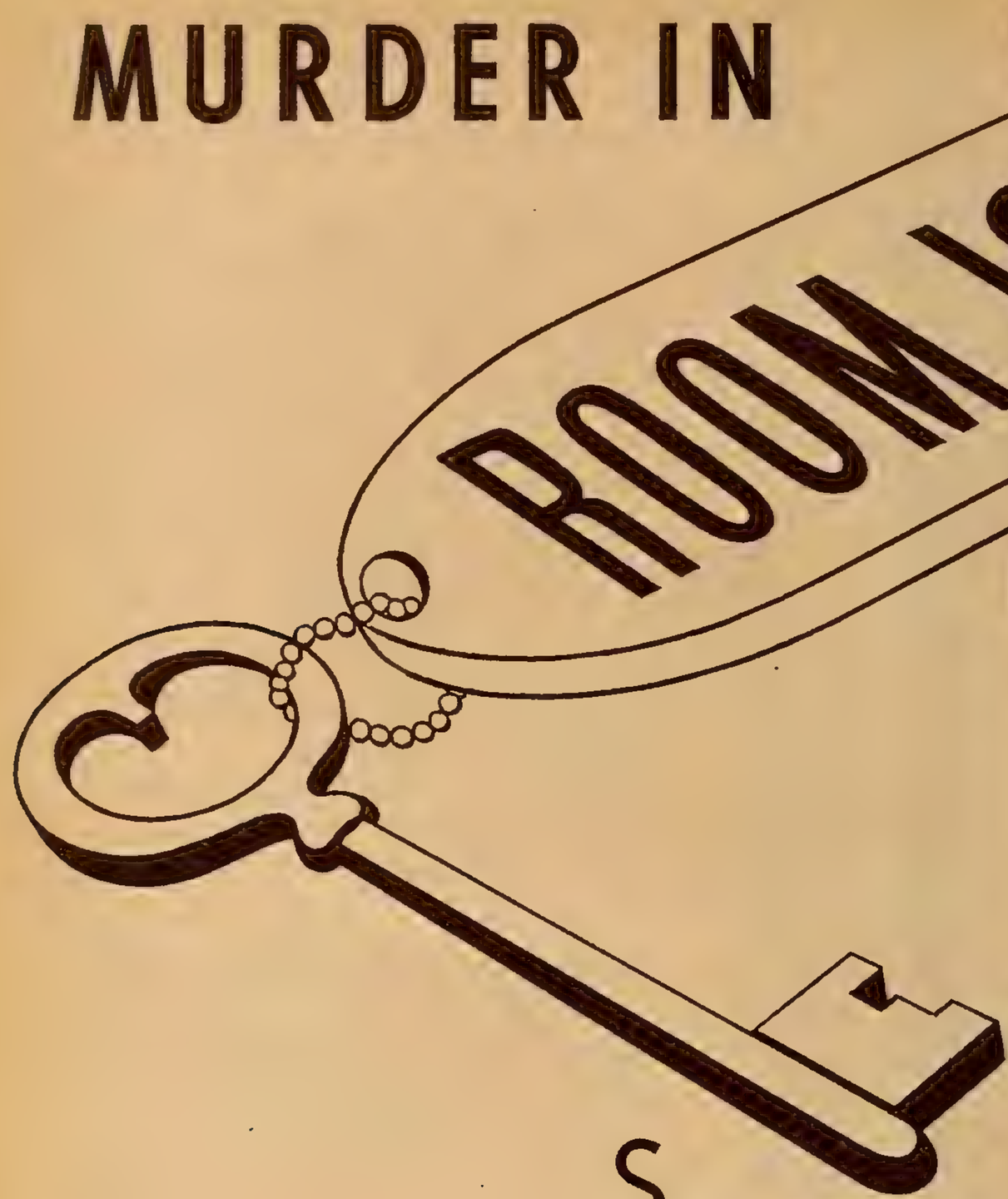
Of course it turned out that he hadn't. Honore came back with the keys and although he should have been abashed, Don accepted them with a shameless grin.

"Mrs. Ameche, my love, I thank you. I confess I wouldn't know what to do without you!"

She grinned back at him. "No, I know you wouldn't."

He kissed her and Donnie and Ronnie; said to me: "Well, have a good time and (*Continued on page* 60)

MURDER IN ROOM 1203



SHE replaced the telephone in its cradle carefully, so carefully and slowly; and then her eyes traveled around the commonplace hotel room, not seeing the walls with their pattern of gold tracing against dusty green, not seeing the door to the bathroom or the chair and reading lamp. But when they reached the dresser and its wide, clear mirror, they stopped, held by the image of herself reflected there. So this is how I look, she thought. Pale, only my lips showing any color, and if I wiped them they would be as white as the rest of me. But I could never wipe away those purple shadows on my cheeks, never wipe away the tiny threads of blood in my eyes, never brush back the luster into my hair.

This, she thought, is how you look when you're ready to die.

Only a minute ago her nerves had been jangling all over her body, all the way to the tips of those carefully manicured nails. Only a minute ago her brain had been racing painfully from hopeless possibility to more hopeless possibility, racing even faster than the pounding pulse that beat endlessly in her head. Now the tumult was gone, leaving behind it only the blessed relief that a drowning man must feel when at last he sinks beneath the waves which have buffeted him for so long.

She rose from the edge of the bed and walked to the dresser. Automatically she straightened her tailored jacket, smoothed a strand of hair back into place. She sat down at the desk by the window and wrote for a few minutes with the scratchy hotel pen. After she had sealed and addressed the note, she left it lying on the desk.

The brief surcease was ending. The hands that had been so steady were shaking once more; the mind that had been so clear, so precise, was losing its way in a maze of nightmarish thoughts. She stood by the window and steadied herself by clutching one drape as she leaned out, farther and farther. Down there the good people, the sensible and honest people were shuttling back and forth across the streets. She hoped none of them would look up.

What secret sent beautiful, wealthy Kay Padgett hurtling to her death? Steve Wilson solves the mystery and smashes Big Town's cruelest racket

Fictionized from a Big Town drama, originally broadcast over CBS, starring Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor, and sponsored by Rinso.

Down there the good people were going about their business. She hoped none of them would look up.

Illustration by Axel Tornrose

Her body from the thighs up was outside the window now, leaning out at an angle. The window drape was taut in her hand. With her eyes still open, fixed on the street, she sighed with pure exultation, and relaxed her fingers.

STEVE WILSON, managing editor of the *Illustrated Press,* always said the reason he got so many scoops was that his reporters spent so much time sitting in bars and other low dives. Certainly, if Foots Roberts hadn't been sitting in his favorite tavern, right next door to the Big Town Hotel, at 11:03 that morning, the *Press* would have known about Kay Padgett's suicide when the other papers did, and no sooner.

Foots stayed only long enough to ask a few hurried and expert questions before he telephoned the *Press* office to report. This was no ordinary suicide, so as soon as she heard about it, Lorelei Kilbourne went into Steve's office with the news. Nominally Lorelei was the *Press'* society editor; actually, she was Steve's Girl Friday and confidential ally in the business of getting news.

"Tom Padgett's only daughter, eh?" said Steve, and whistled. "Looks like we'd better get to work, Lorelei. Know any reason why she might have done it?"

Lorelei perched her slim figure on the corner of Steve's desk. "Can't imagine, unless it was ill health. She's sort of dropped out of things this past year."

"Where'd Foots go?"

"On out to the Padgett house to see if he could get a statement."

Steve jumped up and grabbed his hat. "Let's get to the hotel before the homicide squad does."

Part of Foots' report had been that Kay Padgett had registered in room 1203 two hours before her death, so instead of stopping at the desk, Steve and Lorelei went straight to one of the elevators and got out at the twelfth floor.

"We can't get in that room," Lorelei whispered as they left the elevator. "The Hotel's bound to have it locked, even if homicide isn't here yet."

"Faint heart never put a scoop in the streets," Steve assured her. "We can try."

Room 1203 was locked, but when Steve knocked a voice called from inside: "Who is it?"

"Steve Wilson of the *Illustrated Press.*"

The door opened a few inches and a heavy-set man with a W. C. Fields nose peeked out. "Did the manager send you up here?" he asked.

"Well—no, not exactly. Are you in charge here?"

"Yes, I am. I'm Hal Rourke, the house detective, and I got orders to let nobody in."

House detectives were Steve Wilson's meat. He knew how to placate them, flatter them, and make them eat out of his hand. He mentioned the story he wanted to write for the *Press* complimenting Mr. Rourke on the competent way he had handled an unfortunate situation—and the next minute he and Lorelei were in the room.

THERE wasn't much to see—just an ordinary, comfortable hotel room. Steve noted the hollow in the side of the bed, near the telephone, and decided that Kay Padgett must have made or received a call. He wandered around, went into the bathroom a minute, looked out of the window while Lorelei talked to Rourke.

"She left a note, didn't she, Mr. Rourke?"

"Yeah. The manager's got it downstairs, waiting for the police. Said he wouldn't open it until they came."

Steve came bustling back. "Well thanks, Rourke. We won't forget to give you a good send-off in our story."

Rourke grinned. "Thanks, Mr. Wilson."

As she hurried along beside him toward the elevators, Lorelei said, "Steve Wilson, you're a wicked old man. You'll never print that poor fellow's name."

"This time," he told her, "the end justifies the means. I think we've uncovered a story—a sad one."

"Where are we going now?"

"To see the manager and ask him a couple of questions."

Lorelei looked at him in amazement. "You know, I've never seen Steve Wilson, the demon reporter, in action before. What makes you think the manager will tell us anything, when we weren't even supposed to be in that room?"

"The human mind works in wondrous ways," he said. "Mr. Rourke allowed us on forbidden territory because he longs for publicity. I suspect that the manager will see us for just the opposite reason."

Whatever the manager's reasons, Steve was right. He did see them. His first words were, "I'm sorry, but I have no statement to make."

"Mr. Hawkins," Steve said suavely, "Miss Kilbourne and I have already investigated the room Miss Padgett occupied, and—"

The manager's black eyes flashed angrily. "How did you get in there?"

"Oh, it was in no way the fault of your worthy detective. However, we did gain entrance, and I discovered a few things I would like to straighten out."

"The police—"

"Once the police get here, every paper in town will have that story. I can't wait, Mr. Hawkins. I've got to stay a step ahead of the police."

"I'm sorry. I can't help you."

"Mr. Hawkins," Steve said cheerily, "I'm blackmailing you for a good cause. You wouldn't like to see a Sunday feature story about 'Big Town Hotel Suicide Room—Is There a Jinx on Room Number 1203'—would you?"

"You wouldn't—"

"I'd hate to—when all I want to know are a few simple things. For instance, did Miss Padgett have any visitors?"

"No," Hawkins said sullenly.

"Did anyone call her, or did she make a call?"

"Just a minute. I'll see." Hawkins picked up the telephone and spoke briefly to the operator.

"Ask her what time they were made, and who they were to," Steve said.

Hawkins listened a few moments, then hung up. "She tried calling North 9757—the Marita Hotel, room 809—as soon as she took possession of the room—about nine-forty this morning. The person in room 809 at the Marita was out, and she kept trying, finally completing the call at twenty minutes of eleven. Then she had a long conversation."

"Thank you, Mr. Hawkins," Steve said. "Just one thing more. You know the manager of the Marita, don't you? Would you mind finding out the name of the occupant of room 809?"

Hawkins looked at him, picked up the phone again. "Count Ramon Fairington, attache to the Valdonian Embassy checked in there last night," he said when he hung up.

Steve gave a low whistle.

Steve was abstracted and thoughtful in the taxi on the way to the Marita Hotel, on the other side of town. But he snapped into instant attention as they stepped off the elevator on the eighth floor of the hotel. A man was just coming out of Room 809, shouting angrily back over his shoulder.

" . . . Slick Joe ain't muscling in on me, and you ain't giving me the double-cross, Fairington. Remember that!"

He slammed the door and brushed past them to the still-open elevator.

"That," Steve told Lorelei, "is Red Dave, head of the crookedest gang in Big Town. And so he's mixed up with Fairington!"

"Oh well," Lorelei said, "things have got so far beyond me by this time, I'm just going to be an innocent bystander from now on."

Count Fairington opened the door quickly at Steve's knock. He was tall, handsome in the Latin manner, except that his eyes were too small.

"Good morning, Count Fairington. I'm Steve Wilson, managing editor of the *Press,* and this is Miss Kilbourne, our society reporter. We wanted to see you about Miss Padgett."

The Count's frosty stare melted at once. "Oh, come in, won't you?" he invited. "I suppose you wanted to ask about our marriage."

Lorelei gasped, but Steve's expression did not change. "Why, yes," he said, "we did."

"You reporters certainly find out things in a hurry, don't you? It was only half an hour ago we made all the arrangements—by telephone. How's that for a modern way of getting engaged?" He laughed—a short, choppy laugh.

The telephone rang. "Excuse me . . . Oh, hello Joe . . . No. No, I can't. . . . (*Continued on page* 76)

Pridefully

Radio Mirror promises its readers a thrilling mystery serial by the ace of all mystery writers, Erle Stanley Gardner. Watch for it, in an early issue

THE STORY OF MUSIC

By ROSE HEYLBUT

INSPIRED BY THE RADIO TRIUMPHS OF ARTURO TOSCANINI

AS you sit near your radio, listening to some program that goes over the entire land, cut loose your imagination and suppose that Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller were to found private orchestras of their own—organizations of a hundred salaried men with leaders like Toscanini and Barbirolli, all in uniform; rehearsing and playing at any hour of the day in their patrons' private mansions.

The humble home of one of music's masters—J. S. Bach.

That is the way music flourished in the 1700's. Public music as we know it was practically non-existent. There were public opera houses, but instrumental composers hardly dared hope to approach the world directly. The dream of every musician was to get himself attached to one of the private orchestras of the nobility. There, he had a salary and patronage, and he spent his days teaching music to his patron's family, drilling the orchestra, and writing music for it to play. The composer's work became known first to his patron. If the patron approved, it was repeated at some great party where other noble music-lovers would hear it. Only after that did it trickle out to the world. The patrons of music might be kind, but they seldom made equals of their artistic employees; some of them were downright mean. Haydn and Mozart wore livery and ate with the help!

While England was hearing the works of Sir Henry Purcell, and while Paris was enjoying the operas of Lully, a little orphan boy in Germany was breaking his heart because his older brother had locked a precious book of music away in a cupboard and wouldn't let him touch it. Then he knew what to do. At midnight he crept quietly out of bed and copied the music through the cupboard's latticed doors, by moonlight! Six generations of musicians lay behind that boy. His name was Johann Sebastian Bach.

Simple, hearty, and sincerely pious, Bach was perfectly contented with the most meager sort of life, so long as he had an organ to play. Although he composed for nearly all instruments, he preferred the organ and gave it its noblest works. No organ program in the smallest small-town church is complete without a Bach number. At eighteen, he was already known as organist at Arnstadt, at a salary of 75 Thalers a year. He got a month's leave to go to Lübeck to hear the famous old organist Buxtehude; made the trip on foot; became so enraptured that he stayed away four months, and nearly lost his job. His own playing won the boy the offer of being kept on in the larger town as Buxtehude's successor, but only on condition that he marry Buxtehude's oldest daughter. Buxtehude was past seventy. Young Bach took one good look at the oldest daughter, and came home in a hurry. At home, he found his pretty young cousin, Maria Barbara Bach. After three years of great effort, Bach got a better post; a salary of 85 Gulden a year, three malters of corn, three pounds of fish, and an allowance of firewood. On the

(*Continued on page* 64)

Stradivari's violins still are the finest in the world.

Music is fun if you know all about it—so read this, the second in a fascinating new series

Mozart: child prodigy, genius, specialist in all music.

Photos through the courtesy of Etude Magazine

Betty and Bob

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

(COPYRIGHT 1938 BY GENERAL MILLS, INC.)

Unwillingly, Betty faces the turning point of her life when she must fight for the man she married or see the divorce that was not a divorce turn into stern reality

Illustration by Edgar McGraw

As the soft music filled the room, Bob's brow furrowed as if he were struggling to understand, to speak.

The story thus far:

WHEN Bob Drake asked his wife, Betty, to divorce him, she consented, even though she was sure he still loved her. Not until too late did she learn that Bob had been victimized by the scheming Countess Velvaine. Velvaine had persuaded Bob that he had committed a murder in a disreputable road house, and demanded that he marry her as the price of her silence, hoping to secure his inheritance and then desert him. Meanwhile, she attempted to poison a headwaiter at the road house, Pierre, the only person, besides herself, who knew that the murder had really been committed by gangsters. But on the day Bob's divorce was granted Velvaine's plot caught up with her. Pierre, on the point of death, murdered Velvaine and her sweetheart and accomplice, Cedric Hubert. Bob, worn out with the nervous tension of the days when he believed he was a murderer, collapsed when he learned the truth, and Betty was forced to find a way to provide for herself and their son, Bobby, during his long illness. In this she was helped by an older man, Harvey Drew, who expressed his deep and sincere love for her in kindness and friendship. It was Harvey who helped Betty find a location for a dress shop, helped her through the difficult days before she could open it; and at last, while Bob slowly fought his way out of mental and physical collapse, Betty found herself wondering: whom did she really love? The flighty, irresponsible Bob?—or the steady, gentle Harvey Drew?

PART III

THE morning sun poured into the bedroom, and Betty, still in pajamas, stood before the open window and breathed deeply. The days were getting longer now, and the warm glow of early summer was in the air. The coming of summer was always like the coming of new life to Betty, but this year, somehow, she had really found a new life, a life of independence. The dress shop had been open nearly a month now, and there was no doubt that it was a sparkling success.

Her face saddened as she thought of Bob, still in that hospital alone, hovering between life and death. It seemed cruel to have found happiness without him, to have reshaped her life. But somehow the facts could not be denied. She had found happiness with Bob, but every day through quiet, unnoticed sacrifice. In all their life together her happiness had always been only the knowledge that she was making Bob happy.

True, that was a great happiness, and she had

never asked for any greater. But now she felt a greater happiness had come. Now she was the master, now she had made the success, alone and unaided. She breathed deeply. Yes, each day brought new luster, new glamour. She wondered suddenly, if Bob got well, which path she would choose. Three lay before her; remarriage with Bob, a career, or . . . or Harvey, quiet, steady Harvey, whose strength of character had changed her whole life. Today was Sunday, and she would see him in a few hours. They were taking Bobby and Harvey's two children to the zoo. She must hurry and get dressed. . . .

HARVEY sat down on the bench, poked in the sand with the end of his cane. "How's Bob?"

Betty sighed. "No better. They won't let me see him. I called again this morning."

Harvey leaned back on the bench, wisely silent. At that moment, little Bobby came running up to them.

"Mommy, can I have a nickel?"

"What for, son?"

"I want to buy some peanuts for the monkeys."

Betty smiled, took a nickel from her purse, and gave it to him. But instead of leaving immediately, Bobby stood on one foot, looking at the ground.

"Mommy, if Daddy don't come home soon, can I have this nice man for a Daddy?"

Betty sat silent for a moment, then nervously reached over and straightened Bobby's collar. "We'll see, son. Now run back and play."

His small footsteps had faded in the distance before Harvey spoke.

"Betty, do you still love Bob?"

Betty shook her head slowly. "I don't know. So many things have happened; I've changed so much. Perhaps, if Bob gets well, he will have changed too."

Harvey looked blankly into the distance. "I don't like to present my case behind Bob's back, it doesn't seem fair to him." He turned and faced her. "It's just that it's so hard going on, pretending I don't love you, when I do. Betty, I know I could make you happy."

She placed her hand on his. "Yes, Harvey, I believe you could. But don't you see, I could never make a decision until Bob gets well."

"Betty," he said abruptly, "have you ever heard of Dr. Forman, the psychiatrist?"

"Yes. We've tried to get him, but it seems hopeless. He doesn't seem to be interested."

"He's a very old friend of mine, Betty. I think he will come if I ask him to."

Betty's eyes lit up. "Oh, Harvey, will you?"

"I'll send the wire tonight."

* * *

Betty sat anxiously silent, as Dr. Forman thoughtfully paced the floor of the small hospital office. Finally he paused, and removed his glasses.

"Mrs. Drake, this is a very interesting case." He spoke slowly, his speech studded with thoughtful pauses. "The patient's reactions seem normal to heat, light and dark. I . . . I feel he is following what goes on in the room, but some repression keeps him from coordinating. Now, you seem to be the root of everything; his subconscious ramblings always come back to your name. Therefore, I believe we should try to break through to him again, this time with some scene, some tender words which mean a great deal to you both, a piece of music, or . . ."

"Music?"

"Yes, if it had some sentimental attachment."

Betty's eyes lit up. "Wait . . . we do have a phonograph record, one of Chopin's Etudes. We call it 'our piece' because we have played it so much together. We heard it first the night we were married."

"Fine, that might be just the thing. It's an outside chance, but anyway," he looked at her thoughtfully, "we can try."

Betty sat at the bedside, holding Bob's hand, her cheeks almost touching his face. The soft music of Chopin filled the room like the rare fragrance of flowers. Slowly Bob's face, an expressionless mask for so many weeks, changed. His brow furrowed as if he were struggling to understand, to speak. "Bob, Bob darling," Betty whispered, "It's Betty, I'm talking to you. Remember our wedding day, the fat little minister who wiggled his ears when he talked? Remember our first evening together in our little home, our little honeymoon cottage? Remember . . ." Oh, Bob, her heart cried out, you've got to hear me, you've got to hear me.

Betty—whose new found independence was a threat to her love.

Then, for a brief second, her heart seemed to stop beating. Slowly Bob's eyes opened and he stared blankly at her. Then, faintly his lips moved. "I hear you, Betty."

He'd heard her! He was coming out from his world of shadows!

Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the soft light and focused on Betty, who was looking at him through her tears. For a moment he lay silent, motionless. Then his eyes dimmed too.

"Oh, Betty, don't ever leave me again."

"No, Bob."

"I'm no good without you, Betty."

"I know, Bob."

"I need you, don't ever leave. . . ." Slowly his eyes closed again, his voice faded. Betty looked up quickly, but Dr. Forman's smile reassured her.

"He's all right. He's sleeping now, naturally." Dr. Forman led the way out into the hall, turned and clasped her hand.

"Tell me," he asked, "you're divorced, are you not?"

"Yes." Betty dried her tears, as Dr. Forman nodded thoughtfully.

"And . . . And do you still love him?"

Betty looked up at him. "That's what makes everything so terribly tragic. I don't know. So many things have happened."

"I understand. Oh, I shan't try to advise you in your personal problems, but where they effect my patient, I must be obeyed. You must remember that although Bob now is definitely on the road to recovery, for many weeks to come he will only be hanging on by a very small thread. One serious disappointment, any over-excitement or anxiety might undo all our work. You must lie to him if necessary, to keep him from learning any unpleasant facts until he is strong enough to assimilate them." (*Continued on page* 66)

THEIR REASONS ARE SOUND

not a junk shop—it's sound-effects department.

There's nothing like a big, crumpled ball of cellophane to produce the crackle of a fire over the air. This one is a three-alarmer.

International News Photos

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Not a one-man duel. An expert is duplicating the hiss of skates over ice.

It all looks like the maddest part of a mad industry—but in reality, radio sound-effect men have made illusion into an exact science

SOUND effects are largely a radio invention. The occasional gentleman who hid himself behind the screen and supplied hoof-beats for a silent movie may have been a pioneer in the field. Generally, though, the radio sound men must be given credit for starting from scratch. They entered a new medium and discovered that—through sound—they had to supply everything you missed seeing.

Back in 1928 and 1929, sound effects first reared their little heads as radio problem children. Radio had been doing the very obvious thing: using big kettle drums for thunder, getting rain by rolling dried peas around inside a drum. Wind, usually anaemic, was produced by fanned air on a canvas.

But that didn't work so well and soon the "sound engineer" became a new figure around the radio stu-

Squeeze water alternately from two rubber bulbs, and you hear Farmer Brown milking his cow, Daisy.

One huge steer hide forms this thunder-drum, and when CBS sound man hits it, you instinctively close the winde

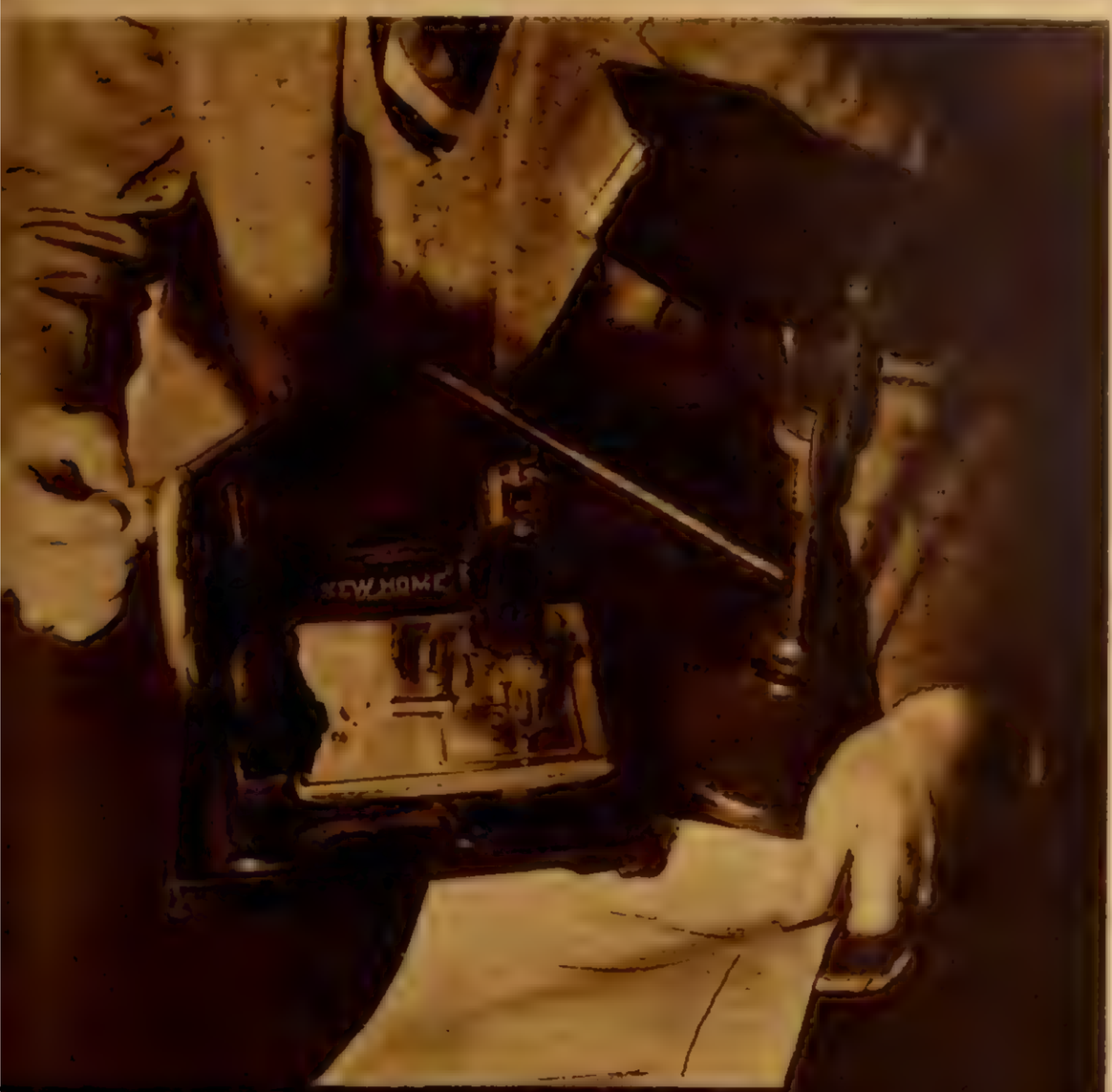
The muffled clop-clop of hooves as a sleigh comes up a snow-covered street is just someone thumping his chest with suction cups.

The dull thud when someone is hit over the head is a mallet hitting a melon.

dios. He was a lad who had to be a radio expert, have a keen knowledge of drama values and know a great deal about music and rhythm. That combination produced the first legitimate sound effects.

Today, there are five kinds of sound effects: vocal, manual, electrical, records and acoustical. With these five types, Walter Pierson, head of sound for CBS, declares any sound in any part of the world at any time can be reproduced. He'll go even further than that. He says his sound effects department will create sounds that exist only in the imagination—like the sound of meteors rushing through space.

Vocal effects are rare. They are usually used when you need a unique animal sound or a baby cry. Then imitators are called in and supply the needed noise. There are two women in (*Continued on page 68*)



An ordinary little hand sewing machine goes on the air—and becomes the sound of a lawn mower.

Washing dishes on the air is easier than in real life—all you need is a seltzer bottle to squirt.

Honeydew melons are best, but they run into big money during the wintertime.

No soldier ever gets out of step in this army. As the frame is rocked, the swinging wooden pegs imitate the tramp of marching men.

THE MYSTERY OF THE

Started for children, it turned into the surprise hit of the year, in movies and in radio

THE LONE RANGER is a mystery to its fans and to show-business. Its story is the from-rags-to-riches yarn of the year. Starting out five years ago as a three-times-a-week, fifteen-minute serial on Station WXYZ, Detroit, The Lone Ranger soon expanded its area to Chicago and New York, went on expanding until it was heard—and sponsored—coast to coast; and now has reached the point where as a fifteen-chapter movie serial it is the surprise box-office hit of 1938.

In show-business parlance, The Lone Ranger is a "property," and a big one. It has become a resounding success in defiance of the rule which insists that a radio serial can't be big-time (*Continued on page* 82)

Left, the movies' Lone Ranger—and Republic Films won't disclose his name.

Below, Chief Thunder-Cloud plays Tonto, the Ranger's friend, in the movie.

Which is the Ranger? He might be any one of these five—or even all of them.

No chapter of either air or film Lone Ranger is complete without a fight.

Pictures, Inc.

This is the only picture in existence of Earl Grasser as he plays the title role of The Ranger on the air.

Fran Striker, radio veteran, has written The Lone Ranger ever since it began five years ago.

When you hear the movie Ranger call "Heigh-yo, Silver," Silver Chief responds to that call

Without Andrew Young's self-sacrifice and hard work, radio could never have come to Pitcairn.

Pitcairn Island

The magic of science at last brings the outside world to the descendants of the men who mutinied on the Bounty years ago

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

Photos by G. P. Lindley

IN THE wastes of the South Pacific Ocean, hundreds of miles from any other land, is tiny Pitcairn Island, where more than a hundred years ago the mutineers from the English ship *Bounty* took refuge. The descendants of the eight mutineers and their Polynesian wives still live on Pitcairn, cut off—until a few weeks ago—from the rest of the world except when passing ships stopped for an hour or two. From the wireless operators of these ships one of the Islanders, Andrew Young, picked up the rudiments of radio telegraphy. Studying alone, he learned the Morse code and set up a tiny battery set with materials given him by the ships' operators. Even under the most favorable conditions, he could not contact ships more than a hundred miles away with it. One ship's operator wrote Andrew Young's story in a wireless magazine and aroused the interest of some electrical firms in the United States, who agreed to donate materials for a modern radio-telephone set for Pitcairn. NBC chipped in to send two electrical engineers, G. P. Lindley and Louis Bellem, to install the new equipment. These pictures, taken by Lindley, who is a fine photographer as well as radio expert, tell the romantic story of Pitcairn Island today.

The two hundred Islanders are all descendants of the original eight mutineers, and all are British subjects. It is seldom that an Islander leaves, although there is one woman now in the United States who plans to return as soon as she finishes studying to be a missionary. It's possible that the installation of a two-way radio set will eventually make the Islanders more anxious to see the rest of the world. Pitcairners are devoutly religious Seventh Day Adventists. Ships can't actually land at Pitcairn—the picture above shows the radio set being unloaded on small boats.

Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers, and his companions are all buried in this cemetery, high on a bluff overlooking the Pacific.

The sole guide to passing ships is this primitive beacon—a kerosene lamp which the Islanders light when they want a vessel to cast anchor.

There are no springs on Pitcairn. The 200 inhabitants must catch rainwater and carefully treasure it in clay cisterns like the one shown here.

Despite the semi-tropical climate, Pitcairn Island children must go to school. The two school teachers and the principal are at the right.

Pitcairn's Chief Magistrate, Edgar Christian, (second from right), the direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, with his wife and children.

The home of Norris Young is the finest on the island, with its tin roof and real glass in the windows. Mr. and Mrs. Young are on the porch.

Above, Charlie's newest conquest, Danielle Darrieux, Universal star. Below, Ken Murray, Edgar and his mother.

Charlie McCarthy's

Just once in his life Edgar Bergen banished Charlie, nearly ruining the year's greatest success story before it began

The story thus far:

WHEN Edgar Bergen, not quite in his 'teens, first discovered he could throw his voice, he thought it was pretty wonderful—but he never expected to become a world-famous ventriloquist. After his father died, he and his mother and brother moved from their home town of Decatur, Illinois, to Chicago, and Edgar started studying to be an engineer. In order to earn his way through college, however, he worked as a ventriloquist—with Charlie McCarthy—in vaudeville and Chautauqua; and the work was so

Father—

By MARIAN RHEA

"Dinner for three," is Charlie McCarthy's order as he dines with Edgar and lovely Dorothy Lamour in the home Edgar Bergen built in Beverly Hills.

fascinating he soon gave up his engineering plans and took a liberal arts course instead. After he graduated from college, he took to vaudeville in earnest and eventually became a headliner. Radio, talking pictures, and the Depression dealt a series of death blows to vaudeville in the early 30's, and Edgar dressed himself and Charlie in top hat and tails to lay seige to the night-club field. He was successful, too, but he made the mistake of giving up a good post in Helen Morgan's night-spot for a better job—he thought—in the Ziegfeld Follies. At the last minute, there wasn't room for him in the Follies, and he had to be content with an inferior contract in a New Orleans cafe. And then, when he and Charlie had been south for only a short while, the Follies wanted them back—but they had to decline because of the New Orleans contract. That, says Edgar, was life's darkest moment. . . .

Conclusion

EDGAR BERGEN, back in New York at last after fulfilling his regretted contract at the New Orleans cafe, was secretly putting into execution a long-cherished plan. Jobs were scarce during these days of Depression, but he had saved a little money and he figured now was the time to try out his big idea.

Of course, his pal, Ken Murray, was against it. So were all his other friends. So was his agent. But he got around that. He simply didn't tell them what he was doing. He'd let 'em find it out afterward, he decided, when in his big moment of triumph, he could crow over them and chortle: "I told you so!"

However, things didn't work out quite like that. In the end it was the others who chortled: "I told you so!" long and loudly. You see, Edgar's cherished project was *a vaudeville act without Charlie McCarthy!* And who can imagine any piece of entertainment bettered by the urbane Mr. McCarthy's absence? Can you?

It is rather to be expected, therefore, that when "The Professor Plushbottom and His Apple-Knockers" (very Swedish and supposed to be very funny) appeared in a certain theater in Hoboken, N. Y., sad things happened. Ken Murray's story of just what is terse and to the point:

"Eddie called me up at noon, on a Monday. He told me he had a spot without Charlie at this theater in Hoboken. 'Come over and see me tonight,' he suggested. But when I went to Hoboken that night, there was no Bergen act. Eddie and his 'apple-knockers' had been fired after the matinee."

And so ended Edgar's first and last attempt to shelve Charlie McCarthy. "It always was a crazy idea, I suppose," he says, now. "But a guy does get kinda tired of playing stooge for a dummy."

"Oh, yeh?" Charlie catches him up right smartly. "Well, Bergen, any time you want to part company, I have plenty of other offers. Yeh, Bergen, *any time!*"

But Edgar always has been smart. He is not making the same mistake twice. After the Hoboken fiasco he took Charlie back to his bosom resignedly, maybe, but for good; brushed up his top hat and tails and laid siege to that new miracle of the ether that had so swiftly come into its own—the radio. Rudy Vallee was now a national idol. Amos 'n' Andy were household words. "Well, why not Bergen and McCarthy?" he asked himself.

However, the broadcasting companies and the advertisers thought differently. Vainly, he and Charlie tried out before the leading talent scouts of radio.

It was no soap. A ventriloquist on the air? "Don't make me laugh," they all said with such discouraging unanimity that Edgar finally believed them and turned back to night clubs.

Here he found things could be worse. While he didn't land a steady job, he and Charlie grew to be much in demand for special entertainments and parties given by the "white tie" crowd. Their own top hats and tails; their particular brand of urbane chatter caught on. They were quoted with increasing frequency—or Charlie was. And finally came the day when they were engaged to entertain at one of Elsa Maxwell's famous *soirees* where Fate was also a guest —in the person of Noel Coward, the famous actor-playwright.

WITH characteristic perspicacity, Edgar secured the guest list in advance and saw to it that Charlie got pretty personal with those assembled, a novel proceeding which everybody thoroughly enjoyed. When it was over, Coward sought Edgar out.

"Who wrote your script?" he demanded.

"I did."

"Well, it's excellent. . . . The best I ever heard," Coward told him.

And that moment, Edgar says, marked one of the big thrills of his life. Noel Coward didn't go around complimenting this and that ventriloquist. His praise meant something. Just how much it meant Edgar found out within the week. On the strength of Coward's endorsement, he was signed for an engagement at the fabulous Rainbow Room at $400 a week!

Of course, $400 a week is only a fraction of what he makes now, but it looked mighty good to him then. He was perfectly contented. He thought he was all set. And then Ken Murray, who was starring in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book," also at Radio City, dropped in one night after his own performance to see Edgar. He waylaid Edgar afterwards and gave him a piece of his mind.

"You're a dope," he said. "You're a nit-wit. You're so dumb you need a guardian!"

"Could I inquire why?" Edgar asked him, bristling.

"You are getting a measly $400 a week when you should be getting at least $800—that's why!" Ken yelled. "Lissen, you lunk-head, you're good! You're darn good! I didn't know a cock-eyed ventriloquist could be so good. Don't be a stupe all your life. Tell 'em you've gotta have more money or you'll quit!"

"But suppose they tell me to go ahead and do it?" Edgar suggested, doubtfully.

"They won't!" Ken brought a fist down hard on the lunch counter where they were having a midnight snack. "The customers like you. Can't you see that? You're a hit and as long as you are a hit you should be paid for it!"

There was more of this. Ken, Irish and out-spoken, didn't mince words. And he finally convinced the modest, conservative Edgar that it should be $800 or nothing.

"I remember I spent most of the night walking in the park, waiting until it was the right time to call my agent and muttering to myself that I was a dope and a dumb-bell just to keep up my nerve," he told me the other day, reminiscently.

"My $400 looked pretty good and I was scared pink I'd spoil everything. But Ken had been so convincing that I insisted on the $800 a week—or else."

And did he get it? Of course. The Rainbow Room paid the $800 and liked it.

"Thanks to Ken Murray," Edgar says, now. He has never forgotten this and innumerable other things Ken did for him back in those days when Ken was the "big shot" and he only a "lesser light." And he's never stopped trying to repay Ken, either.

It was not so long after Edgar got his raise at the Rainbow Room that radio, which had previously turned its back on himself and Charlie, did a right-about-face. A Rudy Vallee talent scout saw them, realized they were unique, and made them an offer.

"We'll give you $200 for a special performance," he said.

So one memorable night in December, 1936, Edgar and Charlie faced the microphone for the first time and radio history was made. Telephone calls, wires and letters poured in. They were an outstanding success. They were, in fact, a riot. And so, although it was unprecedented, Vallee hired them for the following week, this time at $300. More phone calls, wires and letters resulted. Whereupon Edgar and Charlie were signed to a three years' radio contract. You know the rest of that story. You've commiserated with Charlie in his Sunday evening dilemmas dozens of times. You've laughed at his mannerisms. You've quoted his wise-cracks.

"Ah, yes, the river of life flows on, and we drifted together . . . Flotsam and jetsam . . . Which is which? Well-er-Bergen! Every time you open my mouth you put my foot in it!"

Silly, funny, lovable Charlie, we wouldn't know what to do without him on a Sunday evening, we say. . . . Forgetting that it is not Charlie we are hearing, but quiet-spoken Edgar Bergen

Universal Pictures

Charlie is able to walk now with the aid of his new pair of legs.

EDGAR, himself, is the first to discount his own importance, though. It is Charlie who is important, he says. Moreover, there is only one Charlie McCarthy, although Edgar has tried to acquire another in case something should happen to this one. He went back to the shop where he got Charlie, but Theodore Mack, the man who made him, is dead, and the duplicate which Mack's successor made—well, it isn't Charlie. I know. I saw the two of them—Charlie and this dummy—side by side, and the difference was plain as day. The dummy was just a grinning, painted, wooden face. But Charlie—well, he is a Personality.

No, there is no one like him, so all Edgar can do is insure him for $5000 and hope for the best. He cannot be replaced, therefore no insurance could really cover his value. (*Continued on page* 80)

Russ Morgan stars with his trombone and directs his band on the Johnny Presents shows.

Right, it's a birthday party for Horace Heidt (with the carnation) at New York's Biltmore.

FACING THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

MAXINE GRAY, badly battered up in that railroad wreck which hit the Hal Kemp troupe some while ago, is trying a comeback as vocalist with Skinny Ennis' band on the west coast. She is suing the railroad company for oodles of dough. . . .

The news that Guy Lombardo would replace Wayne King on that cosmetic show was the biggest surprise of the month. Waltzy Wayne tiffed with Lady Esther because the client would not let the maestro mention his personal appearance over the ether. . . .

* * *

Kay Kyser has finally straightened out his trouble with his sponsor, who insisted that the North Carolinian play only numbers heard on the Hit Parade. Because of this rule many inimitable Kyser arrangements collected dust in music library shelves. . . .

When Benny Goodman failed to make an appearance at a monster open-air swing session in New York recently, 20,000 rug-cutters booed so loud the Facing The Music Poll winner could have heard the echoes wherever he was hiding.

Martha Tilton's kid sister, Elizabeth, has joined Gene Krupa's orchestra . . . Kay Thompson and her trumpet-blowing husband, Jack Jenney, have formed their own band . . . Vaughn de Leath has written a song and titled it "Hi-Yo Silver!" It is dedicated to that horse opera de luxe, The Lone Ranger . . . Kenny Sargent, Casa Loma's ace vocalist, is out of action with a broken right collar bone, received in a Houston, Texas, auto accident . . . Don Ross, who skyrocketed his beautiful wife, Jane Froman, to success, is grooming a new blues singer. She is twenty-year-old Beth Chandler. A niece of baseball umpire Dolly Stark, Beth will get a sustaining buildup over MBS . . . Three of Tommy Dorsey's sax tooters heard The Wedding March ring in their ears. . . .

* * *

I think that Nan Wynn, CBS' latest blues singer, is going a long way. She comes from Wheeling, W. Va., which is definitely south of the Mason and Dixon line; yet she uses no theatrical Southern accent.

"After all," admits naive but nice Nan, "Wheeling is only sixty miles from Pittsburgh so Southern accents aren't so authentic down there."

When Nan was in Wheeling she attended high school with Sara Rehn, the songbird of the Wheeling Steel Mills' radio show on MBS. Sara made the glee club of the alma mater, but Nan didn't. Though Sara is a year or two older than Nan, she was several classes behind her.

"That's because I skipped," explained Nan.

After a whirl as vocalist with Rudy Vallee and Hudson-de-Lange, Nan decided she was better off being a "sweet swinger of songs" on CBS. The routine of one-night stands and hotel engagements prevented the 108-lb., five-foot-six brownette from doing movie work and recordings.

* * *

Russ Morgan's radio bosses ought to be pleased with him. They've sold more packages of cigarettes since they've been sponsoring him on the air than they ever sold before.

It was a crisis in Sammy Kaye's life when he opened in New York.

Not enough credit is given to Horace Heidt for pioneering in the gag of interviewing guests on his straight dance-band programs. Horace really started the practice which eventually led to Kay Kyser's Kollege, although all Horace did was to invite dancing couples to the mike, ask them their names and occupations, and end up by letting them pick the next number for the band to play. Radio listeners didn't know that on the last question he always held up a placard with the name of the song he wanted the interview-ee to ask for—since tunes must be cleared with the network before they can be played on the air. Sometimes his interview-ees double-crossed him when they saw the placards, and asked for different songs. When that happened Horace just had to laugh the request off and go ahead with the tune he'd planned anyhow.

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Tony Martins. By the way, Alice's new picture is a wow! Right, honeymoon breakfast—Frances Langford and Jon Hall.

Above, Radio Mirror's new author, George Fischer, is heard on Mutual every Sunday night.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO *Whispers*

By GEORGE FISCHER

Another scoop! Mutual's lively Hollywood reporter begins an exclusive series in Radio Mirror

It's whispered that they are Mr. and Mrs., but both Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are silent on the subject.

RADIO MIRROR *is happy to welcome George Fischer to its pages as its regular Hollywood correspondent. Picked by Walter Winchell to pinch-hit during the latter's vacation from his regular air program last summer, Fischer lost no time in moving into the front ranks of West Coast reporters.*

LOVE on the Run: Newly-married Frances Langford falls into the usual Hollywood romantic routine by starting her marriage off with a personal appearance tour. I understand she'll leave hubby Jon Hall in Hollywood, while she treks East for six weeks. This would indicate that the song star and film star are to do without a honeymoon for the present. Which reminds me that Martha Raye and Buddy Westmore split their marriage vows when Martha went on a personal appearance tour—and later, just split their marriage!

Funnyman Bob Hope, who breezed to top radio fame via the Warner-Dick Powell shows, heads his own musical-variety program this Fall replacing the Mickey Mouse airer. Bob is in New York with Producer Tom McAvity de-

Warner Brothers

Here's a fall possibility—the youthful stars of "Dead End" in a "Crime School" series over the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Movie star, radio star, and now star of both—Irene Rich.

veloping the program and making a few personal appearances. Don't be surprised to hear Mrs. Bob Hope in the vocal spot . . . she's a former Broadway singer!

* * *

In spite of her success in "Cocoanut Grove," the Paramount musical, Harriet Hilliard and hubby Ozzie Nelson are no longer on the Baker commercial. The sponsor decided to abandon air advertising. Harriet, however, remains in pictures, while Ozzie will toot his horn in New York during a series of personals.

* * *

Lanny Ross is preparing for his second film attempt. Long ago the singing star made "Melody in Spring" for Paramount, which was considered just fairly successful. Now he's signed with Columbia pictures and that studio is trying to sign Margaret Sullavan as his leading lady.

* * *

A year and a half ago Buddy Clark was just the voice on the Hit Parade programs. Then he doubled for Jack Haley's singing voice in "Wake Up and Live." Today, Clark has blossomed forth as star of his own series of quarter hours, and he is still the "voice" of the Hit Parade. And his income, curiously, is greater now than Haley's.

* * *

The Jan Garbers, who have had their marital difficulties, front-paged for nearly a year, will kiss and make up—I am told confidentially. And their six-year-old daughter was the peace-maker.

* * *

Birthplaces: Bob Hope was born in London, Simone Simon in Paris, Wendy Barry in Hong Kong, May Robson in Australia, Francis Lederer in Prague, Czechoslovakia, Jean Hersholt in Denmark, Joan Fontaine in Tokyo, Edward G. Robinson in Rumania, Basil Rathbone in South Africa, Warner Oland in Sweden, Paul Lukas on a train near Budapest, Mischa Auer in Russia, Gertrude Niesen on a boat in mid-Atlantic—as was Sophie Tucker.

* * *

They can't say "can't" to Irene Rich and get away with it. At the height of her screen stardom ten years ago, the talkie producers said she didn't have the background for audible films, so she went on a vaudeville tour to gain a speaking voice. She returned to make her tenth picture with the late Will Rogers and subsequently signed for a radio program which has kept her on the air continuously for five years. Irene is now playing Deanna Durbin's mother in "That Certain Age," a Universal film, and broadcasting her dramatic series from Hollywood.

* * *

You can bet your bottom dollar that there will be a flock of dramatic shows on the airwaves this fall. And all because Edward G. Robinson's Big Town series climbed to third place in the accepted radio survey.

* * *

Something has happened to Jack Benny. The Sunday evening jester, formerly something of a recluse, now makes a practice of wandering up and down Hollywood Boulevard and stopping to swap yarns with show people he encounters. He frequently pops his head into the Brown Derby late in the evening to see if he can spot any cronies.

* * *

Hollywood Closeups: Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren penned "Confidentially," which serves as my "Hollywood Whispers" theme song. Screen newcomer Johnny Payne (he's married to Anne Shirley)

(*Continued on page* 84)

The Girl who

YOU see, I claim no one can ever disappear completely. Just as there can't be a perfect crime, there can't be a perfect disappearance. And that's the reason that I guarantee to find anyone, no matter how long he's been gone. That is, of course, if he's still alive. I've never failed yet.

Yes, it's an interesting job. You run up against all sorts of funny stories. Some tragic ones too. But usually there's a lot of satisfaction in it. You're not just finding missing persons—you're really taking a hand in other people's lives, mending them and patching them like a doctor mends and patches bodies. You'd be surprised at the number of times somebody I've found and brought back to his family will say to me afterwards, "Mr. Keen, thank you. I really wanted to come back all along, but I guess I was just too proud."

There was one case—well, I don't think I've ever felt as pleased over a job as I was over Sylvia Van Doren. No, it didn't get into the newspapers—of course not. Imagine the hue and cry if it had ever become known that Sylvia Van Doren, the third richest heiress in the country—or is she the second?—was missing!

Poor little kid! You've probably never seen a picture of her. Colonel Van Doren was never one for getting his picture or pictures of his family in the papers if he could help it. But I tell you, Sylvia is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw in my life. Perky and smart, with hair that's so soft and shining it makes even an old fellow like me want to run his fingers through it.

But up until the day she ran away, you probably wouldn't have noticed the prettiness of her face as much as you would its temper. Because Sylvia was

A chauffeur, a girl, and a pair of torrid tempers add up to a romance it takes a detective to bring to a happy ending

Fictionized from a broadcast episode of Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, originally broadcast over NBC and sponsored by the makers of Bi-So-Dol.

Illustration by Anthony West

"You're so stupid," he said, "you couldn't even get a job if you had to. You'd starve!"

Learned How to Live

spoiled, though she didn't know it. She was unhappy too, though she didn't know that either.

For twenty-three years she'd been given everything a girl could want except a chance to be a human being. You can't blame the Colonel and Mrs. Van Doren. They did what they thought was right. They didn't exactly keep her cooped up in that great big Long Island estate of theirs—they just insisted that whenever she did go out for a good time she had to have a chaperone with her. The only young men she was allowed to meet were handpicked by her mother and a corps of social secretaries.

The old Colonel has always had a notion that he's some sort of an Emperor—which I guess he is, as far as oil and copper are concerned—so it was natural enough that Sylvia should grow up thinking that she was the Emperor's daughter and expecting everybody to do exactly as she told them to do, and no nonsense about it.

But feeling that way, she shouldn't ever have tangled with Roddy Matthews.

Roddy left college expecting to build a mess of bridges, but as you may have heard, not many bridges are being built this season, and Roddy had to take whatever job he could get—which turned out to be that of chauffeur for the Van Dorens. Roddy was a good mechanic and he could make a car do tricks, but all the same I don't imagine he was a very good chauffeur. Not for the Van Dorens, anyhow. He wasn't used to taking orders the way the Van Dorens gave them.

Now, a good looking young man can stand it when

another man or a homely old woman snaps orders at him in a disagreeable tone of voice. But when a pretty girl does it, he's bound to crack under the strain sooner or later, and probably sooner. Roddy hadn't been working for the Van Dorens two weeks before he'd made up his mind that Sylvia was the meanest little brat he'd ever known. He was itching to take her over his knee and give her the spanking she'd been missing all her life. But he restrained himself until one day when he'd just driven her back from town and she said something he didn't like.

HE didn't spank her, but he did tell her exactly what he thought of her—that she *needed* to be spanked, that he'd never worked for such inhuman, snooty people as her and her father and mother in his life, and hoped he'd never have to again.

"There's nothing that'll do you any good," he ended up, "except losing your money and having to go to work!"

First she went dead white. Then she slapped his face, once, just as hard as she could—and she was a good tennis-player—and turned and walked away without a word. Then she went to her mother and told her that the new chauffeur had insulted her.

Of course Mrs. Van Doren sent her secretary down to the garage right away, to fire Roddy. You'd think Sylvia would have let bad enough alone, but an act of Congress couldn't have kept her from going down and seeing him once more, just to rub it in.

A man can stand it when another man snaps orders at him in a disagreeable voice—but when a pretty girl does it, he's bound to crack under the strain

She found him finishing up the job of wiping off the limousine before he left. No matter how mad he gets, Roddy isn't one to leave things half finished.

"You did just what I expected you to do," he said. "You're not only a parasite, you're a coward too. You couldn't stand hearing the truth, so you had me fired."

I suppose she'd had some idea of finding him all sorrowful and penitent, which just shows how little her twenty-three years had taught her about people. Anyway, this new attack set her back on her heels, and at first she didn't say anything.

"Any kid your age," Roddy went on, working himself up into a lather, "that has to work for a living—eight hours a day behind a store counter, or in a factory, or pounding a typewriter—is worth fifty of you!"

"That's silly," she said. "Why work for a living if you don't have to—and take the job away from somebody that needs it?"

"Because it'd do you good. Might teach you to come down to earth and act like a human being for a change!"

Sylvia began to tremble, partly from anger and partly because she thought she was going to cry. Remember, always before when she'd got mad over some little thing, everybody had tried to calm her down instead of making things worse. But Roddy was in fine fettle. It was the first time he'd ever told off an heiress and he was enjoying it. And then, for a windup, he went a little too far.

"Take away those beautiful clothes and your name, and nobody'd even notice you!" he said. "You're so stupid you couldn't get a job if you had to. You'd starve to death!"

Sylvia had self-control enough not to let him see how furious she was. But she was raging inside. And she went on raging all the rest of that day after Roddy had left. She couldn't sleep that night.

In the morning she got up early, put on her simplest dress, and went out to the garage. She told the mechanic there to give her the keys to the roadster—that she was going in to town for a few hours. He thought it was pretty funny, because he knew the Van Dorens didn't like her to go out alone, but she was so imperious he didn't dare to refuse.

And that was the last anybody around the Van Doren estate saw of Sylvia.

Well, they waited a week before they called me in, hoping she'd turn up. Mrs. Van Doren—she isn't very bright—was sure Sylvia had been kidnaped and wanted to notify the police, but the Colonel, though he didn't know exactly what to think, was pretty sure there hadn't been any kidnaping. Besides, a Van Doren hates publicity like poison, and he knew the police would get the whole affair into the papers first crack out of the box.

It took me a while to calm Mrs. Van Doren's hysteria and the Colonel's arrogance, but finally I got down to work and learned about Roddy Matthews and how he had been fired because he'd insulted Sylvia just a day before her disappearance. I didn't know what the connection between the two events was, but I was certain it was there, so I got Roddy's address from Jarvis, the Van Doren secretary, and went to see him.

I liked him the minute I saw him. He's a big, husky, clean American kid—and I figured he must have been pretty handsome in his chauffeur's uniform. I got him to tell me about why he'd been fired before I let it out that Sylvia was missing. His eyes got big and a sort of delighted grin spread over his face.

"Do you suppose she took me up on what I said about not being able to make her own living?"

"I wouldn't be a bit surprised," I told him. "She didn't take much money with her, as far as I've been able to find out."

"The Van Dorens are fit to be tied, aren't they?"

"Fit to tie me and throw me into jail if I don't bring her back," I said. "And I don't know where she is. Do you?"

I'D half-thought that he did know, maybe, but the expression on his face when he shook his head convinced me he was telling the truth. So I left, after telling him to get in touch with me if he heard from her.

I was as sure as I am of my own name that she'd write to him. She just couldn't help it. All the same, the next week was a nasty one, with the Colonel hounding me every day.

But Sylvia wasn't very far away. She was in Rexley, New Jersey, living in one room with two other girls, and working in the Hartley bottling plant for twelve dollars a week. And she was learning a lot.

She'd gone to New Jersey because she knew it was filled with factory towns. Rexley seemed like a good bet, so she put her car in a garage, paying in advance for its storage with all the (*Continued on page* 62)

Mrs. S. Kip Farrington, Jr.

OF NEW YORK / AND EAST HAMPTON

She's decidedly a modern . . . this young matron . . . Foregoes many social events for the greater thrill of big-game fishing

"Chisie, what makes you say: *'Camels are different'?*"

Comfortably lounging in the cabaña, Dorothy Lovett and Chisie Farrington (right, above) are deep in a talk about the difference in cigarettes. "I'm really quite interested in that difference you're always bringing up—the difference between Camels and other cigarettes," says Miss Lovett. "What is it?"

"Oh, you *must* have noticed!" replies Mrs. Farrington. "Why, for one thing, I can smoke Camels steadily—and they never upset my nerves. They never tire my taste either. And they're always gentle to my throat . . . good to my digestion. Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me . . .

"That's it," she repeats. "Camels *agree* with me!"

MRS. FARRINGTON is a lovable, easy-to-know person. Even mere acquaintances think of her fondly as "Chisie". *Below,* "dinner at home"—smoking a Camel. She is an alumna of the Spence School and Miss Porter's . . . travels considerably . . . takes part in sports the year 'round. A steady Camel smoker, she has this to say: "Almost all of my friends smoke Camels too. If they're not smoking *mine,* I'm smoking *theirs.* A grand cigarette—Camels! So good and mild!"

MRS. FARRINGTON has fished for big game from Nova Scotia to the Bahamas—caught tarpon, sailfish, big blue marlin, tuna. Above, photograph taken after her biggest catch was weighed in. A giant tuna—720 pounds, 9 feet, 10 inches long! And she's a mere 102 pounds! "That tuna tried hard to pull me overboard," she says. "Tense moments like that make me realize how much I depend upon healthy nerves—and how glad I am that I smoke Camels! Camels never jangle my nerves, and I smoke them *steadily.* And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy such a 'lift'!"

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles* Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York* Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia* • Miss Jane Alva Johnson, *St. Louis* • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York* • Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Miss Alicia Rhett, *Charleston, S. C.* • Miss LeBrun Rhinelander, *New York* • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., *New York* • Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena* Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago*

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINER, *MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS* . . . TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE

LARGEST-SELLING

CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 19[illegible], R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "*Camels agree with me*"

About face!

That battle-ax expression is more often caused by nervous tension than by temper! There are unnecessary tension-makers in every busy day that can steal your youth and charm! Learn to recognize them —discover how to correct them. You can out-wit those beauty robbers . . . if you'll be on your guard!

By their frantic frowns—you can spot women who are always late . . . always hurrying! Avoid that rushing habit if you value your good looks!

A new wrinkle has been put in many a pretty face by shoes that pinch, a too-tight girdle, or shoulder-straps that bind! Comfort is important to beauty!

That martyr look often comes from a sanitary napkin that rubs and chafes! But—there's a downy-soft napkin that doesn't chafe. It's Modess . . . and it's made differently from ordinary napkins.

Worry furrows that come from fear of an embarrassing accident are unnecessary, too. Insist on Modess . . . for Modess has a special moisture-resistant backing that will end that worry.

See the difference! Cut a Modess pad in two and look at the filler! It's fluffy and soft . . . *different* from pads made of close-packed layers. It's this fluffy filler that makes Modess so comfortable.

Test it! Remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and drop water on it. See for yourself that not a drop "strikes through." Think what this special kind of protection means to you!

Beauty secret worth trying! You can look younger and prettier (and keep your looks longer) if you'll get rid of unnecessary tension, discomfort, and worry! Modess can help you do this on days when nerves are particularly tense . . . and endurance lower. Get Modess today and experience the comfort and peace of mind this *different* kind of napkin brings. Modess costs no more than other nationally known napkins.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

RADIO MIRROR • almanac

JULY 22 TO AUGUST 23

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR AS WELL AS WHEN YOU CAN HEAR IT BY USING THIS COMPLETE PROGRAM GUIDE AND CALENDAR OF THE MONTH'S IMPORTANT LISTENING HIGHLIGHTS

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL, STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
			NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
			NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Animal News**
			9:00
			CBS: **From The Organ Loft**
			NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
			NBC-Red: **Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Terriss**
			9:30
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Melody Moments**
			9:55
		8:55	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Church Of The Air**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Highlights Of The Bible**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Dreams of Long Ago**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Charles Paul**
	9:00	10:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
			11:05
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen, contralto**
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Red: **Aunt Abbie Steps Out**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			11:30
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Major Bowes Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Rollini Trio**
			11:45
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Bill Sterns**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Norsemen Quartet**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Silver Strings**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Church Of The Air**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Madrigal Singers**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Foreign Program**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Back Home**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Glen Darwin, Charlotte Lansing**
			1:45
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Poet's Gold**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Walberg Brown Strings**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **The Magic Key of RCA**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Summer Session**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Vicente Gomez**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Everybody's Music**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:Red: **Sunday Drivers**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Louise Florea**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Romance Melodies**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Three Cheers**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunday Vespers**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Rangers' Serenade**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Carol Weymann**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **There Was A Woman**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Marion Talley**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Jean Sablon**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Radio Newsreel**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: **The Master Builder**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Phil Cook's Almanac**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **WLW Summer Concert**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Canadian Grenadier Band**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **A Tale of Today**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Joan and Kermit**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Popular Classics**
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Hobby Lobby**
			7:30
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Passing Parade**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Interesting Neighbors**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **The World Dances**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Spy at Large**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Edward Arnold, Edgar Bergen, John Carter, Stroud Twins**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Songs We Remember**
			9:00
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Win Your Lady**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry Go-Round**
			9:30
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
			9:45
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Norman Cloutier Orch.**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
			10:30
		9:30	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table Discussions**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Orchestra**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Dance Orchestra**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	**Dance Music**

Motto of the Day

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Walter Winchell

Flattery should make you feel good, but not better than anybody else.

Highlights For Sunday, July 24

HERE'S your chance if you think you can write music. On the *CBS Everybody's Music* program at *3:00* this afternoon, *E. D. S. T.*, *Howard Barlow* is playing the first of several compositions by unknown American composers. Barlow will then invite anyone listening in to submit musical compositions to him, and if he likes them he'll play them on the *Everybody's Music* program. He's looking for an American Beethoven—or something. Today's new composition is the first in the series. . . . Still in the big music department, *Willem Van Hoogstraten* returns to conduct his eighteenth season with the *New York Philharmonic* in its Lewisohn Stadium concerts over *CBS* at *8:30*. He's the conductor who is largely responsible for starting these out-of-doors concerts. . . . At *2:00* this afternoon, *Linton Wells* talks on the *Magic Key* program, *NBC-Blue*, from Port au Prince, Haiti, and you really ought to listen in because Haiti is one of the most romantic places in the world. . . . Tonight's is the last broadcast of *Winchell's Column Quiz*, on *NBC-Blue* at *9:30*, with *Ben Grauer*. . . . Don't forget *A Tale of Today* on *NBC-Red* at *6:30*. You'll like *Norma Peterson*, who plays *Sally Ackerton* in this weekly serial.

A Tale of Today's Norma Peterson, who likes to study zoology in her spare time.

Back after his vacation, Walter Winchell is on NBC-Blue tonight at 9:30.

Highlights For Sunday, July 31

HAVE you Wednesday-night listeners been missing the *Kostelanetz* broadcasts which were a feature of that evening for so long? If you have, tonight's your chance to catch up. *Andre Kostelanetz* is leading a South American orchestra on a broadcast that's being short-waved to the United States and put on the *CBS* network at *5:00, E.D.S.T.*, this afternoon. It's the first of a series of three, and if *Mrs. Kostelanetz—Lily Pons*—doesn't sing on today's, she will on one of the others. . . . *Walter Winchell* is back tonight from his vacation—on *NBC-Blue* at *9:30*, with a rebroadcast to reach the Pacific Coast at *7:00*. . . . *Linton Wells*, working back toward the United States, talks from Havana, Cuba, on the *Magic Key* show at *2:00, NBC-Blue*. . . . *Willem Van Hoogstraten* conducts his second broadcast from the Lewisohn Stadium on *CBS* at *8:30*. It's *American Composers' Night*, and *Jon Field*, violinist, is the guest star. . . . *Eddy Duchin* and his orchestra open tonight at Atlantic City's Steel Pier, all set for an engagement of almost a month. You'll hear the music, as you hear all Steel Pier music, exclusively over *MBS*. . . . And here's hoping Eddy's little son who's been very ill is much better now.

Highlights For Sunday, August 7

ACCORDING to all the schedules, *Nelson Eddy* ought to be back on the *Chase and Sanborn* program tonight at *8:00* on *NBC-Red*—but your *Almanac* isn't promising anything because even the best-laid schedules sometimes go wrong in this radio business. Anyway, listen in, which you'll probably be doing anyway, and don't be surprised if you hear the Eddy baritone. . . . *Andre Kostelanetz* is booked to send another concert to the United States from South America today—over *CBS* at *5:00*. . . . And *Linton Wells* completes his radio tour of the Latin-American countries by talking to you this afternoon from on board the Bermuda Clipper plane, en route from Bermuda to New York. He's on the *Magic Key* program, *NBC-Blue* at *2:00*. Tonight *Leighton Noble's* orchestra opens at the *Surf Beach Club* in Virginia Beach, Virginia, and you can listen in over *CBS*. . . . Not to forget such Sunday regulars as *Hobby Lobby* on *NBC-Red* at *7:00*, the *John Nesbitt Passing Parade* on *CBS* at *7:30*, *Win Your Lady*, with *Jim Ameche* and *Betty Lou Gerson*, on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00*, *American Album of Familiar Music* on *NBC-Red* at *9:30*, and *Horace Heidt's Brigadiers*, *10:00* on *NBC-Red*.

If everything goes as planned, Nelson Eddy will return to his old show tonight.

Jose Iturbi conducts the final Lewisohn Stadium concert over CBS tonight at 8:30.

Highlights For Sunday, August 14, 21

AUGUST 14: Today provides something different in the way of a sports event to listen to—the annual soap-box derby from Akron, Ohio. A soap-box derby, in case you didn't know, is a race between a couple of hundred of those packing-box scooters Junior makes out in the back yard; and the younger element will be busy in a big way in Akron today. *Ted Husing*, forgetting tennis, golf, and motor-boat racing for the time being, describes the event over *CBS*, and *NBC* plans on having a microphone present, too. Hope nobody gets hurt—remember how Graham McNamee injured his ankle at one of these affairs a year or so ago? Tonight at *8:30*, *CBS* broadcasts the final Lewisohn Stadium concert of the season, with *Jose Iturbi* putting the men of the *New York Philharmonic* through their paces. . . . And *Andre Kostelanetz* short-waves his final broadcast from South America, *CBS* at *5:00*.

AUGUST 21: It's welcome home to *Don Ameche* tonight on the *Chase and Sanborn* program, *NBC-Red* at *8:00*. He returns to Hollywood from a vacation in Europe. . . . At Manhattan Beach, *Al Donahue's orchestra* is opening, and you can hear him on two networks—*Mutual* in the afternoon and *CBS* at night.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Organ Melodies**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember?**
			9:00
			CBS: **Dear Columbia**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Frank Luther**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Asher and Jimmie**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **The Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orchestra**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Console Memories**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Navy Band**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **March of Games**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **New Horizons**
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
		6:00	NBC-Blue: **Alias Jimmy Valentine**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			7:45
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Boake Carter**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **You Said It**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **If I Had the Chance**
6:30	8:30	7:00	NBC-Red: **Burns and Allen (Ends Aug. 1)**
6:30	8:30	7:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Ripley (Starts Aug. 8)**
			8:30
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **Pick and Pat**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Those We Love**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **First Person Singular**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Now and Then**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Wayne King**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Rush Hughes

The city of Happiness is in the state of Mind.

Highlights For Monday, July 25

THE summer sports parade goes on without even an intermission, which is fine if you like sports. . . . Today *CBS* dishes up the opening race of the season at Saratoga in New York. It's the *American Legion* race, and *Bryan Field,* a gentleman and a fine judge of horseflesh, suh, describes the activities to you. . . . He isn't on the air right now, but lots of his friends will be wishing *Al Pearce* a happy birthday today. . . . If the daytime serial programs are one of your big reasons for liking radio you ought to be happy even in the summertime, because most of them, unlike the night-time variety shows, stay on the air throughout the hot weather. This is the time of year when the men who write the scripts for the serials are having brain-fever, trying to find ways to write the hero or heroine out of the action for a couple of weeks so he or she can take a vacation. . . . . Barring the possibility of a vacation for him, you'll hear *Richard Kollmar* emoting today as *John Perry* in *John's Other Wife* on *NBC-Red* at *10:15, E.D.S.T.* Dick was born in Ridgewood, N. J., and is a descendant of the great poet, *Thomas Moore.* He owns an English bulldog and likes to collect daggers, and paints in his spare time.

Richard Kollmar plays John Perry in the NBC-Red serial, John's Other Wife, this A.M.

Highlights For Monday, August 1

It's vacation's end for Mary Margaret McBride, who returns to CBS this noon.

AFTER a vacation of exactly one month, *Mary Margaret McBride* is back with us, on *CBS* at noon, starting today. For a while, though, she'll broadcast on a three-times-a-week schedule, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of her former Mondays through Fridays set-up. . . . But to balance Mary Margaret's return, there's an important departure — tonight's is the last broadcast for long-suffering George Burns and vacuum-brained Gracie Allen, on *NBC-Red* at *8:00.* They're to start on their first real vacation in many a year—two whole months. In October they'll return for a new sponsor. Honolulu is the spot they've picked for their holiday, and they'll take Ronnie and Sandra Burns along with them. . . . There is a whole parcel of new dance-band openings tonight: *Art Kassel* and his band moving into Kennywood Park, in Pittsburgh; *Blue Barron* starting a new show at the Edison Hotel in New York; and *Rita Rio* with her all-girl orchestra beginning a return engagement at Enna Jettick Park in Auburn, New York. *NBC* broadcasts of all three of these bands. . . . *NBC* also plans a description of the International Fishermen's Races off the Newfoundland Grand Banks.

Highlights For Monday, August 8

AN orchestra you may never have heard before opens tonight at Enna Jettick Park, coming to you by remote control over *NBC.* It's *Ray Gordon's* orchestra, and if you're a connoisseur of dance-bands, better listen in. . . . At *11:30* this morning, *E.D.S.T.*, lots of people will be listening to *Big Sister* on *CBS,* sponsored by *Rinso*—and every listener will be enjoying the work of *Dorothy McGuire,* who plays the little sister, *Sue Evans.* Dorothy is barely old enough to vote, and *Big Sister* is her first network commercial program. She came to New York from her home town of Omaha two years ago for a visit after her graduation from Junior College—and hasn't been back since. From kindergarten days she wanted to be an actress, and the big moment of her girlhood came when she was thirteen —she was in a play with *Henry Fonda.* In New York she sometimes makes extra money modeling for photographers. . . . At *8:00* tonight *Bob Ripley* and his well known oddities move into the *NBC-Red* spot vacated by *Burns and Allen* . . . Don't forget *Orson Welles'* novelty dramatic program on *CBS* tonight at *9:00. Orson* is an experimenter, and there's no telling what radio fare he will serve up.

Dorothy McGuire plays little sister Sue Evans in the CBS Big Sister serial at 11:30.

Highlights For Monday, August 15, 22

Charlie Barnet, much-traveled maestro, is the new attraction at Enna Jettick Park.

AUGUST 15: *Charlie Barnet,* who opens tonight with his band at Enna Jettick Park, with an *NBC* wire, is one of dance-land's most traveled maestros. He was barely out of school when he got a job as orchestra leader on the *S.S. Republic* and made twenty-two crossings, just as a beginning. Then, still leading a band, he took a Mediterranean cruise and a world cruise. His wanderlust satisfied for a time, he went to California and the movies, to leave when they began giving him cowboy parts. For a while he led his band in different Eastern cities, then took another trip —to South America this time. Returning, he played in different hotels and dance-spots before going back to Hollywood and appearing as an orchestra leader in *"Love and Hisses"* and *"Sally, Irene and Mary.* . . . For your birthday file: *Johnny,* the page-boy on the *Johnny Presents* programs, is celebrating his today.

AUGUST 22: Tennis is the highlight for the day—for them as likes tennis. Both *CBS* and *NBC* plan to broadcast a description of the National Doubles matches, at Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts. And the invaluable *Mr. Husing*—of the horse-race-winning Husings —will officiate at the microphone for *CBS.*

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Clipping Bureau**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
			CBS: **Music in the Air**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
			9:30
			CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Asher and Jimmie**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman In White**
			11:00
11:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time For Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk It Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Music Guild**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Army Band**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **The Four of Us**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Science in the News**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Rhythmaire's Orch.**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: **George McCall**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
			7:45
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Boake Carter**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Four Corners Theater**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
			8:30
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Information Please**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Wayne King**
			9:00
	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
	7:00	8:00	CBS-Red: **Vox Pop—Parks Johnson**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Benny Goodman**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Jamboree**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Attorney-at-Law**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Hal Kemp**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Columbia Square**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**

Motto of the Day

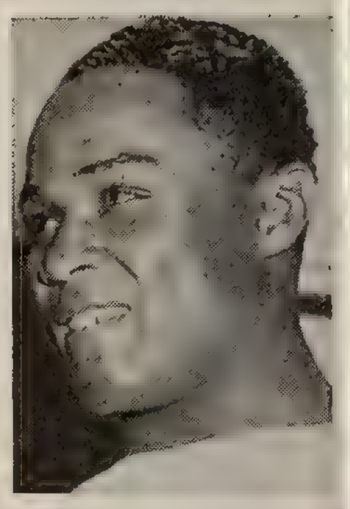
Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Helen Menken

The best way to make friends is to be one.

Highlights For Tuesday, July 26

HAVE you a sports fan in your home? If you have, prepare to listen tonight to *NBC's* description of the fight between *Henry Armstrong* and *Lou Ambers.* At least, it's scheduled for tonight, although you know how prize-fights are—apt to be called off at the drop of a contract. When your *Almanac* went to press, it hadn't been decided whether the fight would be held in New York's Yankee Stadium or Long Island's Bowl. . . . Armstrong is the first man in prize-ring history to hold both the flyweight and welter-weight championships, and tonight he's going after the lightweight crown as well, which is held at present by Ambers. If he wins he'll have all three. . . . Armstrong is a minister's son, and *Al Jolson* is very much interested in his fighting career. . . . Two birthdays today you ought to know about—*Gracie Allen's* and *Buddy Clark's.* . . . Notice that *Boake Carter* is on the air at *7:45 P.M.* now, with a re-broadcast that reaches the West Coast at *4:45.* But if you live in the East you don't hear him tonight or any Tuesday night. . . . They couldn't clear the time on that one day. Other days of the week the Easterners listen to him as usual . . . And don't forget *Helen Menken* in *Second Husband, CBS 7:30.*



The radio spotlight centers on Henry Armstrong tonight when he fights Lou Ambers.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 2

ALL signs point to something pretty good on *NBC-Red* tonight at *9:30,* in the weekly *Attorney-at-Law* drama, so if you haven't formed the habit of tuning in on previous Tuesdays, why not start now? There isn't much left in this night-time *Attorney-at-Law* of the former day-time serial except the name—it has a new author, new stars—*Henry Hunter* and *Betty Winkler*—and a new plot. The new author is *Milton Geiger,* who is really the white-haired boy among radio scriptors at the moment. Once a Cleveland druggist, he tried his hand at doing a *Columbia Workshop* script just for the fun of it. His script was snapped up by *CBS* and given so much praise that he tried again. Now he does nothing but write scripts—you've heard many of them on the *Vallee* and *Chase and Sanborn* hours, and read fictionizations of them in *Radio Mirror. . . . Henry Hunter,* who took over the part of *Terry Regan* when the show moved to its night spot, used to be called *Arthur Jacobson* before he went to Hollywood and a contract with Universal Pictures, who changed his name. Before he went into radio work he played on the stage with such stars as *Sylvia Sidney, May Robson, Alice Brady,* and many others.

Henry Hunter, once Arthur Jacobson, has the title role in the Attorney-at-Law show.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 9

THE day's horse race: the *Hambletonian Stakes,* at Goodtime Park, Goshen, New York. *NBC* is the officiating network. . . . You'll hear *Betty Garde* twice today, as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* on *NBC-Red* at *10:00,* and as *Belle Jones* in *Lorenzo Jones, NBC-Red* at *11:15.* . . . And it's quite likely that you'll run in to her somewhere else on the airwaves and never know it, because Betty is one of New York's most sought-after young actresses. She has been Mrs. Wiggs for more than three years and Belle Jones for one. . . . Betty started her acting career at the age of sixteen in Philadelphia, her home town. Her mother was a singer before she married, and her father a newspaper man. They encouraged their daughter's interest in the stage and helped her get her first Broadway break. She's also been in the movies, but five years ago turned to radio. Any type of role is a cinch to her, from comedians' stooges to heavy emotional drama. Your *Almanac* is still rooting strongly for *Information Please,* on *NBC-Blue* tonight at *8:30,* and hoping that some sponsor will snap it up for the fall season. It's a quiz program, but a different kind of one, with celebrities answering the questions.

Busy actress Betty Garde appears on two programs—Mrs. Wiggs and Lorenzo Jones.

Highlights For Tuesday, August 16, 23

AUGUST 16: Goodtime Park is on the air again today with another horse race—the *Ladies Cup Trotting* race. *NBC* is still the network in charge. . . . Did you know *Irene Beasley* is back on the air—on *CBS* today and every day except Saturday and Sunday at *12:15?* . . . And *Columbia Square, CBS'* sustaining program from Hollywood, is on Tuesday nights now instead of Fridays—*10:30* is the time. . . . *Helen Menken,* whom you hear in *Second Husband* at *7:30* tonight on *CBS,* took time off from radio rehearsals this summer to appear in *George Bernard Shaw's "Candida"* for a summer theater.

AUGUST 23: Welcome back tonight to an old favorite, who hasn't been around the kilocycles for the past year—*Jessica Dragonette,* who makes a guest appearance with the *Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra,* playing over *CBS* from Milwaukee. . . .Jessica has put in her time very profitably and pleasantly going on an extended concert tour, and while she may be back in radio this fall, she intends to go a-touring every year from now on. . . . Listen to *Richard Maxwell* on *CBS* at *11:15* this morning—unless his bosses have gone and changed his broadcast time again all of a sudden.

Jessica Dragonette returns to the air tonight for symphony guest appearance.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **William Meeder**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Asher and Jimmie**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin.**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Hello Peggy**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Rubbertown Revue**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Music for Fun**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Living History**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Ruth Bryan Owen**
			7:45
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Boake Carter**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **One Man's Family**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Paul Whiteman**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **The Word Game**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **It May Have Happened**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Town Hall Game Hunt**
			9:30
	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Mark Warnow**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Boston Pop Concert**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **For Men Only**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Meet the Champ**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Kay Kyser's College**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Edgar A. Guest**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Minstrel Show**

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Paul Whiteman

Stand up for your rights—but first be sure they aren't wrongs.

Highlights For Wednesday, July 27

THIS is the first chance your *Almanac* has had to remind you that *Paul Whiteman's Chesterfield* program is on the air now Wednesday nights at *8:30*, instead of Fridays. It will be found in the CBS niche at that time all the rest of the summer. . . . *CBS* has a new program on the air at *10:00* tonight—it's called *Meet the Champ*. . . . Now how about turning our attention to the *Town Hall Big Game Hunt* and its mistress of ceremonies, Jane Martin? Jane would certainly be a handy person to have around a party, because she is a walking encyclopedia of curious and unusual games. She specializes in games you can play without buying a lot of equipment. . . . Took up the study of games just as a hobby, and before long found herself running an air show called *Let's Play Games* over the *Mutual* system. Now *Fred Allen's* sponsors, the *Ipana* and *Sal Hepatica* people, have hired her to help fill in while Fred's on his vacation. . . . Incidentally, *Radio Mirror* hopes to have Jane running a game page for its readers in the next issue. . . . Your *Almanac's* apologies for promising that *For Men Only, NBC-Red* at *9:30*, would be heard coast to coast. A change of plans keeps it in the east and midwest.

Jane Martin, expert in games, stars tonight on the Town Hall Big Game Hunt.

Old-time vaudeville headliner Norman Frescott is head man on the Big Game Hunt.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 3

THAT entertaining and instructive *Living History* program on *CBS* tonight at *7:30* announces as its subjects: *Washington Irving Publishes a Knickerbocker History of New York, 1809* and the *Repeal of the Embargo, or Madison's inauguration*. . . . However, you may be more interested in current history, and if you are there's no better bet than *Ruth Bryan Owen* on *NBC-Red* at the same time. She describes current events and interprets them from the viewpoint of a brilliant modern woman, and it's all something worth listening to. . . . Last week your *Almanac* told you a little about *Jane Martin* of the *Big Game Hunt* on *NBC-Red* at *9:00*—this week the subject is *Norman Frescott*, the show's master of ceremonies. . . . He's an old-time vaudeville headliner. In fact, he's one master of ceremonies it will be hard to fool, because he used to be a mindreader in the *Big Time*. West Coast listeners will find him no stranger—they've been hearing him in the *Your Witness* programs over *KNX*. . . . Wednesday night standbys: *One Man's Family* on *NBC-Red* at *8:00*. . . . *Mark Warnow* and his *Blue Velvet* music on *CBS* at *9:30*. . . . *Kay Kyser's College* on *NBC-Red* at *10:00*. . . . Edgar A. *Guest* on *CBS* at *10:30*.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 10

YOUR *Almanac* regrets that *CBS' The Word Game* program, on at *9:00* tonight, isn't as good a show as it should be. One reason it should be better is the fact that *Max Eastman* is its star and master of ceremonies. Mr. Eastman is a clever man and a good author, and should have been a great radio bet. He wrote last year's best-seller, "The Appreciation of Laughter" . . . he knows seven languages, including Russian, in which he once gave a lecture after he'd studied it for only three months. . . . He is a mine of funny stories. . . . And he's the only man your *Almanac* ever heard of who was married at a ceremony at which the bride was not present. Seems such a procedure is quite legal and binding in Russia, where the marriage took place. . . . Golf is the day's sports dish—the Cleveland $10,000 Open Championship. It's an exclusive *CBS* feature. . . The *CBS' Living History* at *7:30* tonight deals with events of the year 1817. . . . Twenty-seven years ago today, in Macon, Georgia, Jane Pickens was born. . . . If you want some good music, tune in the *Boston Pop Concert* on *NBC-Blue* tonight at *9:30*. . . . And a novelty is the *CBS Rubbertown Revue* at *5:00*—it originates in Akron, Ohio.

Author and wit Max Eastman presides over The Word Game, on CBS tonight at 9.

Virginia Simms is the vocalist on Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge tonight

Highlights For Wednesday, August 17

ONE by one the vacationeers come straggling back—that is, they'll straggle until the big rush around the first week in October. . . . Tonight's arrival is the popular *Gang Busters* show, on *CBS* at *10:00*, with a repeat broadcast to reach the Pacific Coast at *9:00*. . . . As last year, *Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf*, former head of the New Jersey State Police, is master of ceremonies of this half-hour dramatization which dedicates itself to proving very entertainingly and thrillingly that *Crime Don't Pay*. . . . Incidentally, *Radio Mirror* is pretty proud of Col. Schwarzkopf's significant article which he has written to appear in an early issue. . . . The Colonel is a modest, quiet gentleman who looks a little bit like Charlie Ruggles but talks more sensibly. . . . His youngest daughter is still in the lower grades of grammar school, and has never heard her father on the air because she isn't allowed to stay up until ten. One day she came home from school in tears, protesting that he was *her* daddy, but everybody else in school except her had heard him. . . . The prettiest pupil on *Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge* tonight—*NBC-Red* at *10:00*—must undoubtedly be *Virginia*—*"Ginny"*—Simms, his vocalist.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcom Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Clipping Bureau**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember?**
			9:00
			CBS: **As You Like It**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Landt Trio**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Asher and Jimmie**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
11:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Let's Talk it Over**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Columbia Salon Orchestra**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **WHK Revue**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Keyboard Concerts**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **The Four of Us**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
		4:30	NBC-Blue: **Singing Lady**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red. **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **George R. Holmes**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: **George McCall**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Del Casino**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Elvira Rios**
4:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Mario Cozzi**
			7:45
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Boake Carter**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Men Against Death**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Stepping Ahead**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Major Bowes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Pulitzer Prize Plays**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Toronto Prom Symphony**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Essays in Music**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Kraft Music Hall**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Americans at Work**
			11:15
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue **Elza Schallert**

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

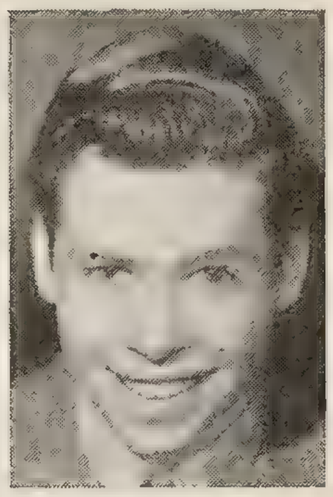
By Bob Burns

If you think your vacation is too short, be thankful it isn't permanent.

Highlights For Thursday, July 28

RUDY VALLEE'S program on *NBC-Red* at *8:00* tonight ought to be a gala affair indeed, because it is Rudy's birthday—his thirty-seventh, if he doesn't mind our telling—and if ever an occasion demanded some celebration, this one does. Year in and year out, Rudy has broadcast a weekly show—some excellent, some good, some indifferent, but none downright bad. And that's a record for radio to shoot at. . . . The *Kraft Music Hall*, on *NBC-Red* at *10:00*, is still minus *Bing Crosby*, but *Bob Burns* is carrying on manfully and he has the usual list of distinguished guests tonight. Kraft guests are picked on pretty short notice, but one of tonight's was chosen early enough so that your *Almanac* can announce him—*Jose Iturbi*, Spanish pianist-conductor. . . . *Eugene O'Neill*, America's greatest dramatist, wrote tonight's *Pulitzer Prize Play*, on *NBC-Blue* from *9:00* to *10:00*. It's *"Beyond the Horizon,"* one of his early dramas, and it's pretty serious stuff, not for listeners in a frivolous mood. . . . From *10:30* to *11:00 CBS* has one of its *Americans at Work* shows, presenting a typical filling-station attendant. . . . For *Goldberg* listeners, *CBS* at *1:00: Rosalyn Silber*, just nineteen, has literally grown up in the part of *Rosie*.

Besides playing Rosie in The Goldbergs, Rosalyn Silber is a college sophomore.



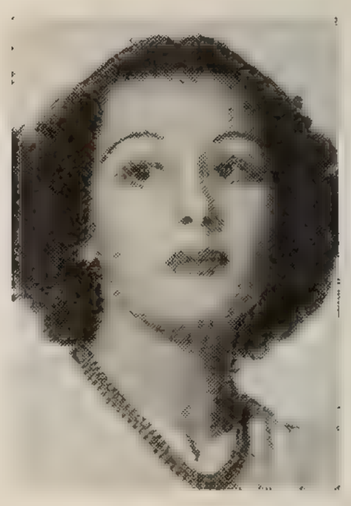
Billy Idelson, Rush of Vic and Sade, is soon to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

Highlights For Thursday, August 4

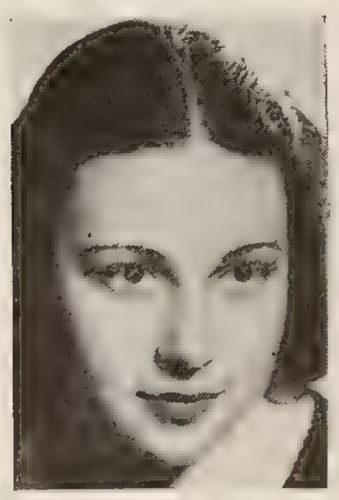
JOSEPH BENTONELLI, the lad who gathered a good deal of publicity a couple of seasons ago by shooting from obscurity to a star role in the Metropolitan Opera House, is *Bob Burns'* special guest—or one of them—on tonight's *Kraft Music Hall* show, *NBC-Red* at *10:00*. . . . The *Pulitzer Prize* play, *NBC-Blue* at *9:00*, is *Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted"*—which was considered fairly shocking in its day and probably won't lift a single eyebrow tonight. . . . And *CBS' American at Work* for the night is a professional fisherman—listen in at *10:30* if you want to find out where that halibut you had for dinner came from. . . . *Billy Idelson*, who will celebrate his eighteenth birthday later this month, is beloved of hundreds of listeners as *Rush* of the *Vic and Sade* sketches. Like *Rosalyn Silber* of the *Goldbergs*, *Billy* has grown up with his air part—started playing *Rush* six years ago when the show first went on the air. His actual radio career started when he was eleven and won an audition for the part of *Skeezix* in a radio version of the famous *Gasoline Alley* comic strip. . . . If *Vic and Sade* ever manages to dispense with his services Billy wants to be a movie actor.

Highlights For Thursday, August 11

DON'T miss some elegant singing tonight on the *Mutual* system, when *Gladys Swarthout* appears as a guest on the *Robin Hood Dell* concert from Philadelphia. The time: along around 8:30. *Alfred Wallenstein* is conducting the orchestra. . . . And for the sports-minded, *CBS* has the exclusive right to broadcast the opening day's play of the North American Zone Davis Cup tennis matches from Germantown, Pennsylvania. *Ted Husing* will be at the mike, and the matches will continue today, tomorrow and Saturday. . . . The *Pulitzer Prize* play series on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00* has something in the way of a novelty tonight—the first half of *Eugene O'Neill's* dramatic marathon, *"Strange Interlude."* The second half will be given next Thursday. This is the play that you started to watch in the afternoon, took time out for dinner, and then returned in the evening—and in its day it was considered pretty daring in its subject-matter, too. . . . The *American at Work* series on *CBS* at *10:30* proffers a "beautician" for its evening's exhibit. . . . At *8:00* it would be a good idea to listen to *Men Against Death* on *CBS*. This is a *Federal Theater* production, a dramatization of the books of *Dr. Paul de Kruif*.



Gladys Swarthout is the guest star on tonight's Robin Hood Dell Concert on MBS.



An air veteran at nineteen, Ethel Blume is heard today in the Girl Interne serial.

Highlights For Thursday, August 18

MORE tennis, and pretty important tennis at that. It's the first day of the *Interzone Finals* of the *Davis Cup* matches at Germantown, Pennsylvania, with the winners of the North American Zone finals playing the winners of the European finals. As it was last week, this tennis is exclusive with *CBS*, and *Ted Husing* does the describing. The matches last until Saturday. . . . Tonight at *9:00* on *NBC-Blue* don't forget the second half of *"Strange Interlude,"* by *Eugene O'Neill*. . . . And you can listen to a typical policeman talk about his job on *Americans at Work*, *CBS* at *10:30*. . . . To early-in-the-morning listeners comes *Joyce Jordan, Girl Interne*, on *CBS* at *9:30*, with *Ethel Blume* playing the role of *Gloria Blaine*. . . . Ethel is nineteen years old, a protege of Eddie Cantor's and a graduate of the *CBS* children's programs. She made her first broadcast nine years ago, and it was over a Columbia microphone. Besides her important part in *Joyce Jordan*, she takes stellar roles in the Tuesday night *Grand Central Station* dramas. And in between her air duties, she found time to graduate from the Professional Children's High School a year ago. This year she plans on taking college courses.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **William Meeder**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Women and News**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:00
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Just Neighbors**
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
			10:15
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Asher and Jimmie**
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Hello Peggy**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
			12:15
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Vic and Sade**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Bennett and Wolverton**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Mother-in-Law**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **The Gospel Singer**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Harrisburg Revue**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Rush Hughes**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			5:15
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **March of Games**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Variety Show**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Exploring Space**
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:15
		5:15	CBS: **Popeye the Sailor**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Just Entertainment**
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Music Is My Hobby**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Crickets**
			7:45
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Boake Carter**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Ghost of Benjamin Sweet**
	6:00	7:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Maurice Spitalny Orch.**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Hollywood Showcase**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Royal Crown Revue**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **March of Time**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **First Nighter**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Grant Park Concert**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**
			10:45
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **American Viewpoint**

Motto of the Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Tim Ryan

Self-esteem is worthless; self-respect is priceless.

Highlights For Friday, July 22

WANT to take a trip into the universe? Then listen to the *CBS* quarter-hour late this afternoon—*Exploring Space*, at *5:45*. . . . Not one, but two dance bands open tonight at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, playing in shifts so the customers can dance until they drop. The bands belong to *Bunny Berigan* and *Jimmy Joy*, and you'll hear them late at night over the *Mutual* system. . . . *CBS* has an important dance opening tonight too—*Russ Morgan*, starting a season at *Ben Marden's Riviera*, just over the George Washington Bridge from New York City. For his *Riviera* engagement, Russ has double the usual number of girl vocalists—both *Gloria Whitney* and *Carolyn Clarke*. He always takes these two with him on his one-night stand trips too because he believes it takes two different types of girls to sing the two different types of melodies, sweet and swing. *Carolyn Clarke*, who comes from San Francisco, handles the swing department, and is the college boy's idea of what the ideal prom girl looks like, with plenty of dimples. . . . And *Gloria Whitney*, a New Yorker, is tall, with coal black hair and eyes, exactly right to take care of all the sweet numbers. . . . Neither, incidentally, is married.

Gloria Whitney is Russ Morgan's vocalist, opening tonight at Marden's Riviera.

Betty Bennett is one-half of the Bennett and Wolverton team, on NBC-Blue at 1:15.

Highlights For Friday, July 29

HERE'S a list of three things you ought to note on your cuff for Friday night listening. . . . First, a novelty program called *Crickets* on *NBC-Red* at *7:30*, all filled up with sound effects that will keep you guessing. . . . Second, the *March of Time* is on at *9:30* tonight, having moved from its old Thursday-evening spot. *NBC-Blue* is the network *Time* marches over. . . . Third, there's some good music on *NBC-Blue* at *10:30* when the *Grant Park Concert* goes on the air. . . . *Your Almanac* wants to call your attention, too, to *The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet*, a very amusing show about a pair of benevolent spirits, on *CBS* at *8:00*. . . . At *1:15* this afternoon on *NBC-Red*, you'll enjoy the music of *Bennett* and *Wolverton*—who are *Betty Bennett*, singer and pianist, and *Joe Wolverton*, guitarist. . . . Betty was born in Georgeville, Mississippi, in 1914, and was trained for a musical career from childhood. She had her first audition in Des Moines, while she was still in high school. In 1934 she came to Chicago and broke into radio by getting a job on a local station. . . . She's been married two years—met her husband in a church in 1933. . . . She likes to take her shoes off during a broadcast.

Highlights For Friday, August 5

IF you haven't had a chance yet to hear *Gene Krupa*, now that he has his own orchestra, listen in to one of his broadcasts over *MBS* from the Atlantic City Steel Pier. He opens there tonight, to stay through the eleventh. . . . The picture at the right is of a remarkable woman who is partially responsible for more than twenty highly successful radio programs. Her name is *Anne S. Hummert*, and with her husband, *Frank Hummert*, she conceives, writes, directs and produces such serials as *Just Plain Bill, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, John's Other Wife, David Harum, Lorenzo Jones, Our Gal Sunday, Stella Dallas, Popeye, Mr. Keen, Alias Jimmy Valentine, Second Husband, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, American Album of Familiar Music*, and *Waltz Time*. . . . Sounds unbelievable? It's true. Aided by a corps of secretaries, the Hummerts produce over 50,000 words of radio script a week at their Greenwich, Connecticut, home. What's more, they've been maintaining this pace for several years. . . . Just one of those peculiar businesses that radio has brought into being. . . . For the youngsters, *CBS* offers the *March of Games* this afternoon at *5:30*—and, in the East, *Popeye the Sailor* at 6:15.

Anne Hummert writes and produces more than twenty highly successful radio programs.

Benny Goodman opens tonight at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, with an MBS wire.

Highlights For Friday, August 12, 19

AUGUST 12: *Rico Marcelli* directs another special concert from Grant Park in Chicago tonight, and *10:30* is the time over *NBC-Blue*. . . . At *2:30* this afternoon *CBS* has the *Harrisburg Revue*, if you want to listen in and see what sort of talent comes from other cities besides New York, Chicago and Hollywood. It might surprise you. . . . And don't forget the Procter and Gamble hour on *CBS* from *1:00* to *2:00*, with *The Goldbergs, Vic* and *Sade, The Road of Life*, and *Edward MacHugh*, the *Gospel Singer*. . . . At *4:30* on *NBC-Red Rush Hughes* has a batch of interesting news and stuff to tell you about.

AUGUST 19: The Atlantic City Steel Pier has another new orchestra tonight—none other than the *Swing King* himself, *Benny Goodman*. They do say that swing is on its way out, and that Benny is toning down his style of torrid playing, but you can be sure it is still plenty hot—even sizzling. You'll hear him on *Mutual*, and he'll stay at the Pier until the twenty-fifth of this month. . . . On the other hand, if you still like the old kind of music best, listen to *Waltz Time* on *NBC-Red* at *9:00*—not hot, but nice and soothing—with *Frank Munn's* beautiful voice.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00
			NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
			NBC-Red: **Malcolm Claire**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Hi Boys**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Clipping Bureau**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Do You Remember**
			9:00
			CBS: **Eton Boys**
			NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
			NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Sunshine Express**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Fiddler's Fancy**
			9:45
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Landt Trio**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Lew White**
		9:00	NBC-Blue. **Breen and De Rose**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
			10:15
		9:15	NBC-Blue: **Viennese Ensemble**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Charioteers**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Jewel Cowboys**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Music Internationale**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Vaughn de Leath**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Four**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Ford Rush, Silent Slim**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **String Ensemble**
			11:45
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Serving the Consumer**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Columbia Concert Hall**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Call to Youth**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **NBC Music Guild**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Lee Gordon's Orch.**
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Buffalo Presents**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Your Host Is Buffalo**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Madison Ensemble**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Bill Krenz Orch.**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Campus Capers**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Motor City Melodies**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Judy and Lanny**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Afternoon Off**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Jean Ellington**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Ricardo Orch.**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Stamp Collectors**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Four Clubmen**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Trio Time**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Paul Sabin's Orch.**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
			6:05
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: **The Symphonettes**
			6:30
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Sports Column**
			6:45
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Larry Clinton's Orch.**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Saturday Swing Session**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Serenade**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten**
			8:30
7:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Original Plays**
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Dale Carnegie**
			9:00
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
7:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Your Hit Parade**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Concert in Rhythm**
			10:45
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Capitol Opinion**

Motto of the Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Jean Ellington

Laughter is fertile soil for the seed of love.

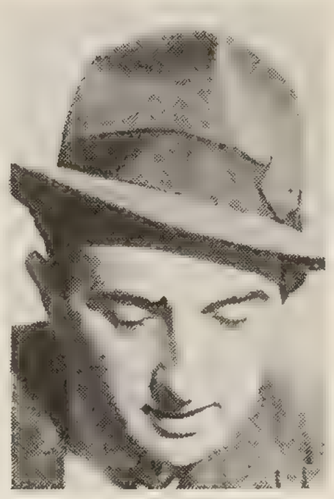
Highlights For Saturday, July 23

CARL HOFF, a *Hit Parade* favorite, comes back to that popular dance program tonight at *10:00* on *CBS*, replacing *Peter Van Steeden*. And for tonight he has a special guest star—*Alice Cornett*, once of the recent *Song Shop* series. . . . *Sammy Kaye* opens tonight at the Surf Beach Club at Virginia Beach, and you'll be listening in over *CBS*. . . . Another dance band opening is *Charlie Barnet* and his orchestra at the Ocean Beach Club—also at Virginia Beach, on *NBC*. . . . Now for your Saturday sports events. . . . First, horse-racing: *CBS* has exclusive broadcasting rights to the Wakefield Handicap at Empire City, while *NBC* offers a rival attraction in the Classic Stakes from Arlington, Chicago. . . . Next, baseball—all games, of course, subject to good weather. These are the major league contests you can hear if you're near the right stations: American League—St. Louis at Washington, *WJSV;* Detroit at Philadelphia, *WWJ, WFIL,* and the Michigan network; Cleveland at Boston, *WCLE* and the Colonial network. National League—Philadelphia at Cincinnati, *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO;* New York at Chicago, *WJJD, WBBM, WIND, WHO;* Brooklyn at St. Louis, *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KBTM.*

Alice Cornett sings tonight as the Hit Parade's guest star on CBS at ten o'clock.

Highlights For Saturday, July 30

SATURDAY still seems to be a day for sports, so tonight why not listen to a sports commentator who has the reputation of never pulling his punches? His name is *Sam Balter,* and you can hear him at *7:30, Eastern Summer Time,* on the Mutual network, coast-to-coast. Sam's a former Olympic basketball star. . . . For first-hand sports broadcasts *CBS* and *NBC* again compete with rival horse-races. *CBS* has *Bryan Field* announcing the Saratoga Handicap at the Saratoga track, and *NBC* has the Futurity and the Handicap races at Arlington Park, Chicago. . . . The baseball: American League—New York at Chicago, *WBBM, WIND, WJJD;* Boston at St. Louis, *KMOX, KWK, KFRU, KWOS;* Philadelphia at Detroit, *WWJ* and the Michigan network; Washington at Cleveland, *WCLE, WJSV.* National League—St. Louis at Boston, *WTAD* and the Colonial network; Pittsburgh at Brooklyn, *KDKA;* Chicago at Philadelphia, *WHO, WCAU.* . . . *Kay Kyser* is scheduled to close his engagement at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York tonight, but they want him to stay, so maybe you can still hear him playing on *NBC.* . . . *Rico Marcelli* directs a special Grant Park Concert, *10:30* on *NBC-Blue.*



A new network sports commentator is Sam Balter, heard tonight over Mutual.

Highlights For Saturday, August 6

SO you don't want an uninterrupted diet of sports on Saturdays? Then listen to Richard Maxwell on *CBS* at *9:15 A.M.* . . . *Fiddler's Fancy,* also on *CBS,* at *9:30.* . . . *The Viennese Ensemble* on *NBC-Blue* at *10:15.* . . . *Vaughn de Leath* on the *Blue* at *11:00.* . . . *The Columbia Concert Hall* on *CBS* at noon. . . . *Lee Gordon's* music on *NBC-Red* at *1:00.* . . . *Judy and Lanny* on *NBC-Blue* at *2:30.* . . . *The Columbia Workshop* on *CBS* at *7:30.* . . . *The Saturday Swing Session* on the same network at *8:00.* . . . There are plenty of good things besides the sports, if you only hunt for them. . . . Open note to *Professor Quiz:* Why don't you make your questions just a little bit easier? We listeners would get more fun out of the program if we could answer more of the questions. . . . The baseball broadcasts: American League—New York at Cleveland, *WCLE;* Boston at Detroit, *WWJ* and the Michigan network; Philadelphia at St. Louis, *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, KMOX;* Washington at Chicago, *WJJD, WBBM, WIND, WJSV.* National League—Chicago at Boston, *WHO* and the Colonial network; Cincinnati at Brooklyn, *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO;* St. Louis at Philadelphia, *WCAU, WTAD.*

Professor Quiz has a question bee that is really hard to answer—CBS tonight.

Listen to Vaughn de Leath sing this morning at 11:00 over NBC-Blue stations.

Highlights For Saturday, Aug 13, 20

AUGUST 13: *NBC* is quietly doing some unusual radio dramatization on its *Original Plays* program, tonight at *8:30* on the *Blue* network. . . . Saturday supplies its regular quota of sports—a horse-race and many baseball games. The horse-race is the Travers, in Saratoga, broadcast over *CBS* this afternoon by *Bryan Field.* . . . And the baseball games are: American League—Cleveland at Chicago, *WBBM, WIND, WCLE, WJJD;* Detroit at St. Louis, *KMOX, WWJ, KWK, KFRU, KWOS,* and the Michigan network; Boston at Washington, *WJSV.* National League—Brooklyn at Boston, the Colonial network; New York at Philadelphia, *WCAU;* Chicago at Pittsburgh, *WHO;* St. Louis at Cincinnati, *WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, WTAD.*

AUGUST 20: Birthday greetings to *Edgar Guest.* . . . Today's baseball: American League—Washington at Boston, *WJSV* and the Colonial network; New York at Philadelphia, *WFIL;* Chicago at Cleveland, *WCLE;* St. Louis at Detroit, *WWJ* and the Michigan network. National League—Pittsburgh at Chicago, *WJJD, WBBM, WIND, WHO, KDKA;* Cincinnati at St. Louis, *KWK, KFRU, KWOS, WSAI, WCPO, WHIO, KBTM, KMOX.*

Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

FOR YEARS we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—who hasn't heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on *my* skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, grandniece of **MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT**: "With Pond's Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHINELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

Most People don't know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin . . .

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin

I. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin!

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a Dull Appearance.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Eleanor Fisher
"Miss Typical America"
appearing in
Paramount's
"True Confession"

Glamour WITH Maybelline EYE BEAUTY AIDS

GLAMOUR!—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have *It*" more than any other feature? Don't let it slumber there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxuriant lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

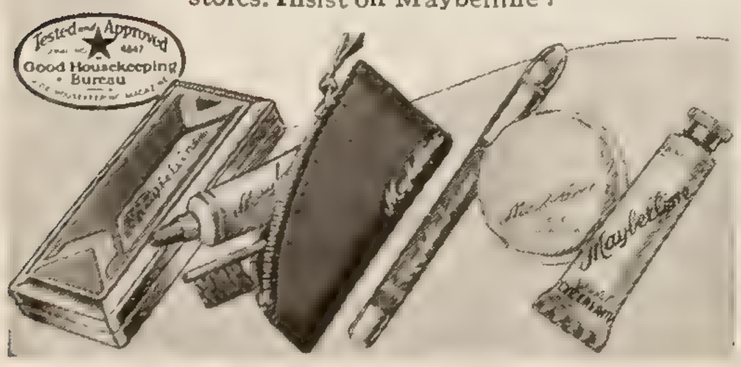
• Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. So be sure you accent them—use the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

• Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper lids—blend it from the center outwards toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

• At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crowsfeet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

• Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

• Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 75c. Refills . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in dainty zipper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue. Maybelline Eye-brow Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue used as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Cream. Purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 10c stores. Insist on Maybelline!



WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Betty Winkler co-stars in NBC's new night series, Attorney at Law.

Henry Hunter plays the part of Jerry Regan, the young attorney.

BETTY WINKLER, lovely NBC dramatic actress co-stars with Henry Hunter on the Attorney at Law program. Born on April 19, 1914; she appeared on the professional stage at the age of seventeen; entered radio within a year thereafter.

About this time The Trial of Vivian Ware was scheduled to go on the air from Cleveland's station WTAM. Betty hoped for the part of Vivian and was to try for it when she suffered an attack of influenza. But the director visited her at the hospital and offered to hold the part open if Betty was certain she would be well enough to appear for the audition. Betty hadn't recovered from her flu, but she took the audition anyway, despite a fever and cold which caused her voice to take on an unusually high pitch. However, the director was looking for someone with a high voice, and Betty was given the part.

Later she went to Chicago for a tryout at the NBC studios. It wasn't long before she was cast in Betty and Bob and the Grand Hotel program.

Betty is five feet three inches of vivacious, sparkling femininity. She usually wears tailored clothes, and devotes what leisure time she has to swimming, reading and theater-going.

* * *

Miss Lillian Burger, Haddonfield, N. J.—For pictures of the cast of the O'Neills, Just Plain Bill and John's Other Wife, write to the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City . . . I'm sorry, but I never heard of a program called Kay and Buddy. If you can give me a little more information I'll do my best then to learn whether or not they are still broadcasting.

Miss Catherine Nebus, South Amboy, N. J.—Judy Starr was born in Thomasville, Ga. She is twenty-two years old . . . Write directly to the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, for a picture of Hal Kemp and Bob Allen.

Miss Dora Rumfelt, Hartford, Conn.—April is the back issue you referred to, and if you will address your letter to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Back Issue Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, enclosing 20c for handling and postage, we will be happy to send this issue to you . . . Kenny Baker's full name is Kenneth L. Baker and a fan club has been organized in his honor. If you will drop a line to Allen L. Smith, 12 Wayside Avenue, Lawrence, Mass., he will send you full particulars on how to join.

Inquisitive, Somerville, Mass.—Following is a biography on Frank Parker as you requested: Frank's real name is "Ciccio." When he was twelve he sang in a church choir in New York's lower East Side. Humiliated by taunts of "sissy" from his companions, Frank left the choir. For four years after, not a note came from his throat. He feels it was fortunate though because his silence spared him from vocal overexertion at a period of adolescent voice change when any strain might have permanently impaired his voice. He was born on April 29, 1906, of Italian parentage. His father wanted him to be an engineer. The first inkling that he had singing talents came during high school musicals, so he decided to go to Italy to study music in Milan. On returning to this country, Frank went the round of the Broadway producers. He got his theatrical start as a chorus boy in the "Greenwich Village Follies." Frank's big chance in radio came in 1926 when, substituting for a tenor star, he sang opposite Hope Hampton. Since then he has been starred in numerous programs . . . Jim Ameche is married and has two brothers besides Don, namely, Lou and Bert.

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you are interested in joining a club for **Lucille Manners**, please write to Miss Shirley Gropper, 164 West 79th Street, New York City, who will be glad to send you an application blank and further information.

Would you like to join a fan club for **Alice Frost** and become a Big Sister? If so, write to Miss Pat Ide, 6317 South Hamilton Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

A **Rudy Vallee** Fan Club was organized some time ago and it is called The Valleegians. Readers interested in becoming a member should contact Beatrice Gordon, Pres., Box 38, Lefferts Station, Brooklyn, New York.

The **Dick Powell** Fan Club of greater New York is running a campaign for an increased membership. Joseph Gaynor, Pres., 339 Second Avenue, New York City, will be glad to send you full particulars.

For information regarding the **Lily Pons** Fan Club, write to Mary Ann Mott of Akron, Ohio.

If a **Richard Maxwell** Club has already been organized, I would appreciate receiving notice from the President. We've had several inquiries.

"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"—

says **DOROTHY DIX,** famous adviser on life and marriage

"YOUTH AND LOVE are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret.

"It needn't happen. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save these reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling.

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

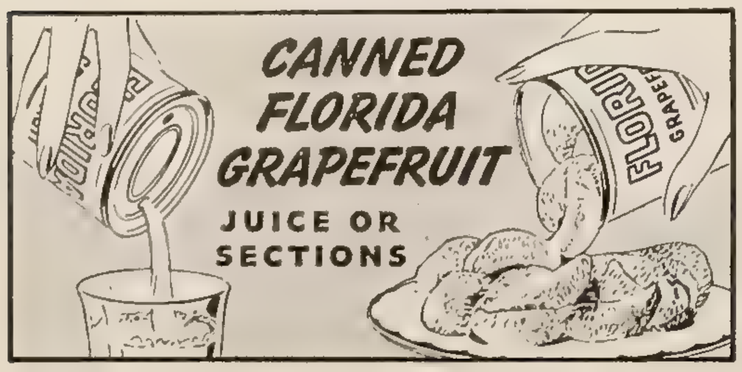
Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for surer results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

It helps clear my skin, keep me slim—and I love it!

PLENTY of canned Florida grapefruit is not only a tempting treat but a real beauty *treatment*. Its vitamins and minerals tone the system, build resistance. Dull, lifeless complexions glow with health again. Eyes sparkle with new energy.

Grapefruit is all-important in a reducing diet. It's non-fattening, yet its vital elements keep you peppy as you lose weight. And what could be more refreshing on a hot summer day than the tangy, tart-sweet taste of canned Florida grapefruit? What could be easier to serve? Enjoy it every day—sections and juice. Order a supply from your grocer now. Look for the name "Florida" and be sure of the best.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



What's New from Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

FOR the record: Irene Dunne's paycheck for her Lux Theater job in "Theodora Goes Wild" was $5,500. This seems to be tops for one-shot salaries. The previous high was an even $5,000 to Mae West, which bought a lot of publicity and a lot of grief—if you remember. Joan Crawford also got $5,000 for her last Lux chore, but she turned it all over to charity.

* * *

There must be something about being a comedian that makes you unusually fond of good solid earth. Jack Benny and Fred Allen wouldn't think of going up in an airplane—won't even go up in a tall building if they can help it.

* * *

Listeners to The Romance of Helen Trent got more excitement than they bargained for one day recently. Right in the middle of the fifteen-minute drama a pair of masculine voices—definitely not members of the cast—cut in with some highly censorable dialogue. What's more, the engineers at CBS couldn't find out where all this crackling language was coming from. For about five minutes all was bedlam, until it was discovered that switches in the telephone company headquarters had been crossed, putting on the air a conversation between two old friends who hadn't talked to each other for years and were showing their delight in the time-honored American way by cussing each other out.

* * *

While the argument over whether or not swing is on its way out goes merrily on, the Camel people have quietly indicated their opinion by renewing Benny Goodman's contract for another three months.

* * *

Jack Benny's no dope—he has had the telephone of his new house installed inside the bread box, where nobody will ever think of looking for it.

* * *

Tommy Riggs and Irving Caesar, both reasonably successful as permanent features of the Vallee Hour, have nevertheless left the show. The reason—given off the record—was that their two weekly salary checks overstrained the budget, making it impossible for the show to go overboard on a high-priced guest star every now and then.

* * *

Fred Waring's office family celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday late in May with a surprise party in his Broadway offices. It really was a surprise, too, or else Fred is as good an actor as he is a showman. Incidentally, the birthday wasn't the only thing that had to be celebrated—there was also the fact that Fred has in his pocket a fancy new contract for a radio show starting in the fall. . . . Drinks for the guests were served out of the Waring Mixer, which most of you probably don't know about. Fred invented it himself, and it's already on the market. A handsome and efficient little machine, it can whip up anything from milk-shakes to a small batch of concrete. Not the least of its accomplishments is that you can feed it hunks of ice, which it immediately pulverizes into snow. Handy little gadget to have around the house. (adv.)

* * *

Speaking of returning prodigals, Jack Haley will be back on the air in the fall, and so will the Sunday-afternoon Silver Theater, which features guest stars in radio-izations of popular short stories.

* * *

In the Spring, a radio worker's fancy must turn to thoughts of literature. There's Kate Smith, who is finishing her forthcoming book, "Hello Everybody," as she vacations at Lake Placid. There's Paul Wing, master of the NBC Spelling Bee, who has just completed a book for boys in their 'teens about how they can train themselves to get into radio. And there's George Washington Hill, the alert showman who is responsible

Above, Jack Haley will be back in the fall but in the meantime the missus buys the tickets. Below, Joan Crawford reads aloud a Lux play while Cecil B. DeMille and Basil Rathbone listen attentively.

to Coast

for the Lucky Strike programs, editing and compiling a report on broadcasting for a limited edition.

* * *

Hattie Noel, Eddie Cantor's "sweepstakes winner," who isn't really a sweepstakes winner at all, will probably make as much money out of her association with Eddie as she would have made if she *had* held the winning ticket. Hattie appeared on Eddie's first Camel broadcast, impersonating a sweepstakes winner from Harlem who was so mike-shy she couldn't impersonate herself. Listeners loved her, and took it for granted that she really was the girl who had won the money. Eddie brought her back on the next show, and every week thereafter, and eventually explained that she was a professional actress playing a part —but by that time her air character had been firmly fixed, and there are still a lot of people who think she's the original winner. She went to Hollywood when Eddie returned there —and now she's been screen-tested by Twentieth Century-Fox, with the possibility that she'll be in the next Cantor movie.

* * *

Everybody is wondering about Andre Kostelanetz' plans for the future, but maybe even Andre himself doesn't know what they are for sure. Andre and the new Mrs. K—Lily Pons —are in South America now on a combined honeymoon and concert tour, and so far no contract has been signed between Andre and his long-time sponsors, the Chesterfield people. On the other hand, they're still good pals. The sponsors presented Andre with a very snazzy watch at the end of his spring broadcast series, commemorating their four-year association with him—and went so far as to hint that there might be another year still to come.

* * *

What's happened to Milton Berle? Nothing very bad—he's out in Hollywood, drawing down $2,500 per week for twiddling his thumbs while RKO tries to find a story for him to make into a movie.

* * *

In Europe for the summer: Don Ameche, Eddie Cantor, and Kenny Baker. Eddie went for fun, Kenny to make a British picture—Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado"—and Don to keep a promise. He promised Mrs. A. a European honeymoon six years ago, and is just getting around to keeping it.

* * *

You'll soon be able to compete with Ken Carpenter, chime-ringer extraordinary for the Bing Crosby show, right in your own home. Ken has created such a hullabaloo over chimes in the last few months that now NBC has arranged a tie-up with a bell manufacturer to put a set of standard NBC chimes on the market. It's all part of a deep dark plan to make America chime-conscious. . . . Why? I don't know.

* * *

Chicago's Radio Row is just recovering from a siege of illness. Mercedes McCambridge, of Mary Marlin and The Guiding Light, and

SECOND HONEYMOON

Ten Years Married!

HAPPY the woman whose husband still adores her after ten years of married life! She has kept his home neat and comfortable; she has fed him well —but when evening comes she still has pep enough left to go to the movies and have a grand and glorious time.

One of the things which will make your housekeeping much easier is Franco-American Spaghetti. This delicious spaghetti is all ready to heat and serve. It is on the table in a jiffy—your whole family will love it—and it's a great comfort in these days of high food prices to know that it costs only 3 cents a portion.

Give the children Franco-American for lunch with milk and fruit. Other days for dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish or use it to make that left-over meat into something that tastes like the creation of a French chef. Franco-American combines wonderfully with other foods because of that inimitable and savory sauce of cheddar cheese, sun-ripened tomatoes and other delicious selected ingredients.

Franco-American has become America's largest selling spaghetti because of delicious flavor, reasonable price and high nutritional value. It belongs on your pantry shelf and on your table often each week.

Franco-American is entirely different from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti —get some today and see how true this is. Your husband will say you're a fine cook and after a day's work you'll have pep enough left to enjoy yourself.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK? SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, DEPT. 49
Camden, New Jersey
Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The calendar said:

"stay in"

MIDOL

said:

"STEP OUT"

DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life—giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?

If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged functional periodic pain is not natural to most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is *not necessary.* For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.

Why not give Midol a chance to help *you* — to render those dreaded days of menstruation carefree? Midol is offered for this special purpose. It acts quickly; in all but unusual instances brings welcome relief. Your druggist has Midol in trim aluminum cases, easily tucked in purse or pocket. Get Midol. Have it ready. A few tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day.

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST

Les Tremayne of First Nighter both went to the hospital for minor operations. And June Meredith, leading lady of A Tale of Today, is ordered by her doctor to take a three-month vacation. Luise Barclay is doing June's part on the air during her absence.

* * *

DES MOINES—Iowans who listen to Hib Cleveland over Des Moines' KSO never guess from the easy joviality of his voice how hard he's fought to be where he is. Even being forced off the air for twelve long years couldn't stifle this tall, strapping announcer-singer's ambition.

Hib was born in Guthrie Center, Iowa, in 1905. Even when he was a knickerbockered school-boy he was stage-struck—so stage-struck that with his sister he took part in an amateur minstrel show. The experience was agony—it didn't occur to him until too late how silly he'd look to all the other fellows, singing "I'd Like to Live in Love-Land With a Girl Like You" to his own sister—but it didn't cure him.

A few months after the minstrel show episode the whole Cleveland family moved to Des Moines, and it was there that young Hibbard continued his studies, in which music took a prominent place. He and his two brothers, Max and Richard, used to sing in Des Moines church choirs, and

Just Married! After proposal number 13, Lily Pons said "yes" to maestro Andre Kostelanetz.

in his high school years Hib organized and conducted his own dance orchestra, touring nearby towns. He'd learned to play the saxophone and the bass horn—which was fine except that his bass horn was an old one and so battered that Hib was ashamed to use it. He finally solved the problem by covering the shapeless instrument with black velvet, leaving an opening for the mouthpiece and a slit for manipulating the stops. Then he advertised the instrument as the "What-is-it" and made an instant hit.

At nineteen Hib received his big opportunity—an audition on station WHO. It was successful, and he was put on the salary as a full-time announcer and bass soloist. Success at nineteen! But—at the end of his first year with WHO he had a bad attack of quinsy. The trouble persisted, and he no longer had his excellent bass-baritone voice.

From 1925 until the fall of 1937, Hib worked as a salesman of typewriters and office supplies, keeping in touch meanwhile with WHO, filling in

She's simply known as Janette and she's WSAI's rhythm singer.

at the studio as a member of the orchestra, occasionally reading commercial announcements, refusing to forget his ambition. At last, study and care bore fruit, and his voice was back, as rich and mellow as ever.

He's with KSO now, and although his official status is that of an announcer, he never loses a chance to burst into song.

Hib is dark, good-looking and friendly. He's married, and has three children, two daughters and a son. Coast to coast listeners hear him on the Mutual system's program, Tall Corn Time.

* * *

John Nesbitt, creator of the Passing Parade, which has replaced Phil Baker for the summer on CBS, has microphone trouble. When he first went on the air he used to grab the standard of the mike and hold on to it with a death-like grip all the time he was talking. This helped his nervousness some, but engineers finally told him he mustn't—that he must keep hands off. Now John keeps his free hand occupied by holding tight to the lobe of his left ear. It's okay, he says, but not as good as the mike standard. However, he doesn't really mind feeling uneasy before a microphone—says he's really uneasy only when he feels at ease, because he believes a person must be keyed up to do his best work.

* * *

NEW ORLEANS—Because she has an "unsophisticated" voice, Audrey Charles has become one of WWL's biggest drawing cards. She loves to sing sweet, simple songs in a simple way, without ba-ba-ba-boos or other trimmings, and refuses to sing them any other way. The more she sings them her way, the more people like her.

TO COAST cont.

Audrey has even become a success in her own home town, which as anybody will tell you is no easy trick. She was born in New Orleans twenty years ago, and grew up there. As she grew up, she went through several ambitions—first to be an artist, then a costume designer. At last she discovered that she possessed musical ability, and went to work learning to play several instruments—piano and guitar being her favorites. Not until four years ago did she decide that singing was what she did best of all.

Audrey's a daily-except-Sunday feature on WWL, with a noontime program five days a week and an evening spot on Saturdays. All sponsored, too.

* * *

CINCINNATI—It was simply a case of rhythm vs. the classics in the musical life of Janette, the southern girl with the auburn hair whose singing is a feature of WSAI here. Rhythm, incidentally, was the winner.

Janette began to sing when she was four, and immediately her father, mother and all the neighbors had her marked for an operatic career. But not the most rigid training in classical forms could keep Janette from bursting into rhythm whenever she got the chance.

All this happened in Memphis, Tennessee. Janette grew up and left

After making listeners laugh all winter long, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Benny go out and get some laughs for themselves.

Memphis on her first professional venture, a triumphant tour of night clubs in the Southern states. The tour was so triumphant, in fact, that it turned into a merry-go-round—Janette kept returning to the same places again and again. Eventually she hopped off the merry-go-round and went to Cincinnati, getting a singing job in a night club there. WLW-WSAI officials heard her and snapped her up for their stations. Now she's on WSAI every Wednesday and Friday at 9:00 in the evening, on a program that's known simply as Janette. No, her last name isn't to be told.

* * *

Probably you didn't even know he was married—but Bob Crosby and his wife Marie Crosby of San Francisco were divorced last month in Chicago. They were married in 1933 and separated in 1936.

• *"Look here, Mr. Bear—I've lived in this climate longer than you have, and believe me, that's not the way to get cool. Why, the minute you get up off that ice, you're going to feel hotter than ever!"*

• *"My word—you're bundled up for 40 below! Can't peel down?...No, I suppose not. Custom—dear, dear, it makes slaves of us all. But now listen: did you ever hear of Johnson's Baby Powder?"*

• *"Say, wait till that cool, silky Johnson's Baby Powder gets to work on your rashes and chafes and heat prickles. You'll be so comfortable you wouldn't live at the North Pole if they gave you the place!"*

• *"Rub a pinch of Johnson's in your fingers—it's as soft as satin! That must be why it keeps babies' skins in such wonderful condition." And perfect condition, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Only the finest imported talc is used in Johnson's Baby Powder—no orrisroot... Ask for Johnson's Baby Soap, too, Baby Cream to prevent windburn, and Johnson's Baby Oil for tiny babies. This new oil cleanses and soothes, and it is stainless, fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

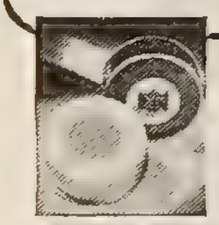
Copyright 1938, Johnson & Johnson

Olivia de Havilland IN
"*The* ADVENTURES *of* ROBIN HOOD"
Warner Bros. Production

"Give New Charm to Your Beauty with
COLOR-HARMONY
MAKE-UP"

BLONDE or brunette...brownette or redhead...there is a color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge, lipstick, originally created for screen star types, that will be flattering for you. Try it today...share this make-up secret of Hollywood's stars.

Note coupon for special make-up test.



POWDER...The perfect color harmony shades of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Soft in texture, it imparts a clinging satin-smooth make-up...$1.

ROUGE...It's so important to have the right shade of rouge, and that is why Max Factor created lifelike colors for each type. You'll be amazed how lovely your color harmony shade will look...50¢

LIPSTICK...Hollywood knows Max Factor's Lipstick will withstand every test. Moisture-proof, super-indelible...color lasts for hours. Original color harmony shades...$1.

NEW! Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream, 55c

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ *Mail for* POWDER, ROUGE and LIPSTICK *in Your* COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Hollywood
SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. ★ Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*"...FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

25-9-43

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Success—A Delusion?

(*Continued from page* 15)

rung of the ladder just above the ever-out-of-reach. Today, Joan, still young, has become mature in thought, wiser through sacrifice, and heartbreak.

Yes, I knew what she meant. "But why?" I asked. "Why have you given up so much—why have you pursued a career so earnestly?"

"The choice," she answered quietly, "is seldom our own. We—most of us ordinary human beings—start our careers because we must make a living. If we happen to have a particular talent, we use it to make our living. As simple as that! Then, when we become proficient in one line or another it isn't logical to give up our particular work for something that we can't do as well. Isn't that reasonable? I think so.

"So many women have written me, asking about this career question. There are young girls who want a career, older women who might have had one. But few of them seem to understand what a career really means. All they picture is the excitement and the glamour.

MY only plea as I try to answer these friends of mine—most of whom I shall never see—honestly and as helpfully as possible, is that they be so *very sure* that they have something to offer humanity that is more valuable than their present work and that they be willing to pay the price that a career will inevitably exact!"

She hesitated a moment, and then took a little pad and pencil from her purse. On that pad Joan wrote a list and handed it to me. "There," she said, "are the things that women write me they are looking for in a career—the things they envy in my life."

I looked at the list. Under it were seven items. Glamour. Freedom. Security. Beautiful Clothes. Travel. Interesting People. Self Expression. Those are the reasons why careers—at long distance—look delightful. And none of them amounts to a row of pins!

"Women write to me saying that their lives contain no glamour. But glamour is the most superficial thing on earth. It isn't the stars who want glamour—it's the studios, agents and publicity men who must create it to make a star more valuable to them and others. The dictionary says that glamour is 'a charm on the eye, causing it to see things differently than they are in reality!' No one likes to pose as something he is not. Nearly all the stars I know are simple, ordinary people who love and eat and sleep and hope, just as everyone else does. Usually they have a true sense of values. They know what is real and what isn't. And do you know what they cherish and guard more than anything else? Their homes, their privacy and those they love. And when I say 'those they love,' I mean their families and friends; those who know them to be simple people—those who might have seen them take their shoes off because their feet hurt, and liked them just the same."

At this point we both laughed, because we both saw our luncheon. On the menu it had a name three yards long, and it came to us in silver casseroles with shining handles and elaborate trimmings. "There you are," Joan said. "The name, the exorbitant price and the shining trimmings are the 'glamour,' but underneath"—she lifted the top—"is nothing but good old-fashioned chicken pie.

"Freedom," Joan continued after a moment—"there is another thing women seek in a career. But, if you make any success at all you have NO freedom. For when you become a 'star' you cease to be a free individual—you become instead an investment, a commodity to be sold to the public, a property. The studios or agents who are building you as a glamorous personality don't ask you, they TELL you. They tell you where you can live, what clothes you must wear, how your hair must be dressed, what to eat and where to eat it—and they somehow manage to see that you never have a free moment to yourself.

"Just this morning I was looking forward for the first time in many weeks to a leisurely breakfast and a quiet moment to read some family letters from my brothers and sisters—a real treat! But did it materialize? No! The telephone rang at seven o'clock. My telephone is like a little black demon who is forever pointing a finger at me, and trying to talk in three voices at the same time. Well, the telephone rang—chuckling in glee because another peaceful plan had gone smash! Some pictures were to be taken—which I had already known about; but now they were to be taken in costume. I had to rush over before the show to fit the new costumes. It's always something like that. You are told what to do and you do it! No husband ever got away with bossing his wife the way a star gets bossed.

"Security? But surely everyone must know that few stars ever attain security, try as they may to save. The more they make the more they must spend. The great god 'Front' takes most everything the agents' publicity men and attorneys do not. And Uncle Sam comes in for his share too.

OF course I have some beautiful clothes, and what woman does not love beautiful clothes! But clothes are like strawberry shortcake. A new dress once in a while is wonderful, a miracle in the amount of pleasure it brings—just because you've had time to hope for it and really want it. And then you wear it, not for yourself, but because it makes you look lovely in the eyes of those you love. But when you must buy clothes for 'show,' and you know that they have cost too much, and you wear a different dress every day simply because it's part of your job to look smart—the real joy of owning and wearing lovely clothes has vanished into thin air. The anticipation and the fun is gone.

"Then there's travel. But I do very little traveling. Twice I've had my passage booked for Europe—each time my work caused a cancellation of that booking. I can't even get to the country over the week-end, try as I may. Last winter when Valiant Lady was first going into production, I traveled between New York, Minneapolis and Chicago almost every week. But that was business.

"You do meet interesting people—

but they aren't the people you think I'm talking about. Not the famous ones. The really interesting people are those who are human, warm and rich in the homely qualities that you'll find in your own neighbors. Interesting people may be famous as well, but fame is definitely NOT what makes them so interesting."

"But," I said after a moment, "you have forgotten another item on your list; self expression. Surely as an actress, you can revel in the fine art of expressing yourself."

"I wonder," she said thoughtfully. "Expressing oneself as an individual is the essence of living. Of course everyone has to have some means of expressing himself, but acting is a rather artificial way. It looks so simple, but it isn't. It's hard work, grueling work. For instance in preparing for the broadcast of Valiant Lady, we rehearse in the studio about four hours for every fifteen minute show. Four hours of relentless drilling—striving to make every word, every little intonation of the voice, convey just the meaning the author intended. Then add to that, all the years of work and study needed before one can hope to get a good role and you have a great deal of toil and effort and sacrifice for such a little 'expression!'

THEN picture a young wife. She has a modest home, we'll say, but every nook and corner of that home reflects her personality, her careful planning. The curtains hang just so, because she planned them that way, the rooms are neat and clean because of her, every little knick-knack, every piece of furniture reflects her personality. And, if there are children, it will be because she brought them into the world and they will grow up intelligent and strong because she molded them that way. Isn't that a much finer way for a woman to express herself—isn't the compensation for loving toil infinitely greater?"

"Yes," I said. And we both remained silent for several moments. "But," I asked again, "has it been worth it?"

Joan thought a moment. "Yes," she said finally, "I'm sure it has, *for me.* A career is a lot like a person you love. The more you give that person, the more sacrifices you make for him, the more heartbreak he causes, just that much more do you cherish him. Ever since I can remember I have been giving up things for my work—my career—and I suppose that I shall continue to do so for as long as I can. Of course," she added softly, "as in all things we do, there are the compensations. Mine come through the happiness of my mother, my sisters and brothers and those fine friends I have made in my work and through it. Royal compensations, I call them. But——"

"But what?" I prodded.

"But, I wish I might be able to talk to each person who writes me just as I have to you, Judy. If I could just sit across the table from them, like this, and let them read in my eyes the things that have been written there, both glad and painful, because of a career—and if they could talk with me honestly about how much they were willing to give up for what they hoped for—then I could sleep better tonight, knowing that they had faithfully measured themselves and made their own choice."

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty*—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

HATS OFF!

Let KURLASH give you a natural beauty point worth "sunning." KURLASH curls eyelashes in 30 seconds without heat or cosmetics . . . so they catch rainbows—cast entrancing shadows. More light enters your eyes, making them starry bright. So hats off to KURLASH!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to *you*—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. F-9; receive—*free*—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.
Rochester, New York
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash

COPYRIGHT 1938, THE KURLASH CO., INC.

Annual SALE!
CHRISTMAS CARDS
Take orders for new fast-selling Christmas Card Assortments at lowest prices. Also Personal Cards, with name. Big profits for you. Full or spare time. Write
Waltham Art Publishers, Dept. 154
160 N. Washington St. Boston, Mass.
FREE Sample Offer

You Are Invited to the Ameches

(*Continued from page* 17)

don't let this household get you down," and roared away to one of his usual Chase and Sanborn rehearsals.

Honore drew a long breath. "It's like this at least every other morning," she said, "but then, one is never bored. That should be something."

I agreed with that. Also, I decided that the Ameche establishment was a swell place not to be bored in. There was a big lawn, just the thing for croquet, and a badminton court near by and a picturesque *ramada* where you could have lunch on a summer's day and then, the big, blue swimming pool—the one I fell in.

We walked around the grounds for a while—Honore, Donnie, Ronnie (going on three), Gabriel, Sheila, Lady and I. Sheila and Lady are Irish setters belonging to Donnie and Ronnie, respectively. They are very faithful, conscientious dogs, bent on taking care of their small masters even to the point of rudeness to company.

AFTER a little confab with Gabriel about pruning the crimson ramblers and planting a new bed of zinnias, we had lunch in the *ramada. A* flying ant got in Ronnie's bread and milk and Donnie insisted on slipping Sheila and Lady certain tid-bits, for all this was against "house rules," but otherwise everything went off beautifully. Then Gabriel took the youngsters out to play and Honore and I went inside.

Honore got out a large box filled with rather dilapidated-looking toys and a bottle of glue.

"I've been promising the youngsters for days I'd mend these toys," she said. "Do you mind?"

Of course I didn't. I said I would help, too. So we spent a couple of hours putting eyes in dolls and legs on wooden horses and refastening the spring in a jack-in-the-box.

And talking . . . Honore did most of it because I led her on. I had been a Don Ameche fan ever since he first appeared in radio, long before he came to Hollywood and made "The Sins of Man" at Twentieth Century-Fox. I had liked his humor and his talent and, best of all, his naturalness. He had always seemed to be such a happy guy—the sort of guy whose world is definitely "right."

Well, you couldn't spend two comfortable, intimate hours with Honore Ameche, mending toys, without discovering why. I am certain it is because Don's personal life, amidst the artificiality which abounds in Hollywood, is so natural; because it is the kind of a life that real folks lead, its values undistorted.

"How do you do it?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "we haven't any formula. We just try to take things as they come. We don't look on Hollywood as a strange, fantastic place in which we must also be strange and fantastic. We don't look on Don's work as something which must necessarily change and make over our personal lives. It is just a job which he enjoys and at which he can make a living.

"We believe you can earn your livelihood in Hollywood without being a part of the Hollywood which is forever in the limelight—of Hollywood, the Playtown. We really have very little time to play. Don has two jobs most of the time—radio and pictures—and I work, too. Besides running the house, I handle his personal mail, much of which is from friends we both of us knew in school. This, naturally, is mail which he wants answered personally. Also, I handle the family finances."

She laughed. "I really could abscond with the family fortune and he wouldn't have a cent. But I don't plan to do that quite yet. Instead, I am buying annuities and insurance. I know—we both know—that you can't count on the future.

She broke off as Donnie appeared in the doorway. His blue eyes were brimming with tears and his serious little face woe-begone. But, as he pointed out, he was being brave.

"I cut my finger on a thorn," he said, "but I is not crying out loud."

Honore was sympathetic. "Well, now, that is too bad but I am sure Daddy would be very pleased to see you acting like such a man. Come on, now, and we'll fix it up."

She took his uninjured hand and we made a small procession to the medicine cabinet. Honore got out the iodine. "I wouldn't fool you, son. This will hurt," she told Donnie. "But you are man enough to take it."

Well, he was. If she had exclaimed over him and sympathized too much, I expect he would have floated away in tears, but with this kind of treatment, what could a boy do but be a man? He winced but he didn't yell. And when it was over, Honore bandaged up his finger and sent him back to the garden feeling very brave.

Back at our toy-mending in the living room, then, Honore got to talking about Don, again, and the seven years they have been married.

WE'VE had a good many ups and downs but we've never had a quarrel," she said. "I mean that. I suppose we have been near to it sometimes but I always think: 'What's the use? You'll only start something you perhaps can't finish.' Besides——" she smiled—"no one could quarrel with Don."

"Anyway," she finished, "he's sweet—really sweet. He has his faults, of course. He forgets things, for instance. He'd forget his head, as his mother says, if it weren't fastened on, just as he forgot his keys this morning. But he doesn't forget some things. . . . Not anniversaries nor birthdays nor Mother's Day nor——" she suddenly was serious—"the meaning of honesty and truth. And I always say as long as your husband is like that—well, things can't go so awfully wrong."

I was agreeing warmly when a loud honking sounded in the driveway, punctuated by squeals from the youngsters and barking from the dogs.

Honore grinned. "Don's home."

Yes, he was home. He strode into the house, a youngster on each shoulder.

Don dumped them on the davenport and flopped down beside them. "Young roughnecks," he said, "they never give me a minute's peace."

Honore thought of something. "Ronnie," she said to the tow-headed young gentleman trying to get astraddle his father's foot, "did you

put away your toys that were out there by the pool?"

Ronnie pretended not to hear. "Bounce me up an' down, Daddy."

His mother was not to be put off, however. "Ronnie," she insisted, "*did you put away your toys?*"

He nodded, but somehow he wasn't exactly convincing.

"We'll go out and see," Honore said.

We did and we saw. The toys were put away in a manner of speaking—under the big canvas swing with only the protruding end of a bright blue tractor visible to betray its owner.

Don took over the role of stern parent. "Get 'em out," he said to Ronnie, "and put 'em away."

"Now?" Ronnie inquired.

"Yes, now."

Ronnie thought a minute. "Why?"

"Because you've been taught to pick up your toys."

Deliberately, Ronnie considered that. "Why?" he repeated, at last.

Don's air of quiet reasonableness weakened, perceptibly. "Lissen, you young scallawag," he remarked in tones that brooked no more quibbling, "you get down there and attend to those toys!"

Whereupon Ronnie played his trump card. "Waah," he yelled, tearlessly but with lusty conviction, "Waah! I don' wanta pick up ol' toys."

Honore turned her back on him. "We won't pay any attention," she said. "He knows he has to do it."

AT this moment and without warning came the *piece de resistance* of the day—at least of my day.

It was Sheila's fault. . . . Or maybe it was mine, at that. In my effort to be cooperative and ignore Ronnie, I got up and extended a hand to Donnie. "Come on, Donnie," I said, "let's go over and see the orange trees."

But I guess the gesture was too quick or something. Anyway Sheila, who considers it her bounden duty to take care of Donnie at all times, didn't like it. She jumped up and before I knew it, had thrust a protecting red body between Donnie and me. No, she didn't bite me nor even growl. She was, in fact, a perfect lady. But she moved so fast, and I was standing too near the pool. And in I went.

Yes, Don Ameche laughed at me, the lug. In fact the whole family laughed and I did, too. After all, I can swim and I wasn't wearing anything the water could hurt. I clambered out and Honore took me indoors and gave me some dry clothes.

I went home after that. "I'll bet you're done in," Honore said, commiseratingly, "after spending a whole day with a wild family like this."

"You spend more time than that with such a family," I reminded her.

"Yes—and likes it!" Don threw an arm around her shoulders. "Don't you, Mrs. Ameche?"

"I can stand it, I suppose," was what Honore said in answer to that. But she smiled that quiet smile of hers and blue eyes and brown exchanged a look which said: "We can afford to understate that situation. We *know* . . ."

As I drove home through the Glen, already shut away from the departing sun, a chilly little breeze cut through my wet hair and I sneezed. And yes, as I write this, I am sitting with my feet in a mustard bath. When I speak, I say "dose" for nose and remark that I "caught co'd fallig in Abeches' swibbig pool."

IF YOU LONG FOR

Romance

DON'T LET YOUR DRESS OFFEND WITH

"ARMHOLE ODOR"

YOU may spend hours grooming yourself for a particularly exciting date. But if you have once allowed the least bit of perspiration to collect on the dress you are wearing, the evening may drag before it's half over.

Just when you want to make your best impression, your dress may shout "armhole odor." Disillusioned, your escort will think it is you! You may think *you* couldn't offend that way. But here's a test that will prove your guilt or innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt.

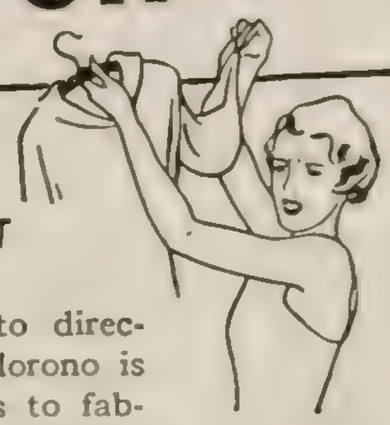
MAKE THIS TEST! When you take off the dress you are wearing tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. Maybe you will be painfully surprised at its stale "armhole odor." But you will understand, at last, why your dates have been so few and far between. More important still, you will realize the importance of keeping your underarm not only sweet but DRY!

ODORONO IS SURE! With Odorono neither you nor your dress can offend, because your underarm is kept completely *dry*.

ODORONO IS SAFE! Checking perspiration in that small underarm area is entirely safe.

CUTS DOWN CLOTHING DAMAGE! When used according to directions, Liquid Odorono is entirely harmless to fabrics, saves them from the destruction caused by perspiration acids.

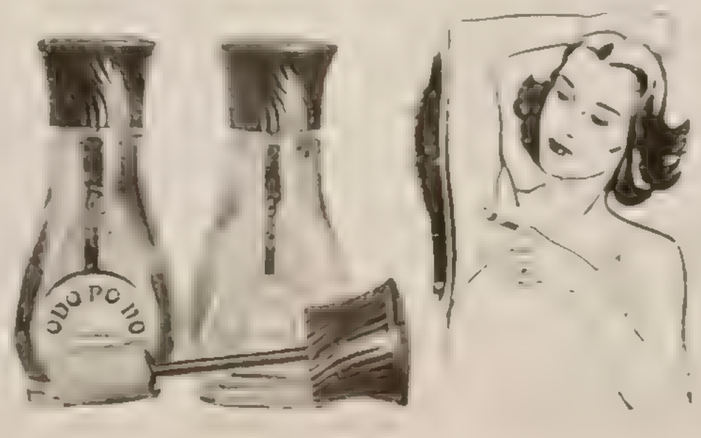
MAKE THIS TEST TONIGHT



A LITTLE TROUBLE, BUT WORTH IT! The few minutes it takes for Odorono to dry insure you against embarrassment for 1 to 3 days.

GREASELESS AND ODORLESS! Odorono is delightful to use—greaseless and entirely odorless. It comes in two strengths. Regular and Instant. Use Liquid Odorono according to the directions on the label of the bottle.

Give romance the chance it has been waiting for! Get a bottle of Liquid Odorono today and be *sure!* On sale at all toilet-goods counters.



MAKE YOUR HAIRDRESS
More Alluring

Use

STA-RITE
Blend-Rite BOB PINS
They Blend in!

Ugly, conspicuous bob pins, like a run in your stocking, spoil everything. Don't take a chance. Choose Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins. They blend softly with your lovely hair—give it new allure—added charm. Smoothly finished on the inside, Blend-Rites slide in easily. "Tension-Tite" they hold the hair securely—yet secretly. Four different colors. Insist on Blend-Rite "Glare-Proof" Bob Pins. Sold everywhere. Large card 10¢.

STA-RITE CO., SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

EARN UP TO $5 DAILY Sell PERSONAL INITIAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Newest Novelty. Season's fastest seller. Assortment of **21** Christmas Cards with sender's INITIAL in Metallic Gold and Silver Seals. Retails $1. Costs 50c. Extra Bonus. Also **name-imprinted** Greetings, **50 for $1.** Many other assts. Big earnings full or spare time. Write for **Samples.**
ARTISTIC CARD CO., 433 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR GONE

(TEST BOTTLE FREE)

Your hair takes on new color and lustre when you comb this famous clear, colorless liquid through it. Gray streaks vanish. Desired color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Leaves hair soft, lustrous—easily curled or waved. Countless women use it. Men too, for gray streaks in hair or mustache. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or test it Free.

Test it **FREE** ~ We send *Free* complete Test Package. Try it on single lock snipped from hair. See results first. Just mail coupon. Give color of hair.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3311 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
Color of your hair? .....

The Girl Who Learned How to Live

(*Continued from page* 40)

money she had, and applied for a job at the first factory she hit. I guess the sheer momentum of her temper carried her into that job.

At first, all she'd meant to do was get a job and keep it a week, just to prove to herself that she could. It wasn't that simple, though. The job itself wasn't so bad—not hard, as much as it was monotonous. What really started her thinking was the two girls she made friends with during her first lunch hour, who invited her to move into their one-room-and-bath with them. Without meaning to, she began to like them, and to want them to like her.

IT wasn't so much fun, either—getting a job and earning her own living, when nobody but herself knew about it. In plainer words, when Roddy didn't know about it. She'd intended to let Roddy know she was working—had even copied down his address from Jarvis' book before she left home. But the idea had been to write him a curt, nasty little note about it, and that was all. Now that she had the job, a curt, nasty little note didn't seem to be indicated at all. Her face got all hot every time she thought of him reading the sort of note she'd had in mind when she left home—it would only have sent his opinion of her down another couple of notches. Down to minus two, that is.

After two or three days of the job, she decided that the dignified thing would be not to write to him at all. For another week or so she tried to stick to that decision. At the end of two weeks she gave up. She couldn't hold out any longer.

It was a good thing she couldn't, for me, because the Colonel had just given me one more day to produce his wandering daughter when Roddy came to my office with the note. He was happy about it, but I could see he was a little bit worried, too. "You know, Mr. Keen," he said, "it must be pretty tough on her, at that—working in a *factory!*"

The letter was a sort of compromise between pride and humility: "It may interest you to know that the worthless, silly parasite has got herself a job, capping bottles in a factory. The work is plenty tough. I'm at the Hartley plant, in Rexley, New Jersey. But I'm learning lots about people. Thanks for putting me wise to myself!"

"Been over to see her yet?" I asked him.

"Well—no," he said. "I thought—well, maybe she doesn't want to see me. After what I said to her."

I didn't say anything to that. After all, if he couldn't figure out for himself why she'd put the name of the factory in the letter—

But the letter left me still wondering what to do. She didn't say anything about coming home in it, and I was afraid to tell the Van Dorens where she was.

I decided the best thing was to run over to Rexley and talk to her. I told Roddy he'd have to come along to identify her for me.

I didn't ask at the factory for Sylvia by name, because I knew she wouldn't be using her real one, but when I described her to the forelady she said, "Oh yes, you mean Sylvia Green. Wait here and I'll call her."

At a guess, I'd say Sylvia looked twice as pretty in her plain gingham dress, with her hair tucked up under a little cap, as she ever had in any of her Paris-model frocks. Judging from Roddy's little gasp as she came into the waiting-room, he thought so too.

Her eyes got big when she saw me, but she wasn't scared, and she didn't intend to go home.

"I'm sorry the family's worried," she told me, "and you can tell them I'm all right. But I'm not going back!"

It gave me a funny feeling—I mean, I knew she was talking to me, but her eyes were on Roddy.

"But your father hired me to bring you back!"

SHE smiled. "Oh, Father! He'll rant and rave and storm for a while. But I'm not afraid of him any longer. And you can tell him for me that if he makes a fuss, so the people here know who I am, I'll *never* come back!"

She was still spoiled, you see—but in a nice way now. I found myself wishing I didn't have to do anything to take her away from that factory. And then I thought, watching the way she and Roddy were looking at each other, well, maybe I *wouldn't* have to.

"I've got to get back to work now," she said firmly. "You can come and see me tonight, if you want to." She gave us the address and went back into the factory.

Roddy whistled. "Gosh! Maybe I didn't start something when I picked a quarrel with that young lady!"

It was only a couple of hours until closing time at the factory, so we wandered around town, waiting.

The rooming house where Sylvia lived was neat and clean enough, even if it would have fitted nicely into one corner of the living room on the Van Doren estate. We were sitting out in front of it in my car when Sylvia and two other girls came up the street a few minutes after five.

She introduced us to the girls, who exchanged some admiring

John Nesbitt of the Passing Parade fills the spot left vacant by Phil Baker during the summer.

glances over Roddy, and then I said, "Why don't you get into the car, Sylvia? I want to talk to Jenny and Paula for a few minutes." I didn't give her time to raise any objections —just took each of the girls by an arm and marched them into the house.

I found out from them all I wanted to know. They liked Sylvia. They admired her because she'd never worked in a factory before, but she was so quick with the bottling machine that the forelady had complimented her in person.

WHEN I left them and went outside again I was on Sylvia's side. Her adventure had made a new person out of her—a real person. And now, I thought, if Roddy would only come through, our troubles would be over.

And Roddy had—with Sylvia's help. I got to the car just in time to hear her say, "Well, I'll go home, but I won't give you up!" Then she caught sight of me and laughed, "Mr. Keen," she said, "we've just discovered we're in love with each other!"

"You don't say!" I pretended to be surprised.

But Roddy looked worried, and now her face clouded too. "You won't tell Dad you've found me, will you? He'll want me to give up Roddy and—well, I won't do it."

"You leave your father to me," I said. "Mr. Keen fixes everything."

All the same, I was scared. I was going to do something I'd never done before—something that might knock Keen & Co. right into the ashbin.

The next morning the Colonel and Mrs. Van Doren came storming back into the office. It was the deadline—the end of the twenty-four hours he'd given me to return Sylvia, and he wasn't in the mood for any nonsense. I pretended I wasn't, either.

"Colonel Van Doren," I said, "I'm withdrawing from this case. I know where your daughter is, but I'm not going to tell you."

"Nonsense!" he roared. "You don't know. You've failed, Keen! I'll call the police! I'll—"

"You'd better not. Your daughter is well, and happier than she's ever been in her life before. Put the police on her trail, and the papers will tell everybody in the country why she ran away."

"Ran away! But she couldn't—we've always given her everything a girl could want—we've made her perfectly happy—"

"Oh no, you haven't." And then I lit into him. I borrowed a few phrases from Roddy's original lecture to Sylvia, and made up some more of my own. I told him exactly why Sylvia ran away, and what she was doing with herself.

I really did a wonderful job of acting, storming up and down the office, throwing my hands around and glaring at the Van Dorens. I didn't let up until I'd reduced them both to quivering, shame-faced pulps.

"So that's the reason I won't tell you where she is," I finished up. "Your daughter has just found out how to live and I'm all for her. You can find her all right, if you want to, by calling the police. But if you do—you'll lose her for good."

Neither the Colonel nor Mrs. Van Doren said anything for a full minute after I'd finished, and I knew I had them licked. Finally the Colonel said weakly, "But she's our daughter, Mr. Keen. We—we want her at home."

"If you had her at home, you'd be treating her the same as before in a few weeks."

"No," the Colonel said, and shook his head sadly. "No, we wouldn't."

"Well!" I said. "There's just a chance I can get her back for you."

Then I told them about Roddy, and Mrs. Van Doren went into action. "A chauffeur!" she gasped. "Never! The silly girl—"

"You see?" I said. "I told you you'd go back to treating her like a child."

"*Shut up!*" said the Colonel to Mrs Van Doren, and she did.

ALL right, Mr. Keen. You get in touch with Sylvia, and tell her we'd like to have her come back home —on her own terms. If she likes this young Matthews—well, she can see as much of him as she would if she stayed at the factory. You said he was an engineer?"

"Yes. And a smart one."

"Hmm—I might be able to find him a job somewhere."

"If he'd take it," I said sternly.

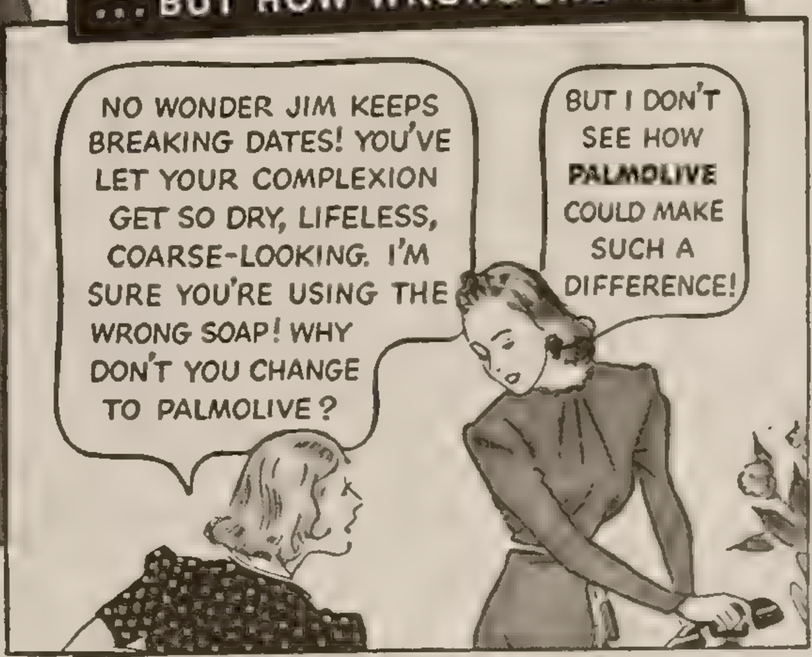
He glared at me in surprise, then said, "Oh yes, of course—I mean, if he'd take it . . . How soon can you get in touch with Sylvia?"

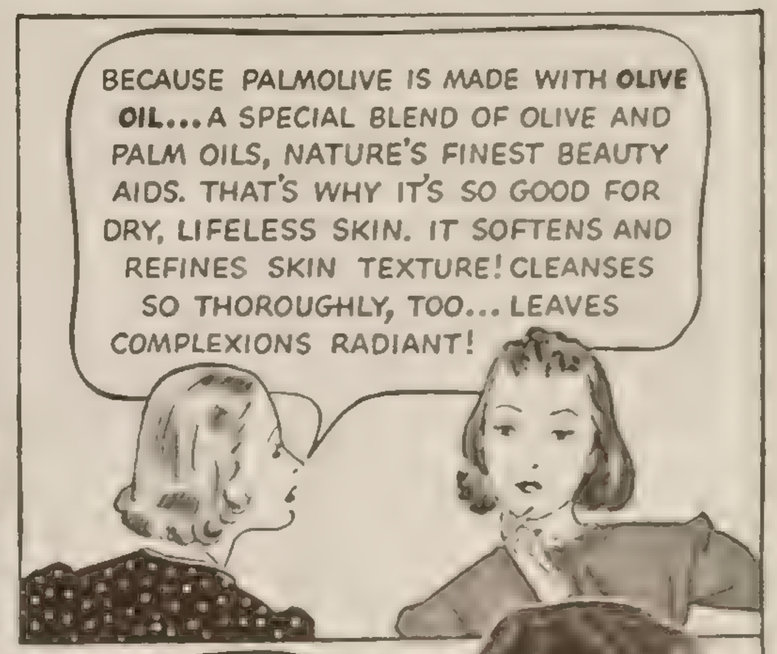
"About two seconds," I said, and opened the door to the adjoining office, motioning to Sylvia and Roddy to come out.

Well, that's really all there is to tell, except that when the Colonel sent me a check for my fee, the amount was twice what I billed him for, and when I asked him about it he said I deserved it—I'd not only found his daughter but a son besides.

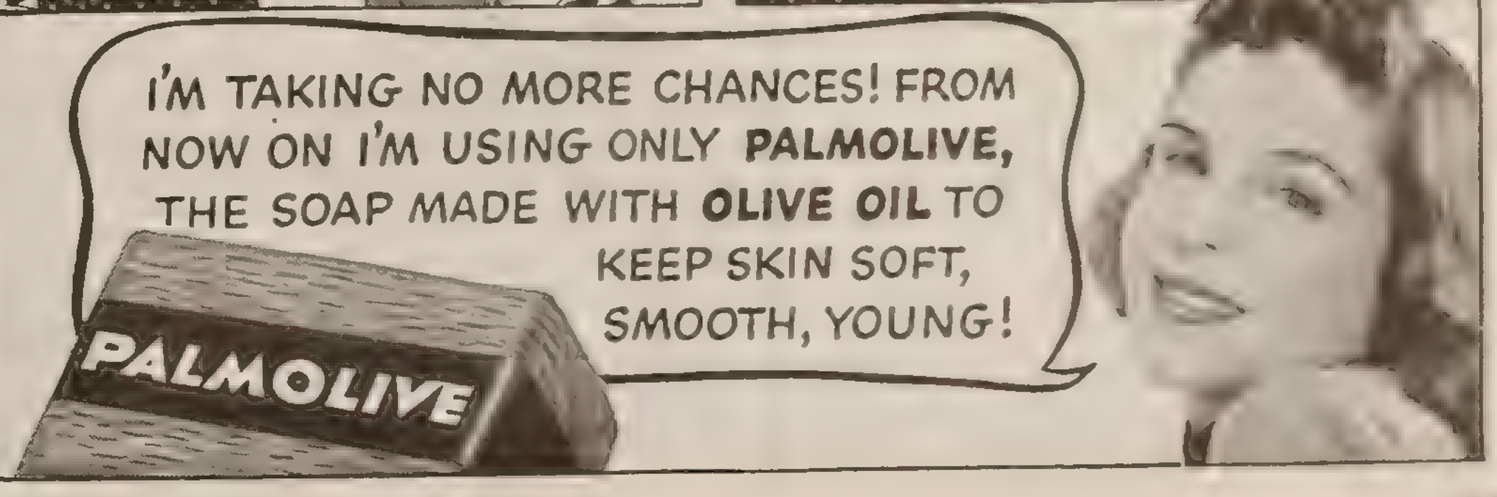
YOU'RE KIDDING! A GIRL OF MY AGE COULDN'T GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

... BUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS





It wasn't long until . . .



I STOP PERSPIRATION

I AM dri-dew

THE NEW CREAM DEODORANT

I AM APPROVED by the American Institute of Laundering, and the Nat'l Ass'n of Dyers and Cleaners

I do not dry up in the jar

I do not irritate, even right after shaving

I am not greasy and I'm safe

I smell nice and clean

I am a new member of the well-known family of DEW deodorants

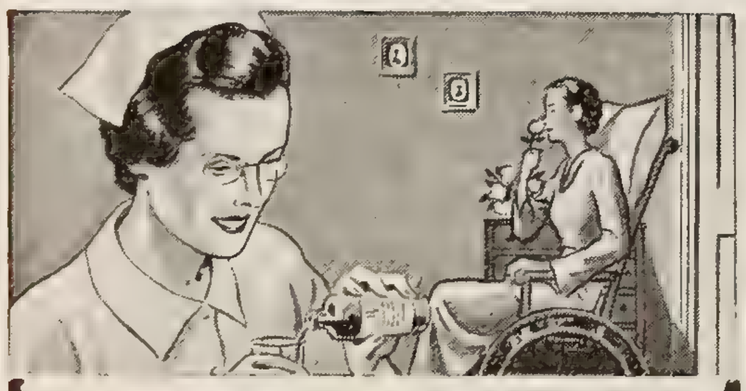
I do not harm towels or clothes

I WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

P.S.

I am sure you will find I am the last word in cream deodorants that stop perspiration

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS



MOTHER OF THREE EARNS $32-$35 A WEEK

● "THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course, successful for 39 years and endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments.

Decide *now* to send for "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 189, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

City_____ State_____ Age____

The Story of Music

(*Continued from page* 21)

strength of such riches, he married Maria Barbara, who bore him eight children and made him very happy.

Thirteen years later, Maria Barbara died, and Bach, with a houseful of children and no money to hire help, felt he must marry again. His second marriage, to Anna Magdalena Wülken (for whom he wrote his only non-religious songs) was even happier than his first. She bore him twelve more children. Home and music was all that Bach wanted of life. He gave up his post with a rich Prince to become the ill-paid Cantor of St. Thomas', in Leipzig, because there he had an organ and could feel nearer to God. Although he composed a full cantata every week (like a sermon), none of his works was published before he was forty. Three years before his death, Bach lost his sight, but went on with his work, dictating his compositions and finding his best joy in serving God through music.

IN striking contrast to Bach is George Frederick Handel, best known by his *Largo*, and his great oratorio, *The Messiah*. These two lived at the same time; both came from the same region of Germany; both were organists; both became blind; and both died of apoplexy. In every other respect, they were as different as a priest and a prima donna. Indeed, Handel was probably the first prima donna conductor on record; he threatened to pitch his singers out of the window if they didn't suit him. Arrogant, restless, eager for limelight and applause, Handel deliberately went after his public and gave it what it wanted. For that very reason, perhaps, Handel's music is easy to understand.

In his youth, Handel threw over the law to study music; fought a duel with a man who wanted to oust him from the conductor's chair at the Hamburg opera (what saved his life was a large, fancy coat button, which broke his opponent's sword); traveled gayly through Italy; and made his greatest fame in London, where he became Director of The Royal Academy of Music.

Although Handel composed quantities of orchestral and instrumental music, his reputation came through his operas, which he wrote with such wild speed that his librettists had a hard time keeping up with him. The famous *Largo*, by the way, is an aria from his opera *Xerxes*. His greatest contribution to music is his perfection of the oratorio. In thirteen years, Handel composed nineteen oratorios (he finished *The Messiah* in 24 days), and used his long experience in writing for the stage, to make these more serious works come vividly to life. Handel died rich. Having become a British subject, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Final point of difference with Bach of the twenty children—Handel never married!

Christoph Willibald Gluck had been a gay young dog, and in no way distinguished himself until he was nearly forty. He had traveled about, been decorated in Rome, taught royalty in Vienna, gotten thoroughly snubbed by Handel in London, and picked up a lot of ideas about Italian opera.

Italian opera, as it then existed and as it was setting Paris aflame, was simply a string of set song patterns, with little or no plot; the arias had no musical meaning except providing a chance for the singers to show off their vocal fireworks (indeed, the singers felt free to interrupt their arias at any moment with extra fancy trills); and the orchestra was chiefly an *um-tum-tum* accompaniment, to keep the singers on pitch. When Gluck's travels got him to Paris, he found that the Queen, Marie Antoinette, was one of the young princesses he had taught in Vienna. That made things a lot easier for Gluck! And since the Parisians didn't yet know what sort of opera they preferred, Gluck made their minds up for them. Gluck created a new kind of opera—opera as we know it today—with a strong dramatic plot supported by music calculated to fit it. Gluck's thirty operas (we still hear *Orpheus and Euridice, Iphigenia in Aulis,* and *Armide*) settled Paris' Italian problem, and created modern opera.

The father of the modern symphony was Josef Franz Haydn, child of a wheelwright and a cook, and a typical son of gay Vienna. At six, he became drummer in his town band, and was later accepted as free pupil in St. Stephen's Choir School, which served the Cathedral and the royal Masses. He got a pretty bad name there! He had the habit of being hungry, went out to sing for cakes, climbed up a builder's scaffolding in full view of the haughty Empress Maria Theresa, and snipped off the pig-tail from the full-dress wig of a fellow choir-boy. That eased him out of the school. At seventeen, Haydn was on his own, and began his career by sleeping on a park bench. He supported himself by accompanying, and selling a comic opera; and his friend, the barber Keller, took him home occasionally for a square meal. There he met Keller's two daughters, and the younger one set him dreaming. Determined to marry her, he took a post with a wealthy Count, and composed the first of his hundred-odd symphonies. Miss Keller, however, had other plans. While Haydn was busy at his job, she entered a convent. Good Papa Keller tried to comfort the young man.

CHEER up," he soothed, "the younger one is gone, but the older is still with us. Take her instead!"

Haydn obliged, and regretted it all his life.

At thirty, Haydn was sufficiently known, for his musicianship and his compositions, to earn the coveted post of Musical Director in the household of one of the most powerful nobles in Europe, Prince Paul Anton Esterhazy (a member of the same family figured less creditably in the Dreyfus case and the life of Zola). Despite the uniform he was made to wear, Haydn had a salary and security for his creative work; and his greatest joy was that he would live with his patron in Hungary, and thus escape from his wife without scandal!

At Esterhazy's, Haydn met the Empress, and reminded her of a little choir-boy who had been soundly thrashed for climbing in her presence, whereupon the Empress graciously

remarked that the hiding had done the boy great good! At Esterhazy's, too, he met the singer Luigia Polzelli, a pretty little lady of nineteen, who comforted him for his disappointment in his wife.

When Haydn was sixty, the great Esterhazy orchestra was disbanded, the Musical Director found himself free to travel, and out in the world once more, he found himself famous. During this later period, Haydn composed his two great oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*. He died in his beloved Vienna, from nervous shock, when Napoleon's cannon bombarded the Austrian capital.

He left over 1,400 compositions, including instrumental solos, songs, symphonies, quartets, operas, oratorios, and the melody we know as the Austrian National Hymn.

BACH "specialized" in organ works and fugues; Handel in oratorios, Gluck in operas, and Haydn in symphonies. Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart specialized in everything. His brief thirty-five years, spent in poverty and disappointment, left music at a new high level. At four he was composing concertos as one of his games. At eight, he and his sister Nannerl made a European tour as child-prodigy performers. We moderns have gotten excited over little boys who play well; Europe of 1765 was treated to the sight of a pretty, high-spirited little boy who played *his own compositions*. On this famous tour, little Mozart somewhat startled the majestic Empress of Austria by jumping into her lap and announcing that he intended to marry her pretty young daughter. Possibly the little princess wished that he had kept his word. She became Queen Marie Antoinette of France and died under the guillotine. At twelve, Mozart had composed a Mass and an opera, and two years later he was appointed to the musical staff of the powerful Archbishop of Salzburg. (The Mozart Music Festival is given every year at Salzburg and, up to this season, Toscanini led performances.) And at Salzburg his troubles began!

Tyrannical and cruel, the Archbishop was glad enough to show off with Mozart but treated the boy like a menial. Mozart was made to eat with the grooms and the lackeys. When he conducted the orchestra at his patron's great parties, he was not allowed to acknowledge applause or to make known which compositions were his own. He was forbidden to mingle with the guests, and received no extra pay for the many extra works and extra concerts he had to prepare. Finally, Mozart had the satisfaction of telling the Archbishop exactly what he thought of him.

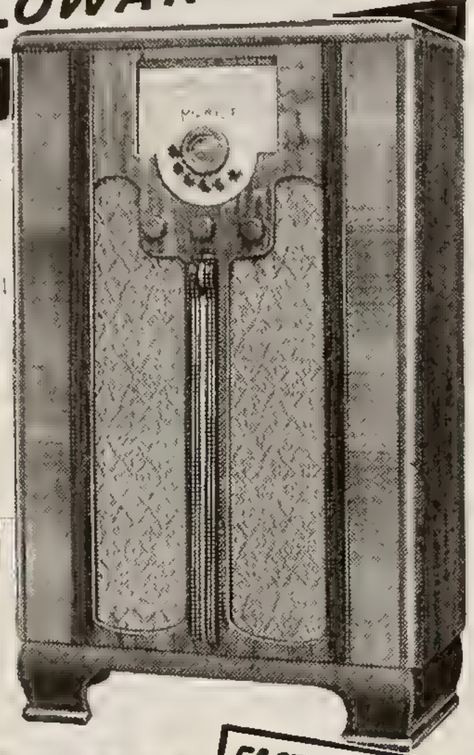
After several experiences in calf-love, Mozart married Constance Weber, the charming daughter of a poor family of musicians, all of whom had made life gay for Mozart on his travels. Mozart's father was furious that the gifted boy had selected a poor wife without influence, and refused the young couple any aid. Often the little household lacked the bare essentials. A friend once found Mozart and Constance waltzing around the room—in order to keep warm without a fire! And in his best creative years, Mozart was often reduced to giving ill-paid music-lessons, in order to live at all. Never worldly, he simply didn't know how to further his own cause, and nobody helped further it for him. Disappointed in his hopes of glory, he died on the very day that he was to be appointed Director of Music at St. Stephen's, at a salary that would for the first time have permitted him to live without torment. Mozart's music is his best monument; he lies in an unknown, unmarked grave.

Mozart enriched every form of music. His operas tower above those of the venerable Gluck. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* (given this year at the Metropolitan) is called the finest Italian opera. When *Don Giovanni* was first given, Mozart finished writing the overture while the audience began to come into the theater, and conducted it, unrehearsed, from notes that were hardly dry. He left 49 great symphonies, and quantities of quartets and instrumental solo pieces, all of which he made more human in feeling. He invented the art-song (a song that does not repeat the same tune for each verse, but suits the music to the feeling of the words throughout), thus paving the way for Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms. But his chief appeal lies in the gay, understandable nature of his work.

The death of Mozart marked the end of the formal Classic Age of music. The Romantic Age which followed, reached new heights of personal, human expression. In the October RADIO MIRROR *read the story of the Romantic Age of Music, beginning with its greatest figure, the tragic Ludwig van Beethoven, and continuing with the great, romantic stories of Schubert, Brahms and Schumann.*

FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVES YOU 50%

also $30.00 AND UP FOR YOUR OLD RADIO AS A SPECIAL TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE!



SENSATIONAL NEW 1939 17 TUBE WORLD-WIDE MIDWEST

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

FACTORY-TO-YOU PRICE $69.95 LESS $30.00 ALLOWANCE You Pay Only $39.95 COMPLETE

Today's sensational new radio headliner! Bigger, better, more powerful, more luxurious. Delight in high-priced, 17-vital-tube performance at ordinary 8-tube set cost. glorious reception, richer tone ...all-wave, world-wide entertainment...10,000 mile range.

BUY AT WHOLESALER'S PRICE

Secure $30.00 or more trade-in allowance on your old radio. Save 50% at amazingly low factory-to-you price. Get 30 days FREE Home Trial. Easy payments. Money Back Guarantee.

AMAZING NEW EASY-PAY PLAN

Send for FREE 1939 Catalog

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 51-BB, Cincinnati, Ohio

Paste coupon on 1c postcard . . . or write today!

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 51-BB
Cincinnati, Ohio
Send me your new FREE catalog and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer and factory-to-you wholesale prices.

Name .....
Address .....
Town..... State.....
User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money. Check Here ☐ for details.

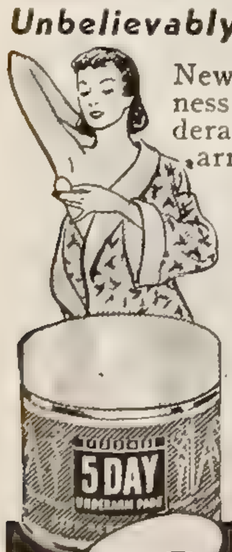
CARTOONING AND SEMI-ILLUSTRATING

Elementary and advanced course of Motion Picture animation, Newspaper, Magazine Fashion Design. Latest methods just released $1.00 per lesson. Children & adults. This field needs you. Write now. Free charts from Studio No. 2D, Canton, Ohio.
HOLLYWOOD-CANTON-SCHOOL OF CARTOONING

AMAZING NEW UNDERARM PADS

STOP PERSPIRATION

Unbelievably effective, safe, convenient!



New discovery makes underarm daintiness sure, safe and easy. One 5-day underarm pad whisked over both underarms stops perspiration and its odor. Often effective more than 5 days. Go to parties, office, everywhere in hottest weather with underarms feeling dry and without risk of offending. Each pad saturated with mild, gentle lotion. Easy on clothes. You can see that yourself . . . It doesn't harm the saturated pads. Large jar 55c. Toilet counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributers, Inc., 11 East Hubbard St., Dept. M-1, Chicago.

5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

Betty and Bob

(*Continued from page* 24)

"I understand, Doctor."

In the weeks that followed, Bob continued to gain in strength. His eyes lost their dullness, his cheeks took on new color. Before the month was out, he was strong enough to walk around for short periods each day, and, of course he boasted of his progress in grand style to Betty when she visited him each afternoon. During the rest of the days he pestered his nurse, assuring her that he was completely recovered and ready to leave.

"But you're not well," she told him one afternoon, "and you must not exert yourself."

He laughed. "I will be as soon as Betty gets here." He looked up. "Is she here yet?"

"No, it's not quite three." She handed him a bulky envelope. "But a young lady just called and left this for her. She works in Mrs. Drake's dress shop." The nurse laid the envelope on the table, paused at the door. "I'll see if Mrs. Drake is here yet."

BOB sat there, stunned. Betty's dress shop! She had lied to him.

"Hello Bob." Betty came in with a bouquet of flowers, reached over and kissed him. Bob stared at her.

"You've lied to me!" He rose up in the chair. "About that dress shop. You told me it was a friend's."

"Oh, Bob, please understand. I'm sorry, but I had to support myself."

"Nonsense." He seemed to calm down slightly. "There's plenty of money. The inheritance is left."

"That's what I used, Bob. I invested mine in this little shop. It was the only way to make it pay dividends. Bobby's is in a trust fund, we never want to touch that."

"I know. But there's mine. Why didn't you use that?"

"But Bob," she put her hand on his. "I'm not your wife . . . now."

For a moment he just sat there in silence, and her heart beat madly. How would he take this? But then he smiled.

"That's right. I keep forgetting." His eyes lit up. "But we soon will be! Betty, let's get remarried this afternoon."

"No, Bob." She hesitated, racked her brain for an excuse. "We must wait until . . . until you get well."

Bob smiled. "Okay, I'll get well, and back in harness. The doctor is sending me up in the mountains for a few weeks and I'll come back as good as new." He leaned forward and his voice grew soft. "I'll make a success for you. You won't have to work—I'll buy the world for you."

Betty smiled, and fought back a lump in her throat. Oh, where would this ever end? How could she ever tell Bob that she didn't know her own mind, that she didn't know whether she loved him, or Harvey?

THE train chugged slowly off into the distance. Bob stood on the little station platform and watched it dissolve into the rolling mountains and huge pines. Then he looked around him. Yes, the sign said Lonesome Lake, but where was the lake? And where was someone to meet him? The station, little more than shelter, was apparently deserted.

"Hello!" he called.

"Professor" Kay Kyser with vocalist Virginia Simms and some of the "students." You'll read more about Kay in October RADIO MIRROR.

"Hello yourself," a gay feminine voice replied.

Bob stepped around the corner, to see a dilapidated old Ford and a very attractive young girl in overalls, tinkering with the motor. But as she saw Bob, she straightened up.

"Hello is right! Boy, am I glad to see *you*."

"Why me?" Bob asked.

She laughed, and her eyes sparkled in the sunlight. "Why you? Because you're not eighty years old, you didn't come in a wheel chair, and you haven't got a beard."

Bob laughed. "Is it that bad?"

"Worse. Everybody up here except me has one foot in the grave. Toss your stuff in the back end."

"Are you the station agent?" he asked obeying.

"No, just doing Jed a favor. You see, the fish are biting this afternoon. I'm Pamela Talmadge," she extended her hand. "I'm up here with father."

"Not William Talmadge?"

"Yes, the soap king. I'm just one of those spoiled little society gals you read so much about. You know, too much money, used to having her own way. But I'm really not bad company once I chuck all the ermine wraps for a pair of overalls."

Bob laughed. "I'm sure of it."

NEWS travels fast, especially gossip. And when it concerns the town's richest and prettiest young debutante, and a recently divorced young architect, it spreads even faster. Before two weeks had passed, Jane Hartford had been told all the facts and

predictions, from one source or another. And, of course, she relayed them to Betty.

Betty leaned back in the chair in the office of the shop. "Oh, Jane," she said, "it's all a lot of gossip."

"Sure," Jane agreed, it's just Bob again. He's innocent enough, but don't forget he's a pretty handsome devil, and has a way of melting young gals' hearts without trying."

Betty ran her finger slowly around the edge of the desk. Jean continued:

"Then again, maybe it's for the best Bob has found this new interest. Maybe it will help him to forget you."

"Yes," Betty said softly, "that's what I'm afraid of."

"Afraid of? I thought that's what you wanted?"

"Oh, Jane, I don't know."

Jane looked at her incredulously for a moment before speaking.

"Look, the VanEverys have invited us all up to their cabin at Lonesome Lake over the fourth of July. Pamela knows them and Harvey, and all that crowd. Why don't you accept the invitation, and meet this Pamela?"

"Yes," Betty said slowly. . . . "Yes, maybe that's what I should do."

OH, Harvey, it's wonderful up here. The air is so clear, and the water is like sparkling diamonds." Betty looked off in the distance and Harvey, standing beside her, seemed to read her thoughts.

"Bob has a cabin on the other side of the lake. You can take the speedboat over after lunch."

Behind them the loud booming of firecrackers burst out anew, and Betty shuddered. A few minutes before, Bobby had let a firecracker explode in his hand, and burned his fingers painfully. True, a little salve and bandages had stopped the tears, but Betty was still a little upset.

"Oh, Harvey, I'm so worried. Bobby is too young for firecrackers."

Harvey smiled, put his arm around her shoulder. "He'll be all right."

Betty turned her face up to his, and their eyes met. For a moment they just stood there in silence.

At that moment from around the corner of the hedge, Pamela Talmadge stepped into the clearing. She stopped as she saw Betty and Harvey. "Pardon me!"

Harvey removed his arm from around Betty's shoulder and smiled, "Hello, Pam."

There was an awkward silence before Harvey continued. "Betty Drake, this is Pamela Talmadge."

Pamela raised one eyebrow. "I'm very glad to know you, Mrs. Drake. I've heard so much about you."

Betty smiled. "I've heard quite a bit about you, too." There was another awkward silence before Betty turned to Harvey.

"Harvey, I'm still worried about Bobby. Are you sure he's all right?"

Harvey smiled. "I'll go up and see. You two girls can get acquainted."

As his footsteps faded up the path, Betty turned to face Pamela. There was a nervous tension in the air, neither one knowing quite what was in the other's mind. It was Pamela who broke the silence.

"Shall we skip the preliminaries?"

"Yes, do."

"Fine. Mrs. Drake, I've fallen in love with Bob. Is that what you wanted to know?"

Betty nodded. "And, is he in love with you?"

"No, not now. You see, he thinks he still loves you. But he doesn't know what's going on."

Betty said defensively, "There is nothing going on."

Pamela smiled, maddeningly.

"Please don't misunderstand me," she said. "I'm not an old witch who carries tales. But I'm in love with Bob, and you stand in my way. You can't blame me for wanting to use every trump card."

"I know," Betty said. "You're very honest. But you must understand too. I'm not pleading for myself, but for Bob." Slowly, carefully, she outlined Bob's illness, the long months that he lay hovering between life and death, the final scene which brought him from his world of shadows, and Dr. Forman's warning. "Don't you see Bob will have to learn some time, but not now. If he found out now, he might not be strong enough to stand it."

Pamela looked thoughtfully at the lake. "Do you still love him?"

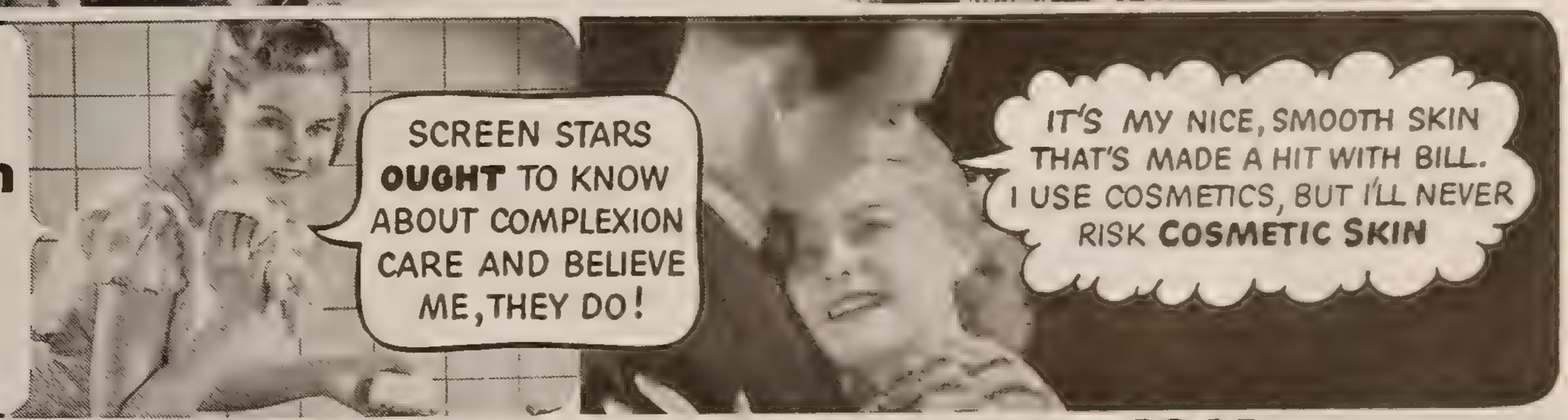
Betty frowned. "Don't you see, that is what makes it so difficult: I'm not sure, I'm not sure."

Pamela rose. "Well, she said. "I am! I'm smart enough to recognize the real thing when it happens to me. I'll fight fair, but I love him and I want him, and I get what I want."

Can Pamela carry out her implied threat to win Bob's love by any means in her power? Or will Betty's love for Bob return with all its old strength, now that there is such a beautiful rival. Don't miss the unexpected climax of this dramatic serial in the October RADIO MIRROR.

Out in Hollywood where a Complexion Care has to work

...and in your own home town—



9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

CHERAMY

April Showers Talc

You don't have to pay high prices for the finest imported talc, scented lastingly with delightful *April Showers,* Cheramy's *"Perfume of Youth."* *April Showers Talc* is priced to fit a debutante's allowance. *It's Exquisite but not Expensive!*

The Talc, 28¢ and 55¢
The Eau de Cologne, 50¢, 90¢ and $1.50
The Perfume (purse size) 28¢, 50¢ and $1.00

Their Reasons Are Sound

(*Continued from page* 27)

New York, for instance, who make a living simply by hiring out as babies for radio programs.

Manual effects are still very important although records take care of about 75% of the sound you hear these days. But hand-work is needed for hoof-beats, eating, walking, shots, door-slams—and any other effect that is a very close part of the script.

One of the most elaborate hand devices over at NBC is the rain machine. It works like a Rube Goldberg invention. By turning a wheel, bird seed falls off a shelf. As it falls it hits a ping-pong ball, marbles, cellophane and parchment. Picked up by the microphone, you get the varying sounds of the falling rain hitting street lamps, windows, the street, roofs. This machine is good only for ordinary average rain. Special variations are devised for other types.

BOTH at NBC and CBS great store rooms of effects are maintained. Walking in, you'll see compartments labeled: frying and saucepans, groceries, dice, cards, chips, rags, egg cups, string, scissors, beads, cloth to tear, gavels, dishpans, slot machines, tambourines, whistles, wrapping paper, newspaper, typewriters. These are ordinary props. Not so ordinary are the manual effects used for some of the common radio noises:

Frying bacon and fires—cellophane crumpled before the mike.

Sawing wood—a scrub brush rubbed on a table-top.

Breaking ice—crushing phonograph records.

Walking in snow—pressing a tray of corn starch with a thumb.

Money thrown on a table—plumber's washers thrown on a table. If real money is used it sounds like lead.

Bat wings—two strips of thin leather flapped in front of the microphone.

Explosions—a bladder from a basketball inflated and filled with BB shot. If shaken properly, it's more effective than sticks of TNT.

Guns have always been a problem. To the average listener any blank shot off sounded authentic. But to the ballistics expert it was always a question of not believing what he heard. Most stations still use a regular pistol with a hole cut into the muzzle and the end pinched together. Blanks are fired through this and no gun permit is necessary. But Pierson has finally gotten the real thing for CBS. He had the Colt factory make up a special gun which looks like a cop's service revolver and only genuine CBS blanks can be fired in it.

Thunder, too, can be done in a variety of ways. Generally, a big sheet of tin is hit with a stick and you have a close approximation. But CBS went further than that. In its sound room, there is a big drum—six feet across the top—which is made of steer-hide, obtained on a special order from a Chicago stock-yard. It can also be used for the sound of heavy artillery.

But generally, the majority of sound effects come right off of phonograph records. They are the only exception to the network ruling against transcriptions on the air.

There are four or five companies in New York today which do nothing but sell sound effect recordings. They check the networks every few weeks to see if there's a sound they have missed. If there is, they'll make it. Sometimes, too, the networks' own sound departments will create a new one and record it for posterity and future use. Both NBC and CBS have huge record collections.

The largest sections are those dealing with trains and airplanes. One record may have three or four sounds on it like one filed under railroads. You can play different parts of it and get the Santa Fe Super Chief with its Diesel Engine or the chug of a steam engine or a simple passenger train.

Under airplanes, you can get recordings of every type of plane motor made. There's also available the sound of a motor as heard from within or out of the plane. Major Zale Dillon, head of NBC sound, can hear the aviation record and tell immediately what type plane it is and whether it is taking off or just flying.

Roughly there are about 1500 records at each of the networks. But there's no telling how many sounds are waxed on them for, in addition to one side of a record carrying from one to four sounds, different effects can be obtained by engineering tricks. Record the sound of a hand sewing machine, for instance. On the air it sounds like a lawn-mower. If amplified through volume controls, a big press is the result. Or there's the record of a Model T Ford motor. Played at half speed, it sounds like a dirigible. Faster and amplified, it does for an ocean liner crashing into an ice-berg.

Standard equipment are recordings of the world's famous bells and of important ship whistles like the Queen Mary's or the Normandie's.

THE acoustical effects are those you hear least. The hollow sound of the voice of Phil Baker's Beetle is typical of the echo effect. An echo is produced by placing a microphone face down in the hole of a grand piano sounding board. With the top of the piano left half open and the loud pedal pressed down so the strings are free, either voices or sound effects are directed into the open piano. The strings of the piano vibrate and the microphone picks up the sound.

Sponsors pay a standard rate for their sound—$5 an hour per man, including breakage and all equipment. The men themselves work on straight salary—ranging from $50 to $100 a week. NBC has sixteen men on sound and three on set-up. CBS has about the same number. Usually the sound men are specialists. One is an expert for comedy shows, another for melodramas, another for musicals.

The breakage item, despite the amount of glass and pottery you hear smashed, doesn't add up to much. About ten dollars' worth of sheet glass goes a week, an equal amount of chipped dishes (bought by the barrel), fifteen dollars' worth of shells, a dollar's worth of cloth and four or five dollars' worth of fruit baskets. All in all, the expense doesn't total more than $75. The cost of records averages $2 or $2.50 and they last fairly long.

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

THIS isn't the story of a barn dance, although you should see Varsity Arena.

It's a tale of the successful CBC venture into the realm of high-class music on an international scale.

On Thursday, May 12, the CBC inaugurated the first of twenty-four international broadcasts of the Promenade Symphony Concerts. Seven thousand jammed the indoor arena of the University of Toronto to see and hear the dynamic Scotch-Canadian conductor-pianist, Reginald Stewart, direct the ninety-piece Toronto outfit in works of the masters. Thousands were turned away. But it made no never mind to the millions listening over the combined networks of the CBC and the NBC-Blue. They had front seats all the way.

The programs have been a feather (expensive) in the CBC cap. So successful have they been, that the Promenade Symphony Concerts on July 7 were chosen to replace the Maxwell House-MGM Good News on the first-line NBC-Red.

World-famous artists have appeared as soloists . . . names such as Toscha Seidel; Met's Marjorie Lawrence; William Primrose, first violinist of Toscanini's NBC orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, musical director of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who waved the stick for one broadcast, and many other personalities.

This has been a venture in international good-will through the medium of music and radio that has clicked on both sides of the line.

BUT it took a lot of work.

The CBC naturally had trouble with a broadcasting setup. The emergency was met with the construction of two broadcasting booths, one for monitoring and the other for the announcing staffs. They were modern, up-to-date booths designed by CBC engineers, with ditto equipment.

This is the fifth season of the Toronto Promenade Symphony Concerts. It can be said that they are the fulfilment of a Canadian ideal in the higher brackets of music. A man named Reginald Stewart can take a bow for the present very fine state of affairs.

Toronto citizens take pride in their musical organizations. An example of this is afforded by the anonymous Toronto citizen who forked over the difference necessary to bring in the Met. star, Marjorie Lawrence, from what the management committee of the Proms felt able to pay.

You can't add much to what has already been said by better men than I about the broadcasting of superior music. I do think the Proms have a flavor all their own. I do think that the significance of these broadcasts lies in their reception by American listeners as criteria for Canadian music appreciation.

So my hat is off to all concerned with the broadcast.

If you'd like a personal viewpoint, turn your dials to CBC or NBC-Red Thursday nights at 9:00 p.m., EST.

I Forget Who Told Me But . . .

Jack Kannawin, widely known CBC commentator of Toronto, has been assigned to producing duties in Winnipeg, commencing August 1. . . . Jack was the man who "scooped the world" with a Johnny-on-the-spot broadcast of the tumble taken by the Falls View bridge at Niagara, when ten thousand honeymooning hearts turned flip-flops at his graphic description of the fatal plunge . . . the young man also had a book published last year under the title "History Speaks" . . . book was a revamp of his CBC talks series, "This Week in History" . . . nice goin', Jack . . . . . Charles Jennings, dean of Canadian announcers, has been given the post of assistant to the general program supervisor for the Dominion . . . Charlie will also be passing out cigars shortly . . . his new boss is Ernest L. Bushnell, one of Canada's radio pioneers . . . "Bush" used to sing tenor, which proves that a good man can overcome any handicap! . . . R. T. (Bob) Bowman, who gained fame in England as a sports commentator, has been placed in charge of all CBC special events . . . Bob is very proud of his shiny new mobile unit, in which he plans to tour the country . . . the unit is equipped for broadcasting and recording. . . . Rupert Lucas, CBC's chief producer, now in Vancouver, looking over the Pacific Coast layout . . . . . Andrew Allan, Toronto scripter, writing air material for Gracie Fields, the Lancashire Lass, in England.

The Adoption Grab-bag

(*Continued from page* 8)

Nor is the law in the United States doing much to protect these little ones. You know what child psychologists say: there are no problem children; there are only problem parents. Well, in the adoption problem, since the victim is so often what we call an illegitimate child, we might really paraphrase that and say there are no illegitimate children; there are only illegitimate parents.

The fact that the parents are often not married is one big reason why adoption is often shrouded in secrecy; why the preliminary investigations are so sketchy and there is often no follow-up to see how well the adopted child and the foster parents are taking to each other.

There are certain definite safeguards recommended by the Child Welfare League which, if put into effect, will help clear up the picture and blot out the element of chance.

TO protect the adopted child, and to make life happier and easier for him, he should not be deprived of his kinship ties unless it is absolutely necessary. And certainly, the best effort should be made to determine whether the family asking for him has a good home and family life to offer, for every child thrives in an atmosphere of security and normal affection and care which are a part of the proper environment in every real home. Many homes are, unfortunately, not built on this foundation, and the adopted child in the wrong kind of home may only have been shunted from the frying-pan into the fire.

Investigation by responsible agencies can also determine whether the foster home will provide the support and education to which any child is entitled.

Second, the safeguards that the adopting family should expect: If necessary, they should have the right to withhold the child's new address from the real parents and relatives, in order to save themselves from annoyance and interference. The adopting family also have the right to know the child has the intelligence and the physical and mental background to meet reasonable expectations. And of course the adoption proceedings should be carried out without unnecessary publicity.

More, since marriage and divorce in different states are governed with one eye to the state's own protection, the state also must protect itself on the adoption question by setting up definite regulations. You must protect the *child*, the *foster parents*, and the state itself. And the way the state can safeguard itself is, first, by making it compulsory that foster parents live up to the same legal obligations as those of the child's natural parents—that is, support, education, and the right to inherit.

Also, the state should provide that there be a trial period of residence for the best interests of the family and of the child. And finally, the state should provide adoption methods that give no encouragement to illegitimacy, to baby farming, and to selling babies for cash, either by the parents or by bootleg institutions. Appalling as it may seem, present haphazard adoption methods do permit and encourage these practices.

As things stand now, the proper steps for a husband and wife to take, if they wish to adopt a baby, are these: They should go to the Children's Bureau of any large city; or to the State Department of Public Welfare of the state in which they live. From either of these, they can find out all they should know about the legal conditions of adoption.

If those who are interested in children and their welfare—and that includes everyone, doesn't it?—will become sufficiently interested in this vital problem, the law-makers of our country will be compelled to take action that will prevent placements of infants for adoption by unlicensed persons, physicians and others; will prevent unmarried men and women from adopting children and thus depriving them of the normal home life and the right to two parents; will prevent couples from arranging for adoption months before the child is even born, and many other faulty practices now being permitted.

These shocking conditions point only to ill results for the helpless youngster who is the football that is kicked about—the prize package in this un-American grab-bag. For only too infrequently the adopted child has a happy and successful adult life such as that of a well-known screen and stage actor now appearing on Broadway. He was turned over to a child-caring institution as a baby, after his mother and father separated. At the age of six, he was placed in a home with foster parents. Things did not work out well, so he was placed in another home with another family. And so on—and by the time he was fourteen, he had been placed in twelve different homes—all unhappy experiences.

BY then, he was ready to run away, which he did. Later, he found his way to the stage and today he is successful, at the top of his profession, happily married and the father of a daughter who is the darling of his heart. Few of us would have been able to withstand the tortures of his childhood and come up smiling—to the top. Let's make it *easy* for the thousands of youngsters who are going into new homes to live with those who will take the place of father and mother.

I Lost My Baby

(*Continued from page* 10)

rogating gaze.

"Naturally, I have my career to consider," I said. "We're going out to the Coast now to make a picture."

"I see," she said. "Perhaps when you have finished making it—"

"Oh, we can't wait," I answered. "We want our baby now. We're going to buy a home in Hollywood, and—"

"And you want a baby to put in it?"

"Why—why, yes," I said defiantly. "I don't know what difference all this makes as long as we give a homeless child a good home—"

"We feel," she said quietly, "that it makes a very great difference to a child whether he has parents who are ready to assume all the obligations of parenthood. Babies, you know, will not always be just little playthings. They are people. They are going to grow up. They will go through a great many stages of development. Along the road are many places where they may need guidance and help and even sacrifice from their parents. We look for parents who are ready and eager to make these sacrifices—"

I was getting tired of this moralizing.

"But, I cried hotly, "A child that came to us would never need for anything—"

"Except, perhaps, the most important thing of all," she said. "Your love."

BEFORE I could recover my voice, she went on. "Another thing we must ask of parents," she said, "is time. Taking over the responsibility for another human life is no light thing to be done hastily. It takes time to investigate the baby's background, make sure there will be no regrets on any side for the step you have taken. Then after we find the baby that belongs in your home, we must wait to be sure there is no taint of disease or other handicap—"

"But I want the baby by next week!" I broke in.

"I'm sorry," she said and stood up. "I urge you to move slowly and safely—"

I stumbled out of that office with tears of rage and frustration in my eyes—the same blind anger a child feels when someone blocks his reaching hands. I told myself I'd show her! I wouldn't go back to Hollywood without a baby in my arms.

And I didn't.

Just a few miles out in the country, so someone told me at a cocktail party that afternoon, was the place I wanted. "The Refuge" had young babies for adoption with no red tape.

Mrs. Carlyle Grayson, as gracious as any English character actress, with waved white hair and a gray satin gown, met me with words that salved my wounded spirit.

"We are kindred spirits," she told me. "I, too, felt that urge to give other souls a helping hand. That is why I opened my family home to unfortunate girls. Here the unwed mother may come and hide her shame from the world. She may leave her past behind her, knowing that we will find her child a home.

"I think I have a baby lovely enough to fit the setting you would give her," she went on, leading me up the wide staircase to the nursery.

The baby was all she said of her, and more—plump and healthy, with

golden fuzz on her round head.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Four weeks old today," she said.

"Could I—have her next week? I asked fearfully.

"In your case," she said, "I think it could be arranged."

A blonde, rather lovely girl slipped in the door at that moment. Mrs. Grayson went to meet her and as the girl spoke to her in a low, urgent tone, Mrs. Grayson led her back to the door through which she had come. I walked around looking at the other babies. As Mrs. Grayson came back to me, I saw over her shoulder the girl standing in the hall staring intently at me. But I was used to being stared at, and there were more exciting things afoot right now.

ON Monday, Mark and I drove out to the Refuge with a trained baby nurse from the swankiest agency on Madison Avenue. We went before the judge and Mrs. Grayson presented a paper signed by the baby's mother relinquishing all rights to her child and asking that a home be found for her. In a few minutes it was over.

The next year was all as I had dreamed it. We had our house in Beverly Hills with its swimming pool, its broad lawns, its flowers. And there was the hour every evening that Mark and I spent in the nursery.

Naturally you can't spend time with a developing baby without learning to love her. Oh, I learned! And Mark—well, Mark learned too.

We came to New York in the fall when Karen was a little over a year old, taking valiant uncertain steps alone, proud and comic and beguiling—a golden girl! In two more weeks the legal trial would be over and the adoption would become final.

The first Thursday in New York I let Nanna off as usual and kept my date with Karen. Pushing the smart dark blue leather pram across the street into the Park I found myself surrounded by a crowd of autograph hunters. I signed till my fingers ached and as I handed one book back I noticed a girl who was not thrusting a book at me. She was just staring with big blue eyes. There was something about that stare that rang some bell. Somewhere before I had seen that same intense gaze.

At that moment the magazine writer who had agreed to meet me in the park strode up and in a gay, masterful way persuaded the crowd that he had claims to my undivided attention. As they dispersed good-naturedly, we pushed the carriage with the sleeping Karen in it into a protected sunny space between two large rocks. Then in the same masterful way, he pushed me on to the next bench, seated me, and started firing questions.

At last he got up to leave me. As we stood in the path, I saw over his shoulder a sight that froze my farewell smile on my face. The carriage was empty!

People who live in the public eye must develop some special compensating instinct that acts in self-protection without conscious thought. Without a moment's hesitation I walked calmly over to the carriage, closed the curtain and said, "No goodbyes to Karen. She's had her quota of social life today." And I managed to push that pram all the way to the hotel.

As I started to pour out my story to Mark, I stopped. The girl's face came back to me—the one I had seen today and the one I had seen a year ago in The Refuge! It was the same girl. She must be the baby's real mother. It was she who had taken her.

I shall never forget how strong, how kind and competent Mark was in those terrible hours that followed—hours that went on and on! He knew how to find a private detective who would keep our secret. He knew how to get us out to the Refuge without attracting attention. He knew how to put pressure on Mrs. Grayson and change her from a gracious lady to an ordinary and very frightened woman. Though she kept no records at The Refuge, this time our glittering names stood in our favor: she remembered whose baby we had taken and after a while she recalled where the girl had lived.

The address was that of the girl's father and mother, but the detective learned where the girl now lived under a new married name.

BUT she wouldn't take the baby there," I said through chattering teeth as we lurched along the highway.

But she had. This was no desperate criminal, cleverly selecting a safe, planned hiding place. That became clear the instant we pushed into the small, neat living room.

For there was only a slim, scared girl, and a worried boy. A pair of defiant, frightened kids. And Karen.

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Drene actually makes 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without the need of lemon, vinegar, or special after-rinses.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair. Get Drene from drug, department or 10c stores. Better beauty shops everywhere feature this shampoo marvel. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dulling Film That Clouds Hair Beauty—

drene

Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

NEW

by the makers of Kotex Products*

KURB* TABLETS

for women's trying days

● Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for trying days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor. . . . We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters.

FREE OFFER!

If you act at once—we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Simply send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1445, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

**Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office*

SOFT, TENDER GUMS? YES I CAN HELP YOU— BUT YOU MUST DO YOUR JOB, TOO!

START NOW to cooperate with your dentist at home. Massage your gums twice every day with Forhan's.

Forhan's Does Both Jobs

CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS

Dentists know that when gums are healthy, your teeth will be BRIGHTER—noticeably more attractive. Use Forhan's gum massage regularly. Forhan's Toothpaste is *different*—because it contains a *special ingredient* for your gums.

There is no use going over that painful scene, burned though it is in my memory forever.

She had been young and terrified, and her lover, still in school without a prospect of a job, as frightened of his parents as she was of hers, could not marry her. They heard of The Refuge and it seemed the answer. They managed to borrow enough money to pay her board—Oh, yes, the girls to whom Mrs. Grayson "opened her home" paid well for the privilege—during that summer when she was supposed to be visiting friends. In the September days a year ago when she had come back from her journey to the hospital Mrs. Grayson had scared her into keeping the panicky promise she had made when she was admitted. She signed away her baby.

"SHE frightened me into signing it," the girl sobbed. "She kept telling me how I had sinned, how society would punsh me. I hardly knew what I was doing—"

"The name she signed wasn't even real," the boy broke in. "No judge would hold her to a phoney signature she was practically forced into giving. They'd give us back our baby now that we are married and can support her. The adoption isn't final yet—"

"We'll get the best lawyers in the country," I said wildly. "We'll fight it through every court. We've taken care of Karen for a year. We *love* her—" I was weeping too.

I felt Mark's hand on my arm. "Let's think a minute," he said. He led me into their small bedroom, so different from our huge ones, but tidy and tasteful. "You said we'd fight for Karen through all the courts," Mark began. "And you said we loved her. I wonder if those two things go together."

I stopped crying and stared at him dumfounded. What did he mean? Of course you fought for what you loved. —Or did you?

In that minute I believe I grew up.

I saw that if we fought for Karen we would be loading on her little life publicity she could never live down. And if we won? Would there be a day when she looked at us—through angry adolescent tears, perhaps—and accused us bitterly of separating her from her true parents, her flesh and blood? That final picture I could not bear. I stood up and in cold complete agony I said, "You're right, Mark. We'll have to give her up."

It was the only way. Little Karen —Karen Glennon now, for in their gratitude her parents kept the name of Karen—slipped quietly, and, I think happily—into her new life.

As the months of despair wore on in our empty house, one thought began to gnaw at me: I had been punished for my selfishness. Looking at Mark's sad face with its new years written on it, I knew I had done him a grievous wrong. To myself I acknowledged it, though Mark would not let me say the words to him. I longed to atone somehow. I began almost to pray for a child of our own.

But my prayers went unanswered. It seemed my punishment was meant to be final.

Back in New York in another autumn I was taking one of those solitary quiet walks that had become a new habit of mine, when I realized that some unconscious force had directed my steps to the street on which was the social agency out which two years ago I had come so angry in my disappointment. Looking up at those windows I remembered what the woman had said, "We dare not take chances with the happiness of a family—"

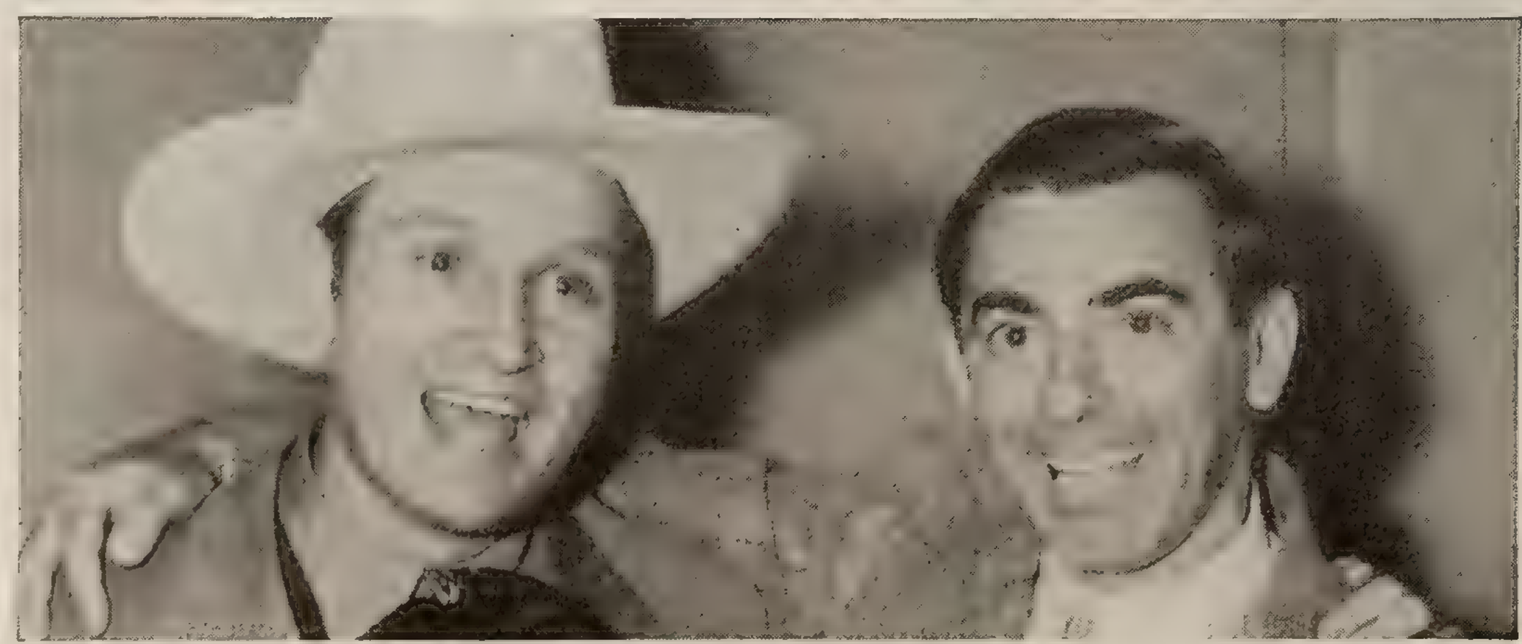
Almost against my will my feet were taking me into that building, into the elevator, through the cheerless institutional halls. And this time it was a different Eileen Ross who begged the agency for a baby.

IT was a different response I got, too. Experienced as she was at judging prospective mothers, the worker knew that now, instead of an immature, irresponsible, spoiled girl, she was meeting a woman grown. I told her everything, answered every question honestly. I went out of that office knowing that when a baby had been found whose background was thoroughly known, whose parents had been definitely removed from its future life, a baby who was surely free from any handicap of disease, then that baby would be given us.

Little Michael, at a jolly and rosy six months, went back to California with us. We were glad he was a boy, for even then we were too sorrowful about our lost Karen to wish any girl to take her place. But Mickey found a place all his own with us.

The thing that happened afterward seemed like a strange bright miracle to me, but the doctors say it is one of the familiar ironic phenomena of their profession. When Mickey was two years old, just old enough to ask for a little sister, one came. Our own little girl, named for me.

Still, no matter how many children we might have, adopted or our own, no one could ever fill the empty place left by our Karen—the daughter we lost in a way no wise parents need ever lose a child.



A bit of Western atmosphere—Gene Autry on a Cantor broadcast

The Guy Who Sells the Stuff

(*Continued from page* 11)

all a fact. When he yells "ouch!" he also grins very wide. He thinks its kind of funny that his big lucky break turned out to be a station break. Especially after all the breaks that radio handed him for years turned out to be busts—in various places, geographically and anatomically speaking.

For Ken Carpenter holds the hard luck broadcasting championship of Hollywood.

You'd never guess it, to look at him, because the Keeper of the Kraft Chimes and High Lord Seller of "the stuff," as Bing Crosby calls it, is chubby, ruddy, glowing and neat. His mien is calm, his pants are pressed, his tie is in correct relation to his Adam's apple, and every hair on his head is in slick military alignment. He looks like one of those happy chaps whom life has patted pleasantly on the head and tucked in bed every night.

The fact is, life has swung repeatedly from the floor on Ken. How he has survived, in both flesh and spirit, to hammer out his resounding "do-la-fa" every Thursday remains one of radio's major mysteries.

For instance, three years ago last Christmas Day the necks of roaring thousands craned from their grandstand seats to stare down at a chestnut horse who danced under a wreath of flowers on Santa Anita's famous racetrack. The name of the horse was "Azucar," which means "sugar" in Spanish. Azucar had just lived up to his name, copping $100,000 and the Santa Anita Handicap, richest race in all turfdom.

BESIDES the great bangtail, two men jabbered into a portable NBC mike for an international hook-up. Clem McCarthy, the dean of radio racetrack *raconteurs,* and Ken Carpenter were telling the world about it. Then suddenly, the crowd gasped, and excited radio listeners heard a dull thump. That was Azucar's hind hoof scoring on Ken Carpenter's leg. Ken went down for the count, and Azucar galloped off for another breeze around the track, the mike, cable and all, wrapped around his proud neck. Ken's broadcast was ruined, and so was his leg, temporarily.

You see, before Ken settled down to the comparatively sedentary life of a transcontinental commercial announcer and bell-buster, he lived the rugged life of a special events broadcaster. He still would rather newscast like that than anything else and frequently does. But he has his art to consider now.

Then Ken had only his assignments, and the success of those assignments meant both his job and his future.

He had come to both Hollywood and radio cold. Ken was a Universalist minister's son from Peoria, Illinois. Peoria also gave to the radio world Charlie Correll, a fellow you better know as "Andy," and Fibber McGee and Molly. While nearby Waukegan loosed Jack Benny upon an unsuspecting world.

Peoria High School and Lombard College at Galesburg, Illinois, taught the youth Carpenter how to read and write and even orate a little. An advertising job in a Chicago department

Vacation Spirit all the year round—with this WONDERSOFT napkin, cushioned in cotton

When you buy Kotex* you can be sure that:

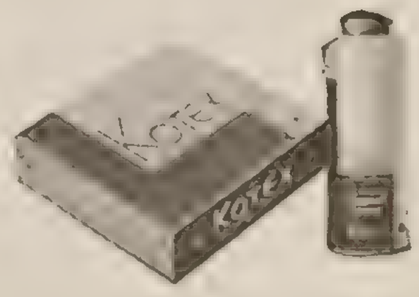
★ Kotex stays Wondersoft--for it's cushioned in cotton.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side --both sides are fully absorbent.

★ Kotex can't chafe, can't fail, can't show.

★ Only Kotex offers three types —Regular, Junior and Super--for different women on different days.

★ You get full value for your money...the most efficient, comfortable sanitary service that 18 years of experience can produce.



Use Quest* with Kotex . . . the new *positive* deodorant powder developed especially for sanitary napkins — soothing, completely effective.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(**Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office*)

wise girls don't risk body odors! after every bath

use Hush and be Sure

You're dainty and sweet as you step from your bath. *Stay that way* for Hours Longer with HUSH. There's a type for each need:

CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

LIQUID—*Instant*, protects 24 hours. *Regular*, for 1 to 3 days.

POWDER—Ideal for Sanitary Napkins. Keeps feet and shoes fresh.

25c 50c—10c size at 10c counters

BIG MONEY • SELLING ART NEEDLEWORK

Earn EXTRA income. Get stamped embroidery goods from manufacturer. Buy wholesale — sell retail. Big profits! Write for proposition and FREE catalog. EMBROIDERY GUILD, Dept. 283, 740 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Sell New "EMBOSSO" Christmas Cards

Something new! Christmas Cards with **sender's signature in raised gold lettering!** Sell beautiful assortment of 21 folders, complete, for only $1. You make 50c. Extra Bonus. Many other popular assts., retail 50c up. Also **name-imprinted** Xmas Cards, **50 for $1.00.** Send for samples.

EXTRA CASH IN SPARE TIME

WRITE FOR SAMPLES FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS 828 Adams St., Elmira, N. Y.

YOUR choice included with every ring ordered and paid for on this Amazing new plan—Wear 10 days at our risk!

FREE of extra charge

GUARANTEE by a famous $1,000,000 Factory enclosed. ACCURATE. JEWELED. Rich. Your choice included FREE of extra charge to introduce fiery, flashing simulated diamond ring set in LIFETIME Sterling—925/1000 pure and 1/30 14K GOLD—**WEAR 10 days FREE TRIAL.** Make 2 monthly $2 payments (total $4 in all). We gladly trust you—Send NO money—send postcard—your order shipped SAME DAY by RETURN MAIL.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. 389, Newton, Mass.

WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE UP TO $32.00 IN A WEEK

Introducing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months

EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Brand new Ford given producers. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or runs or replaced FREE. Big repeat sales. Grace Wilber, Iowa, earned $37.10 in 9 hours and received 8 new cars; Charles Mills, Minn., earned $120.00 in one week and **received 2 new cars**, as extra bonuses. Your own hose given as bonus, send hose size. Rush name on penny card *for sample outfit, details. ACT NOW!*

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 8-J Greenfield, Ohio

Send No Money

HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT

FRECKLES

DISAPPEAR *in 5 to 10 days*

Don't worry over unsightly freckles. Here's a new way to remove them quickly and gently *while you sleep*. Simply apply Nadinola Freckle Cream over face and arms at night. Then watch freckles disappear usually in 5 to 10 days. Your skin is cleared, freshened, becomes satin-smooth. NADINOLA Freckle Cream is guaranteed by a laboratory with over 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at toilet counters; 10c size at Five and Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 148, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

They'll grace the October RADIO MIRROR cover—Ozzie Nelson and his wife, Harriet Hilliard, with their lovely baby son, David.

store whetted a business ambition, but when he followed his folks to Los Angeles, where his father took a church pulpit, Ken found it pretty tough to crack the advertising game.

He might still be knocking on office doors in search of employment—though I seriously doubt it—if his quest hadn't led him to KFI, then an independent radio station in Los Angeles. Since the only qualification he could advance for a radio job was a checkered business past embracing life insurance peddling, iron foundry puddling, commercial photography and the Chicago department store stint, Kenneth Carpenter spent most of his time waiting in the reception room at KFI. He was so tired hot-footing it along the pavement, he just decided to sit and wait. He did that for three weeks at KFI. Then, says Ken, "Finally Don Wilson had to hire me to get rid of me!"

DON, who "sells the stuff" for Jack Benny these days, was chief announcer at the old KFI. Ken doesn't recommend the sit-down system for ambitious young would-be announcers, though. He realizes that Don might have just given him the bum's rush or called a cop.

KFI put him to work broadcasting sports for the Coast networks. He airported track meets, crew races, baseball games and football. He got to be a crack spieler on gridiron goings-on and graduated to the top gridiron event in the nation—the Rose Bowl Game. Ken has four Rose Bowl games under his announcing belt by now, but his first Bowl job lingers longest and most painfully in his memory, which is only natural considering what befell.

It was along in the middle of the third quarter when the stands were on their feet yelling themselves hoarse. One team was about to score close to the sidelines, and the quarterback probably thought Ken Carpenter looked like a weak left end. At any rate, he called the play and several tons of tackles, guards and assorted backs charged down on Ken and his mike. When he woke up, there were cleat marks all over his fair white body and a lot of "dead air" on his particular broadcast. His reputation as well as one of his knees was pretty badly twisted.

It has been like that, it seems, all along with Ken Carpenter. Things pick on him to happen. That's why he timidly asserts today that he has come up the hard way.

There was the time he set up his traveling mike in a downtown jam to report an Elks Parade. As the colors went by the patriotic fervor of the crowd shoved Ken up against a plate glass window and then shot him through into a snappy department store display. The only indications the station had that Ken was on the job were loud crashes of falling glass and some muffled yowls.

He covered a championship baseball series, and a hasty batter slung his bat aside after a hit. Who do you think stopped it with his solar plexus and an "oof!" over the air? That's right—Carpenter. He put on a special air stunt from an orange grove and in the middle a tree decided to unload its fruit on Ken's uncovered top. Once, during a Navy Day review, Ken attempted to hop from one destroyer to another with his talk-box and misjudged the distance. He hung over the deep by a snag in his very best pants until the boys in blue rallied to the rescue.

"So," Ken declared, "you can readily see that the mere fact I am still hanging around and drawing a pay check is some sort of small miracle!"

Of course, Ken Carpenter does much more than just hang around the NBC studio in Hollywood. In fact, he is one of their very ace announcers and always as busy as a bookie on Derby Day. If you're a confirmed dial twister you'll hear his dulcet and persuasive tones over the Marion Talley Ry-Krisp hour on Sundays, as well as the Sunday One Man's Family show and the Wednesday one, too. He announces the Gilmore Circus (Pacific Coast Chain) on Fridays, still does very special events, makes recordings, and in his spare time he comes at you via the movies in Paramount's "Unusual Occupations" short subjects.

But Bing Crosby's battery of station-break bells on the Kraft Music Hall has really sounded out the Carpenter air click in a big way. That started as a rib, and like Topsy, "just growed," like this:

One day at rehearsals Chester Morris, the movie star guest that week, said the station gongs had always intrigued him. Who rang them, Ches-

ter wanted to know, what did they look like, how did they work?

"Why," replied Bing, shuffling his script sheets, "have you never heard of Kensington Carpenter—Carpenter the little Father of all the Chimes? Go ahead, Ken, ring 'em for the lad."

But Ken was busy penciling up his plugs and the chimes weren't handy. "Bing," he replied, "I'm just not in the mood!"

"What!" bellowed Bing, in mock severity, "This is a horrible *contretemps,* Carpenter, a deplorable *contretemps!"* 'Contretemps' is one of Bing's favorite words, and he rolls it out in a nasal snore more French than the French.

IT went on from there, with Bing exhorting Ken to give with his art and Ken feigning a temperamental indisposition—and all the time a secretary was taking the gag down in shorthand.

Now, it is practically a rule on the Kraft show that all spontaneous gags and impromptu by-play during rehearsals that get a laugh out of the company, go into the finished script. "Off the elbow" stuff, as radio people call it, makes a show sound relaxed—and that is just what Bing's Music Hall show wants above everything else.

Moreover, all guest stars on the Kraft hour are taken aside by the producer and urged to "throw curves" during the show at Bing and Bob—and now, of course, Carpenter—as much as possible. If the surprise "curves" are clever enough to get any one of the three at a loss for a snappy comeback—so much the better.

So that night Ken Carpenter's "temperament" about his station-break chime virtuosity went out on the air. The next Thursday, too, and the next and the next, until it had snowballed into a definite part of the show. Bing carried on his professorial severity and Ken kept up the callow, striving youth pose. They've tried to drop it several times, but somehow it seems to get better each week—and now they can't!

At any rate, whether he likes it or not, Kenneth Lee Carpenter now finds himself a radio comedian. The other day, Lenox B. Lohr, President of the National Broadcasting Company, sent him a set of chromium-plated chimes for his very own, as a sort of official recognition of the fact.

Now they've got him doing all sorts of things—even singing songs. "Which," mused Ken to me, "is a little strange, considering this fact: When I was in college my greatest ambition was to be a singer. It was a very small college and the glee club had fifty members. But my voice was so terrible they kicked me off the glee club the first day. And now I'm warbling from coast to coast! Amazing, this radio!"

Off-mike, Ken Carpenter is about as normal, average, easy-going an American young man as you could imagine. He's in his early thirties, married, and the daddy of an eight-year-old boy named Ronnie, a chip off the old bell-block. Ken's primary interest in life as this is written is his new house up in the Hollywood hills. He's one of those handy men around the place, but plays hookey every now and then to bat a tennis ball around.

Only on such a completely relaxed program as the Kraft Music Hall could personal relations be as casual as those of Bing, Bob and Ken. Bing's gang never put on a show together until you hear it over the air. Each spot rehearses and times itself separately. There is no "dress." This is deliberate production strategy to make the informal atmosphere ring true.

Ken and Bing have known each other since Bing's old playboy days at the Cocoanut Grove and the Coast MJB Coffee Hour.

As for Bob—he and Ken were together on a Sunday night small-time air spot, Gayeties of 1933, in Los Angeles back in the days when the clink of silver in the pants of the rawboned Arkansan was a strange and unfamiliar sound. Bob got seven dollars and fifty cents for his spot on the show then, and one night, Ken recalls, they cut him down to a five-spot. They were using a sister trio that night, so Bob had to take a pay slash! Whenever Robin gets a little uppity these days, Ken reminds him of that.

But when he does, Bob has a perfectly swell comeback: "The five-spot wasn't much," he admits, "but at least I *earned* it!"

WHICH is by the way of being a sharp dig at Ken—because the chimes that have rung the radio bell for Ken Carpenter are actually automatic. They peal out when somebody presses a button, and Ken doesn't even do that much any more.

The producer does it—up in the control room.

Binnie Barnes has the fresh beauty so often found in her native Britain. After successes on the London stage, her movie roles under the direction of the famous Alexander Korda led to a Hollywood contract in 1934. (*See her in Goldwyn's "Marco Polo".*)

Freshness is the special charm of Old Golds, too!

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the *OUTER* jacket opens from the *BOTTOM.*

THE most priceless and *perishable* charm a star—or a cigarette—can have, is *freshness.* No effort, no expense, is too great to guard it. For if it fades, down goes "box office appeal".

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to prolong the freshness of its stars. Old Gold spends a fortune to protect—for you—the freshness of prize crop tobaccos.

Just as too much exposure coarsens beauty, so dryness, dampness and dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness and flavor. To give you Old Golds at the very peak of appealing freshness, every Old Gold package is *double-sealed,* in 2 jackets of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds, and discover how much *factory-freshness* adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast

when corns go Root* and All

NO MORE painful corns! No more dangerous old-fashioned paring, that only affects the surface of a corn, leaves the root to come back bigger and more painful than ever! Now it's easy to remove corns quickly—safely—root and all! The new double-action Blue-Jay method ends pain by removing pressure, then in a few days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny medicated plaster. Easy to use. Safe—quick-acting—painless. 25¢ for a package of 6. Same price in Canada. At all drug and department stores.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

SNAPSHOTS IN COLORS—

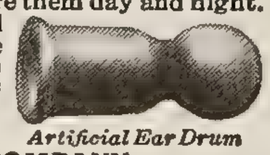
Roll developed, 8 Natural Color Prints–25c. Natural Color reprints—3c. AMAZINGLY BEAUTIFUL.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO. C-107 Janesville Wisconsin

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY

719 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

ASTHMATICS!

When you Gasp for Breath..

Try inhaling the aromatic fumes of Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Thousands of asthmatic sufferers look for ready relief from this simple treatment. Discovered 70 years ago, ASTHMADOR has been perfected by 3 generations, and is compounded of selected ingredients in a scientific laboratory. No wonder it is a favorite in many lands. Find out how ASTHMADOR can bring you relief. At your druggist. In powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. Or send for free trial supply of all three.

R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Cal., Dept. M

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Murder in Room 1203

(*Continued from page* 20)

Because the other gentleman has been here. Some other time. . . . But I told you, he had first claim!" His voice sharpened in alarm. "No, don't bother to come up here—I—" He jiggled the receiver nervously, then hung up. "I'm sorry—a business acquaintance insists on seeing me."

"That's all right," Steve said affably. "We only wanted to get confirmation of the engagement anyway."

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," the Count said suddenly, "will you do me a great favor? I need a valet—perhaps you'd place my ad for one in your paper?"

"Why—you can phone it in—"

"No, no—I might forget. Just a minute, and I'll dash off a short notice." He was already at the desk, writing rapidly, fumbling with an envelope, sealing it and handing it to Steve. "Thank you a thousand times for your courtesy." There was a knock at the door. "You'll forgive me for my lack of hospitality, but—"

The door swung open unceremoniously. A short man in a derby hat started to speak. "What's the big idea, Fairington. I told you—" Then he stopped.

"Well, so long, Count. We'll be running along," Steve said, and led Lorelei from the room. The door closed behind them. "My, Count Fairington has some peculiar friends," he marvelled. "That was Slick Joe—the gentleman Big Dave accuses of muscling in on him!"

Back in his office at the *Press*, Steve sat down at his desk, motioned Lorelei into the seat across from him, and said, "Now we'll see what we've got and do a little detective work." On the desk he ranged the envelope the Count had given him, a safety pin, an eye-dropper, and a teaspoon.

"I found these in the bathroom in Kay Padgett's hotel room," he explained.

"But what in the world are they?"

"If I'm right," he answered, "they're proof that Fairington as good as murdered Kay Padgett."

"But he doesn't even know she's dead!"

"He's responsible for her death, just the same," said Steve, opening the envelope Fairington had given him. It contained two slips of red cardboard. Steve inspected them.

"Two baggage checks from the Union Station. Now, why did he give me those instead of the ad?"

"Maybe he made a mistake."

"He's made plenty of mistakes, but this wasn't one of them. Let's see . . . Fairington has something in his possession that two of the biggest gangsters in Big Town are fighting over. Do you suppose—this could be it? Whatever is checked at the Union Station, I mean?"

Lorelei's face lit up. "Of course! And he gave you the checks to get rid of them."

"Well, we can find out." He picked up the telephone. "Miss Foster, get me Count Ramon Fairington at the Marita Hotel. . . . Hello! Count Fairington? . . . Yes, that's just what I was calling about. I thought you must have made an error and given me the wrong. . . . Yes, of course. No trouble at all. I'll send the checks back to you by messenger. And you can phone the ad in."

He hung up. "But first I'm going to look in those bags myself."

At the Union Station he and Lorelei got the bags without any difficulty, moved them into a quiet corner of the waiting-room, and opened them with one of a bunch of keys Steve had thoughtfully brought from the office. Inside were a number of small paper-wrapped packages.

"Uh-huh," said Steve, and nodded. "Dope."

* * *

WHAT'S on your mind, Steve?" asked the District Attorney.

Steve, sitting on the other side of the District Attorney's desk, came straight to the point. "It's about that Padgett suicide—and about something a whole lot bigger. I think I know why the Padgett girl killed herself. She was a heroin addict. Count Ramon Fairington, attache of the Valdonian embassy, was the lad who kept her supplied. This morning he tried to blackmail her into marrying him, and rather than do that she killed herself."

The District Attorney's eyes were grave. "How do you figure that out?"

Steve took the spoon, the eye-dropper, and the safety pin from his pocket and laid them on the desk. "Found these in her room." The District Attorney picked them up, one by one, and examined them, while Steve explained to Lorelei, "This outfit has taken the place of the hypodermic needle, Lorelei. It's less embarrassing if it's found on you. Less sanitary, too, but just as efficient if you know how to use it."

The District Attorney nodded, took a slip of paper from his desk and handed it to Steve. "Good detective work," he said. "We know why she killed herself, but we didn't know the man's name."

"Dear Mother and Dad," the letter read, "When I was abroad two years ago I started taking dope because I thought it was smart. I became addicted. Now I have reached the stage where I would go to any length to secure my supply. Today I learned that unless I marry a man I detest—the man who started me on dope—my supply will be cut off and you will be blackmailed. I am too far gone—I have no alternative. Forgive your Kay."

There was silence in the office for a moment. Then Steve said harshly, "Nothing will ever make me happier than seeing that rat in prison. Here's how you can get him, D.A." Swiftly he told about Fairington, about the baggage checks and their discovery at the Union Station.

IT'S NOT A TRAGEDY TO BE FAT

In an utterly, frank discussion of a delicate subject, Kate Smith brings a new outlook on life to every woman who has ever been handicapped by overweight. Watch for it in the

OCTOBER RADIO MIRROR

"We checked the bags again," he concluded. "Here are the checks. Send a boy over to Fairington with them right away—then I'll go with you to watch the check-room. Tail whoever comes for them, find out where he goes, and grab the mob."

"Count Fairington, eh?" The District Attorney mused. "What a perfect set-up—consular attaches travel on a diplomatic passport and customs officials don't even open their luggage. That guy could bring in a ton of dope—and probably has—and nobody'd be the wiser. . . ."

LORELEI was very quiet all the way to the Union Station, quiet until she and Steve were seated at the lunch-counter, which gave them an uninterrupted view of the check-room. Farther down at the counter two plainclothes men were stationed.

"Steve," she ventured, "do many Americans use dope?"

He smiled wryly. "America's the drug industry's biggest customer. It's indispensible to criminals, Lorelei. No big job is ever pulled off where the crook isn't doped up."

"But there are a lot of non-criminal addicts too, aren't there—like Kay?"

"Of course, some. But not so very many, for a good reason. Once a man gets on the stuff, he's got to have it. And dope comes high. An addict has to spend from five to nine dollars a day to keep supplied. A man who's really on the dope lives in a little world all his own. He can't hold down a job. So he has to resort to crime to get the money."

"But Steve—how do people get started?"

"They catch 'em young nowadays. The hop peddlers concentrate on schools and colleges. There's big money in selling dope, Lorelei. Heroin bought at its source costs twenty dollars a pound. It sells in America for thirty-five dollars an ounce."

Lorelei shuddered. "It's horrible!"

"Well," Steve said grimly, "we're going to knock the Big Town dope racket on the head today—I hope."

But it was not for a long time that anything happened—not until dusk had fallen. Lorelei and Steve and the two detectives sat tense and uncomfortable on their high stools before the counter. Suddenly Steve flipped the edge of the counter with his fingernail—a pre-arranged signal. The Count and Red Dave were at the check-room.

"Looks like Red Dave gets the stuff, not Slick Joe," Steve whispered. "That's liable to start a little trouble."

They watched the Count and Dave walk out of the waiting room and step into a green sedan at the curb. Then they were all in a taxi, following the sedan, while another car, filled with watchful men, swung in behind.

The sedan drove to the outskirts of town and stopped in front of a gaunt frame house. The taxi, two blocks behind, drew to the curb and stopped, its satellite car in back of it. They watched the Count and Dave leave the sedan, enter the house.

"That's their poison factory," one of the detectives breathed, "where they'll refine the stuff for sale. Guess the boys can get busy."

He leaned out of the car to signal to the one behind. But at that moment another car, a high-powered limousine whizzed past them and ground to a halt next to the sedan. Four men jumped from it and ran into the house.

A few seconds later bedlam broke loose. First a volley of gun-fire from inside the house, then a few scattered shots, then another volley. The police car drove closer and its occupants quickly surrounded the building. They were waiting when the second party of men appeared again on the porch, carrying the valises—ready with a fusillade of bullets which sent the marauders into crumpled heaps on the ground.

Then there was silence.

Lorelei, sitting in the taxi beside Steve, said in a low, frightened voice: "Steve—what happened?"

He patted her hand. "They played right into our hands. Fairington had all the dope. He'd promised it to Red Dave, but Slick Joe tried to muscle in and get it away from him. Dave was with Fairington at the station, and they came out here together. Then Joe and some of his boys came along on a hi-jacking expedition—and you saw what happened. Joe killed Fairington and Dave—or I expect he did—and when he and his friends came out again they found the cops waiting for them."

SHE looked at Steve's eyes. They were shining exultantly. "And the long and short of it is that Big Town's two meanest gangs have been wiped out and the dope racket finished around these parts for a long time. . . . Come on, Lorelei, let's get back to the office. We've got a *story* to do!"

Girls, ask your brothers—

they'll tell you about

S.A.

[stocking appeal]

Brothers speak out frankly. They'll tell you how men frown at stocking faults . . . runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky seams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.*? It's easy with Lux.

SAVES ELASTICITY. Lux saves the *elasticity* of silk—lets threads *stretch* without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

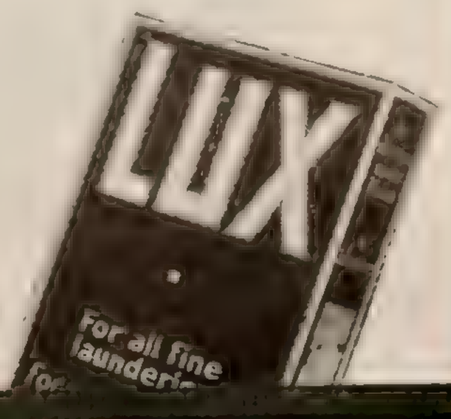
Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

RUNS KILL S.A.

"No wonder your 'date' went sour, Sis—a nasty run like that!" Brothers know how runs detract from the smartest frock—dim your whole effect. There's an easy way to cut down on these glamour killers . . . just use Lux.

*S.A.=*stocking appeal.*

Cuts down runs · · · saves S.A.



HOW YOU CAN Attract MEN

Men Love Peppy Girls

IF you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this:

It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and ginger who attracts men. Men can't stand cranky, ailing women.

So in case you need a good general system tonic remember this:—For over 60 years famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots, has helped Nature tone up delicate female systems, build up physical resistance, and thus help calm jittery nerves and give more pep and zip to really enjoy life.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Sell 50 PERSONAL Christmas Cards

EARN up to $25 in a Week

Take orders for this big value! 50 Christmas Cards *with sender's name*, sell for only $1. Your friends and others will buy on sight. Just show free samples. You make big profit.

$1

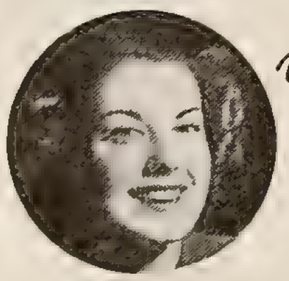
Extra Money for Spare Time

Our complete line offers you largest earnings. Sell Christmas Card Assortments—Religious Cards, Gift Wrappings and others, 50c and $1.00. Big profit to you on every sale.

FREE Samples Men and women—start earning at once. Write for FREE Selling Outfit.

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. A-410, Chicago, Ill.

NO MORE EMBARRASSMENT



with Modern Feminine Hygiene

You need no longer be embarrassed with greasy, difficult and annoying ways of feminine hygiene! Thousands of women are singing the praises of the new kind of dainty, greaseless, easy-to-use suppositories, Zonitors. Look into it for yourself! You'll be delighted, too.

The good word spreads! Zonitors are free from harmful drugs, yet they kill germs. They are safe to use, no "burn" danger. They contain no greasy base to melt or run, and wash away completely with plain water. All ready for use, no mixing or applicator. Odorless, the perfect deodorant.

Small, snow-white, in individual glass vials. $1 for box of 12—only 8⅓¢ each. At all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. Full instructions in package. FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 3906 Chrysler Building, New York City.

A New Jack Benny "Vacation Broadcast"

(*Continued from page* 14)

you're needed. Okay, men, let's get started. I'll play the part of Butch O'Benny, Chief Petty Officer, as portrayed by Pat O'Brien of the screen—as tough a sailor as ever choked on a seasick pill. . . . The members of my crew will be Sock Harris, Slim Wilson, and Lucky Baker.

MARY: Am I going to be in this?

JACK: Yes, Mary. Your name is Slug Livingstone. You'll have to be a sailor too.

MARY: Okay, but I'm going to put a screen around my hammock.

JACK: And Rochester will be the cook.

ROCHESTER (*suspiciously*): Cook for what?

JACK: For our submarine.

ROCHESTER: Is that one of them boats that dunks?

JACK: Yes, it travels far beneath the surface of the ocean.

ROCHESTER: I ain't gonna be on it.

JACK: Now, Rochester, I promised you ten dollars—don't you want to make ten dollars?

ROCHESTER: Not if I have to send a whale to the bank with it.

JACK: Now look, Rochester, it's nothing to worry about. It's only going to last five minutes.

ROCHESTER: I can drown in three.

JACK: Well, it's only a play, so go over in the corner and put on your uniform. . . . Oh, and Andy—I almost forgot. I want you to be the steam whistle. Okay?

ANDY: Sure, I'll take it. I ain't proud.

JACK: And now, folks, for our epic of the sea—Submarine D and One-half. We pick up the submarine off the coast of Panama, cruising forty feet below the surface on its way to San Diego.

PHIL: Hey, Popeye. . . .

JACK: Popeye? Listen, Harris, that's an insult to your superior officer. Step forward and salute.

PHIL: Oh, all right.

JACK: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PHIL: I'm saluting you.

JACK: Well, unless your nose itches, you're insulting me *again*. . . . Well, speak up, what's the trouble?

PHIL: Something seems to be wrong. We're slowing down.

JACK: Darn those sharks! They're hitching rides again. . . . Shoo! Shoo! *Scat!*

MARY: Oh, why don't you let them have a little fun?

JACK: I don't mind them bumming a ride, but I don't want them biting their initials in the rudder. Hey, Rochester, is supper ready?

ROCHESTER: All but the apple pie.

JACK: The apple pie? Where is *that?*

ROCHESTER: I put it out the window to cool.

JACK: Oh. . . . Well, never mind; we'll be in Panama soon.

DON: Hey Chief, we're slowing down again.

JACK: Now what?

MARY: Slowing down nothing—we've stopped.

JACK: Hey, Harris, what did you stop the boat for?

PHIL: There's a red light against us.

JACK: Red light! That's a lobster. Go right through.

PHIL: All right, but if I get pinched, it's your fault.

JACK: Hm, some navigator. . . . Hey, Slug! Where are you going with those curtains?

MARY: I'm gonna hang 'em over my window. There's been a halibut peeking in all week.

JACK: A halibut peeking in—that's nothing to get upset about.

MARY: Oh, no? Last night he winked at me.

JACK: Aw, you're imagining things.

MARY: I am, eh? Then who sent me those gardenias?

JACK: Now get back to the periscope and keep your eyes open. I don't want any accidents.

DON: Oh, Chief, we just received a radiogram from Admiral McKenzie:

JACK: A radiogram? What does it say, Wilson?

DON: Use extreme caution when entering Panama Canal. The canal is filled with battleships, cruisers and destroyers."

JACK: What, no water? Well, men, we'll have to take a chance. Are you with me?

THE CREW: Aye, aye, Sir.

MARY: Hey, Chief, Chief! There's a battleship directly ahead and it's bearing down on us. We'll be hit sure!

ROCHESTER: Dawggone, where did I put that rabbit's foot?

JACK: I'll handle this—we've got to warn them. Hey, Slug, pull the steam whistle.

MARY: Aye, aye, Sir.

ANDY: Whoo whoo!

JACK: Hm, they don't hear us. Pull the whistle again—louder.

MARY: Aye, aye, Sir.

ANDY: Whoo, whoo, and I do mean WHOO!

JACK: They still don't hear us. What are we gonna do?

MARY: You better think fast, Chief.

JACK: I got it—empty main ballast tank! (*We hear three bells.*) Reverse rear engines! (*We hear the three bells again.*) Who keeps ringing those bells?

MARY: Jimmie Fidler.

JACK: Hm, six bells—we can't be that good. . . . Harris, I gave you a command to stop. Are you reversing rear engines?

PHIL: I don't know how.

JACK: Then what'll we do?

PHIL: Hold your hats; we're gonna crash. (*There is a terrific noise, splintering, clashing of chains, tearing of metal.*)

JACK: *Now* keep cool, men, I'll handle everything.

DON: But,

The Don Lee Network's General Manager—Lewis Allen Weiss.

Can You Equal This Home for $837

Shipped Direct from Our Mill

Save 30% to 40% on Your New Home..

WE PAY FREIGHT

Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy it direct from our mill at our low factory price. We ship you the materials—lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price—no extra charges. We pay the freight. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%, compared with builders' prices. Easy terms—monthly payments.

Send for FREE BOOK of Liberty Homes

Handsome Big CATALOGUE FREE

Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Designs to suit everyone.

Write for your catalogue today

LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. 6289 Bay City, Michigan

ITCH Use D.D.D. Prescription

OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN TROUBLES

STOPPED QUICKLY

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35c • 60c • $1.00

SKIN CLEAR and Exquisitely LOVELY

"Gone like magic" is the song of happy thousands for whom KREMOLA, an M. D. doctor's prescription, has cleared away pimples, blackheads, and surface skin blemishes. A clear-up—not a cover-up! Your money refunded if pimples and adolescent purplish pits do not go. Try Kremola, $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct.

Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Used for 40 years for clearing up embarrassing facial freckles. Your money back if not delighted. 65c at your drug or department store.

Kremola, Dept. C-1, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

Send For FREE SAMPLE—State Which

EXTRA MONEY

Yes, you can make extra money right at home, and what's more, have real fun doing it. We show you how, we furnish everything necessary on an easy basis.

COSTS NOTHING to learn about our plan, all details are given you free. Write today for idea book full of colored pictures telling all about our methods which have made good money for so many people. Learn how easy it is to make many extra dollars every week in the most delightful home work you can imagine. Don't miss this opportunity. Write Now—it's FREE.

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES, Dept. 34-M, Adrian, Mich.

ROUND WATCH INCLUDED FREE WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. SMART! TINY! RICH!

Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U. S. Govt. Standard) **Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.**

1939 Queen Quality Watch. Dial small as a Dime. Jeweled. Accuracy Guarantee enclosed.

Watch included FREE with every ring ordered during **SALE** and paid for on our easy two monthly $2 payment plan (total only $4). No extra charge for the watch. Wear 10 days ON APPROVAL! **Send NO Money.** Mail ***postcard*** now. We pay postage. **We trust you.** Your package comes at once by ***return mail.***

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. 389-A, Newton, Mass.

Chief, we're sinking fast.

JACK: I know we are. What does the gauge say, Rochester?

ROCHESTER (*like an elevator operator*): Two hundred feet . . . sardines, herring, barracuda *and* tuna! Goin' down!

JACK: Look all that salt water pouring in. What'll we do?

KENNY: Let's make some taffy.

ROCHESTER: Three hundred feet. . . . Mackerel, pickerel, whales, sharks *and* mountain trout! Goin' down!

JACK: The water's getting deeper in here. Hey, Wilson—man the pumps!

DON: We haven't got any.

JACK: Then somebody give me a blotter! (*There is a dull thump.*)

ROCHESTER: Ground floor. . . . Crabs, oysters, sand, seaweed, *and* thanks for the memory!

JACK: We've struck bottom! Have courage, men. Are you getting along all right.

PHIL: Now, *there's* a silly question.

JACK: If we could only make connections with the Naval Base. Gee, the water is up to my waist.

MARY: It's only up to my ankles.

JACK: Where's Kenny?

MARY: I'm standing on him.

JACK: Then who am *I* standing on?

ROCHESTER: This isn't a hat I'm wearing.

PHIL: Why don't you call the Admiral to send help?

JACK: I can't—the phone is out of order. (*But just then it rings.*) No, it isn't—that must be the Admiral now. We're saved! (*He picks up the receiver.*) Hello, hello!

A VOICE: Hello, is this the Orpheum Theater?

JACK: No, this is Submarine D-1.

VOICE: What's the other feature?

JACK: Everybody Sink. (*He hangs up.*) Hm, I'm so mad I could drown. Well, things look hopeless, men. I'm afraid there's no chance for us. But remember, we're in the Service, so let's die like men.

MARY: Hey, Chief, Chief! Look, there's somebody coming toward us. He's coming through the water.

JACK: Let's see. . . . You're right, and he's in a diving suit.

KENNY: Is it anybody we know?

JACK: Hooray! We're saved, fellows! (*There is a heavy knock on the door.*) Come in. (*The door opens.*)

THE DIVER: Mister Benny?

JACK: Yes.

THE DIVER: Have you saved your money all your life?

JACK: Yes, I have.

THE DIVER: Ain't you sorry now? Good-bye. (*And the door slams behind him.*)

JACK: Play, Phil!

(*Phil plays, and we know the broadcast is almost over. But wait a minute—here's Jack, back for a final word.*)

JACK: Well, folks, that was the last number of the special vacation Jell-O broadcast. And now that our play is over, let's get out of this submarine and go up to the surface.

MARY: You better not do that, Jack.

JACK: Why not?

MARY: The Warner Brothers are waiting for you.

JACK: Oh, well, it's comfortable here. Good night, folks.

MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM KEEPS YOUR SKIN Young Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. The simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

BE A RADIO ARTIST ACTOR, ANNOUNCER, SINGER, SONGWRITER IN DEMAND. LEARN AT HOME

Thousands have valuable undiscovered talent. Write for Free Audition Chart

Radio Arts Academy, Studio 8. 3819 Wilshire, Hollywood, Cal

Make BIG MONEY UNDER NEW PREMIUM GIFT PLAN

Men! Women! Earn Steady, Good Income and $[illegible] Yearly Bonus besides, Under Amazing New Premium Plan. Big $8.00 Sample Display Free with [illegible] choice for Togstad's famous quality Coffee. [illegible] 400 household necessities. No Experience Necessary. Give Away Samples of Togstad's. No Risk—[illegible] send Penny postcard. We'll send you at once Free [illegible] of Togstad's famous new household discovery. Write

THE C. I. TOGSTAD CO., Dept. 725. Kokomo, Indiana

Exclusive Magnified Setting!

PHOTO RING

ADDED FEATURE! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll return genuine Photo Ring (Photos returned.) Indestructible! Waterproof!

SEND NO MONEY 50c (Expertly printed 25c extra)

Pay Postman (Canadian Orders Must Send Cash)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If not [illegible] we will pay postage. PHOTO MOUNTED RING CO., Dept. M-22, 126 Vine Street, [illegible]

BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

Many men I trained now make $30, $50, $75 a week in Radio. Many started making $5, $10, $15 a week extra in spare time soon after enrolling. Illustrated 64-page book points out Radio's many opportunities, also how I train you at home to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50 method. Television training included. Money Back Agreement given. Mail coupon today. Get book FREE.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5FB3
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me, without obligation, your 64 page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" FREE. (Please write plainly.)

AGE .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

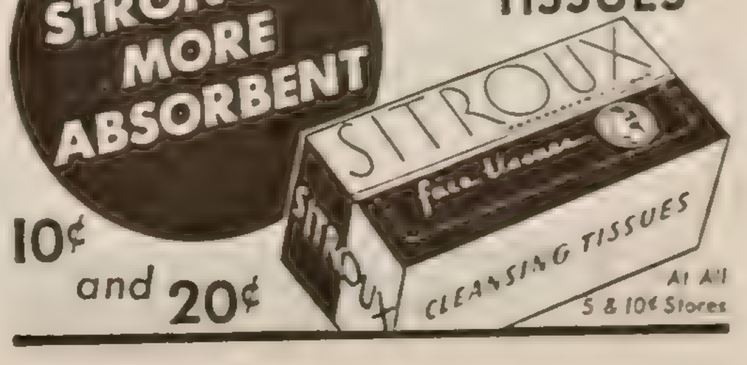
CITY ..... STATE .....

SITROUX

(Pronounced "SIT-TRUE")

CLEANSING TISSUES

SOFT STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT



10¢ and 20¢

At All 5 & 10¢ Stores

Do you know AN Alka-Seltzer TABLET IN A GLASS OF WATER

BRINGS Quick Relief FROM
Headache
Sour Stomach
Discomfort after Meals
Muscular Aches and Pains

When you drink a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer its analgesic properties promptly relieve the pain and discomfort; then, because Alka-Seltzer is such an efficient alkalizer, it also helps overcome the excess acid condition so often associated with these common ailments. Try Alka-Seltzer- you'll like it's pleasant, refreshing taste and you'll like the quick relief it brings.

AT ALL DRUG STORES
30c and 60c packages
Also Sold by the Glass at All Drug Store Fountains

Alka-Seltzer

FREE! 2 SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENTS Made From Your Own Negative
Or MASTER ENLARGEMENT hand tinted in natural color, given with ROLL of FILM DEVELOPED and 8 beautiful, glossy, never-fade prints all for only 25c. Studio-to-you-service makes high quality work overnight at low prices possible. Just mail roll, name and 25c coin to
SUNSET SERVICE, 317 SUNSET BLDG., ST. PAUL, MINN.

TOUCH UP GRAY STREAKS
ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35, for sale everywhere.
FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. Dept. Mc-98
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Charlie McCarthy's Father

(*Continued from page* 34)

However, if nothing happens to him for a little while longer, Edgar Bergen will be able to retire, if he likes, independently wealthy. They're making money, those two, hand over fist. They make $2500 for each radio broadcast. They make $1000 a week in royalties for dolls, books, toys and other by-products. For a single week's vaudeville appearance in Los Angeles, they were paid $17,000, and for another in San Francisco, $5000. They got $15,000 for their participation in "The Goldwyn Follies" and several times that much for the Universal picture, "Letter of Introduction." Edgar not so long ago turned down $200,000 for a ten weeks personal appearance tour.

Meanwhile, Edgar and Charlie and his mother and a servant or two live quietly in their Beverly Hills home. It is not such a pretentious establishment. It is just a big, roomy, comfortable place where a guy can entertain his friends once in a while and enjoy life.

HE'S a quiet sort of chap, Eddie Bergen, as I've said before. But he's wide awake every minute and not missing a trick, withal. He is interested in people he meets, the famous ones and the others who are not so famous. He does a lot of interesting things, too, although he doesn't say much about that. I had met and talked with him any number of times before I found out he is a licensed pilot with a good many solo hours to his credit.

Also, he and Ken Murray have learned, of all things, to ride a motorcycle, and they go tearing around the country raising a gosh-awful racket and having an elegant time.

They'd like to get married—or Edgar would.

No, it isn't Charlie who told me that, but Ken Murray. He says that Edgar, deep in his heart, would give a good deal to have a wife to take care of—like he wanted to take care of Mary, once—and kids. He told me how he and Edgar and Charlie will spend whole evenings sometimes, playing with Sue Carol's little youngster, Carol Lee.

On those occasions, Edgar sits down on the floor, Turk fashion, with Carol Lee on one knee and Charlie on the other, and the three of them have the time of their lives telling stories. Of course, Charlie does most of the talking, Ken says, and Carol Lee is always entranced by him.

I had tea the other afternoon with Edgar, myself. Charlie wasn't present to usurp the conversation and therefore I learned quite a little about his "father". . . .

That he likes to read, for instance, not fiction, though. Biography, rather, and travel books and also scientific books—"if they aren't too deep." His favorites are "History of Philosophy," by Will Durant; Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" and Woollcott's assembled "Second Reader."

He is wild about music—two kinds: the classics and hill-billy music. He hasn't much use for jazz, except to dance by. Yes, he likes to dance and goes dancing often. . . . Seldom with the same girl, though. He doesn't drink. He works on his scripts until he almost literally "wears them out," according to Ken. He likes girls—"that is, the ones that like me"—but he feels kind of shy with them.

His ambitions? Well, he wants to make some kind of a record with Charlie. He wants to keep Charlie's nonsense fresh and spontaneous always.

He isn't kidding himself about a great career in pictures. "I may get by all right, but I'm no Robert Taylor or Clark Gable and I know it," he told me.

However, if he doesn't, and also if by some dire mischance Charlie suddenly finds himself *persona non grata* with those fans who are crying him to the skies at present, things still won't go so badly with Edgar Bergen. I happen to know that any time he wants to, he can grab off a very pretty job with any one of half a dozen studios, writing motion picture scripts. He would be good at it, too, wouldn't he? That McCarthy dialogue we laugh at Sunday after Sunday on the air doesn't just happen. It is written by Edgar Bergen.

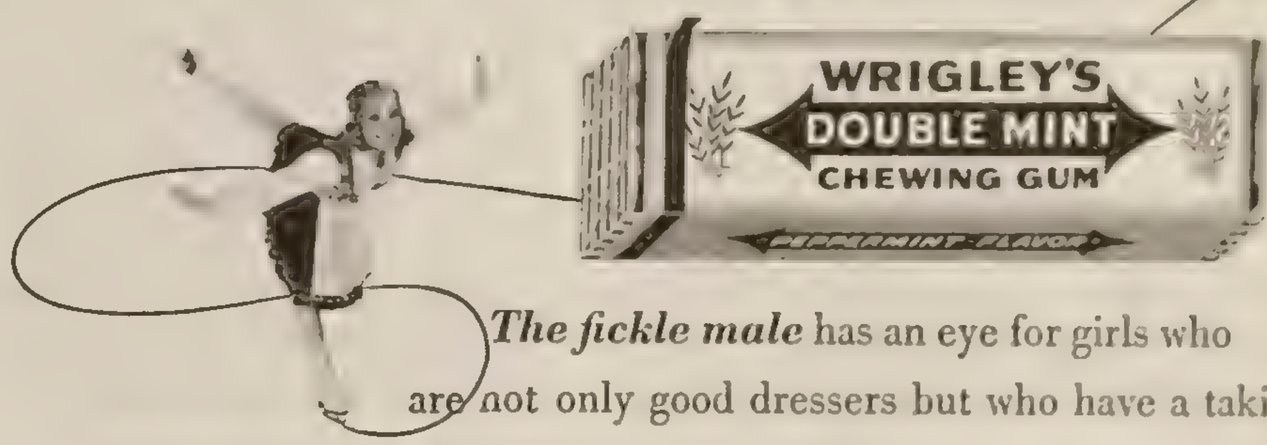
However, I don't think he will be going in for movie writing for a while. I see by the newest radio statistics that Charlie McCarthy's rating is higher than ever. . . . Which doesn't surprise me at all. . . .

Considering who is Charlie's "father."

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Boake Carter.
2. Milton Geiger.
3. Victor Bay married Hanna Moore.
4. Norris Goff of Lum and Abner. He's Abner.
5. Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz.
6. It's the name of Major Bowes' yacht. The "Ed." is for Edward, and the "Mar" is for Margaret Illington, Major Bowes' deceased wife.
7. Edward G. Robinson.
8. That of Frances Langford and Jon Hall.
9. Clifton Fadiman, book reviewer and Franklin P. Adams, columnist on Information, Please.
10. Benny Goodman.
11. Paul de Kruif.
12. Burns and Allen. They switched from Grape Nuts to Chesterfield.
13. Paul Whiteman on his horse, "Walk Along."
14. Bing and Bob Crosby.
15. Hal Kemp who married Betsy Slaughter.
16. "Blue Velvet Music" which was so named because Mark Warnow's secretary wore a velvet blouse which caught the conductor's fancy.
17. Raymond Scott of the Raymond Scott Quintet.
18. "Joe Swing," produced by the Columbia Workshop and "Young Man With a Horn" produced by NBC.
19. Kate Smith.
20. Connie Boswell.

Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and *doubly lovely*



The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is ***smile plus style*** that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, *left* — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. ***SO,*** you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

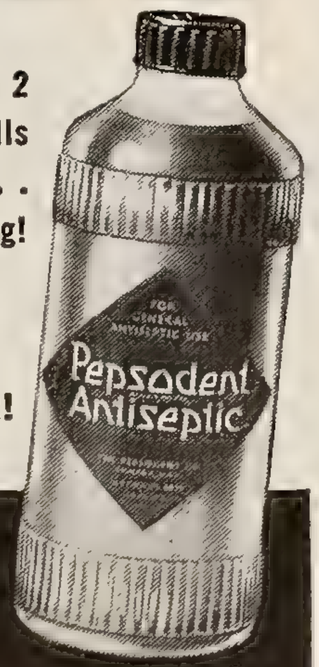
Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely **SONJA HENIE** *whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum in* **SIMPLICITY** *Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write* **DOUBLE MINT** *Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

In Germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC EQUALS 3 BOTTLES OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2 parts water, still kills germs in seconds . . . Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

for **LOOSE DANDRUFF**

P. S. *Don't forget Pepsodent Antiseptic for* **BAD BREATH,** *too!*

The Mystery of the Lone Ranger

(*Continued from page 29*)

if it is heard only on three alternate days of the week; in defiance, too, of another rule which says that the old kind of exciting movie chapter-story no longer can make money. The Lone Ranger in film form is making money, and plenty of it.

The Lone Ranger's success hasn't been publicity-created, either. Few radio programs or movies have allowed the public to know less about them. The reason for the aura of mystery which surrounds the creation and production of The Lone Ranger is that the title character himself is supposedly a man of mystery to the other people in the story, as well as to listeners and audiences. Fans have never seen a picture of The Lone Ranger without his mask; movie audiences had to sit through the entire serial before they were allowed to see his face in the final instalment. Republic Films, which made the movie, refuses to disclose the identity of the man who plays The Ranger, preferring to keep audiences guessing.

THE main reason for the huge popularity of The Lone Ranger is that the story is all action, all hair-breadth escapes. Although scattered, half-hearted complaints have been made about its effect upon youthful fans, The Lone Ranger has none of the brutality or viciousness of gangster stories. Instead, it is a return to the refreshing out-of-door adventure of the old dime novels. Its horse hero, Silver, on which the Ranger invariably rides to the rescue, has given rise to radio's one and only currently popular gag-line, "Heigh, yo, Silver!" which has taken the place of Joe Penner's old "Wanna buy a duck?" and Ed Wynn's "So-o-o-o-o. . . ."

The Lone Ranger goes on the air every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, broadcasting the same episode three times in order to hit every part of the country at 7:30, local time. Since its inception it has originated in the WXYZ studios in Detroit, where its owners, the King-Trendle corporation, who also own the station, can keep a guiding hand on its destinies. In the five years it's been on the air, 3500 different characters have appeared in the story, but the Ranger himself, Silver, and Tonto, the Indian, are unchanging. The Ranger is played by an actor named Earl Grasser; Silver by the studio sound-effects department. The other members of the cast are recruited from the WXYZ Studio Players.

Besides the network program and the moving picture serial, The Lone Ranger is on electrical transcriptions, broadcast over stations which aren't part of the Mutual network. There is a Lone Ranger magazine, several Lone Ranger children's books, and another book now on the presses about the program, written by Fran Striker, the author of all the scripts since the story began.

The Lone Ranger movie serial cost $300,000, which is a small amount for thirty reels of film, and although all the returns are not in yet, it is expected to earn several times that amount.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing true photographic proof of results also FREE.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. M-32, Detroit, Mich.

MY PLAN PAYS YOU EXTRA MONEY

without investment or experience, paying you big money for showing my beautiful, alluring $1 Box 21 Christmas Folders. Not sold in stores. Different! Superior Features! Double Designs! Sells like magic. You make 50c a box. Many other Christmas, Everyday Card bargains—Gift Wrappings, Religious, Etchings, etc. Sure, quick, easy money for your spare time. Start at once. Write for FREE Sample Offer. Chas. C. Schwer, Dpt. H-19, Westfield, Mass.

"Old Reliable Kardman"

IS YOUR MOTHER DEAD?

or father, sister, brother, son, daughter, husband, wife or any other loved one? If so, have you a worthy photograph of them? If you haven't and have a snapshot, old, faded, torn or cracked photo, or a group you want them taken out of, send it to me and I'll enlarge it to 8x10 inches and improve it whatever way you wish.

SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman $1.00 plus few cents postage. Safe return of original guaranteed.

EXCELLENT ART STUDIO
7a Van Wagenen Ave. Jersey City, New Jersey

PLEASANT SMOKE VAPOR *gives quick relief to* **ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS** Send for FREE package of cigarettes and powder—prove at our expense how Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound soothes and relieves Asthmatic paroxysms. Standard remedy at druggists. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and $1. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. MW-7, Rupert, Vt.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND

IF YOU HAVE **GRAY HAIR** and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 27, LOWELL, MASS.

FACE MARRED BY UGLY SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?

Help keep your blood free of waste poisons that may irritate your skin

Don't let ugly hickies make you look ridiculous. Stop being shunned and laughed at. Find out what may cause your pimples and take steps to get rid of them.

Between 13 and 25, your body is growing rapidly. Important gland changes may upset your system. Intestinal poisons are often thrown into the blood stream and carried to the skin . . . where they may bubble out in pimples.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast help you as it has helped so many others. Millions of tiny, *live* plants in each cake of this fresh food help keep your blood free of intestinal poisons. When this is done, resulting pimples begin to go. Your skin becomes clearer, smoother, more attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less! Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today. Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before meals.

HEADED FOR FALL

By
JOYCE
ANDERSON

• A New Coiffure And a Few Hints on Care of the Hair

Lynn Parson's hairdress is simple and feminine—

Benay Venuta prefers a more sophisticated style—

And Nan Wynn chose the up-swept Gibson-Girl effect.

Photos of CBS stars by Irving Seigal.

Full description of these hair-styles will be found in the text.

BLONDE or brunette, your hair plays a vital part in beauty.

Well cared-for hair, attractively arranged, does more than any one thing to emphasize the clearness of your skin, the brilliance of your eyes and the modeling of your face. The nicest part of it is, of course, that hair responds so readily to treatment.

The chances are that your hair is showing the effects of summer—that it is parched by the sun and salt water and badly in need of a new permanent wave. But these conditions can be easily corrected and your hair will be quick to take on new beauty.

Cleanliness is of paramount importance. While most women shampoo their hair oftener than they once did, there are still many who believe the old superstition that hair should not be washed more than once a month. The safest rule is to shampoo your hair just as often as it seems to need it. This might be twice a week if you live in a dusty smoke-filled city, or only twice a month if you live in the country. But make your shampoo a regular part of your routine. Try out some of the various shampoo preparations on the market . . . liquid soap, soapless shampoos, and those with an olive oil, herb, or pine tar base. If you don't shampoo your hair yourself, take along your favorite shampoo preparation every time you go to your local beauty shop. In this way, you can be sure that the preparation used on your tresses is of good quality and suited to your particular needs.

If your hair is drab and dull looking, try a rinse to intensify the natural coloring, to bring out its highlights, and to give added beauty to your hairstyle. Rinses are neither dyes nor bleaches, you know. They are completely harmless and wash off with the next shampoo.

Another factor in keeping your hair clean and lustrous is daily brushing. The brush should be used in such a way that its bristles touch the scalp and sweep through the entire length of the hair. It isn't particularly necessary to give your hair a specified number of strokes just as long as you give it a vigorous brushing at least once a day. Hair brushing stimulates the circulation, just as massage does.

AS necessary as a new hairstyle is your fall permanent wave. But don't shop around for a permanent at bargain prices; go to the hairdresser who will give you a well-known, quality wave at a fair price. Then, with a good-looking natural wave which will lend itself to varied styles, you are ready for a new coiffure.

Mr. Paul, of Charles of the Ritz, has designed three individual hairstyles for three well-known young radio stars. For lovely Benay Venuta of MBS he chooses a soft and graceful hairdress, particularly becoming to blondes. A high side-part and the hair is drawn smoothly off the forehead in five enormous flat curls, the centers of which are definitely outlined. The left side is pulled up and back to form two curls—one diagonal to cover the tip of the ear, and the other lengthwise, forming a frame at the earline. The back is worn straight with six or seven loose ringlets beginning low on the nape of the neck.

For CBS swing songstress Nan Wynn, Mr. Paul has created a daring hairdress, obviously influenced by the Gibson-Girl style. With the possible exception of a bun perched atop the head, this is the hair-do of the pre-war era. The hair is swept back and up into round fat curls. The pompadour effect is accentuated by a backward wave high off the forehead, the ends of which turn forward to a slanting curl. One continuous curl, two inches above the ear tops and slightly lower at the nape, keeps the coiffure intact. Rows of thick curls and a scattering of sculpture ringlets combine to make a picturesque haircomb.

Lynn Parson, clever young CBS actress, likes a simple and feminine hairstyle without artifice or guile. A few loose ringlets atop her head and two large flat curls at the temples . . . a low wave at the ear and loosely combed in the back. Here is a hairdress that can be thoroughly brushed and easily restored.

Makes Ironing Easy

No "married look" to collars and cuffs starched this easy way. Just cream this ready mixed powder in a little cold water . . . then add hot. That's all. A wonderful invention. Your iron fairly glides. *Send now for free sample packet.*

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 589, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name.....

Address.....

Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS BIG CASH PROFITS DAILY

NEW "RUBY" BOX ASSORTMENT
Fastest $1 seller. 21 Exquisite Folders; unusual designs; novel features. Your profit 50c. Extra bonus. 12 popular assortments. Also famous **Personal Christmas Cards** with sender's name. Low prices. Make big earnings daily. No experience needed. Get samples NOW! Write **Dept. 23-C Chilton Greetings, 179 Lincoln, Boston, Mass.** **FREE** Sample Offer

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

47c **3 for $1.00**

SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

STANDARD ART STUDIOS
113 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1548-L, Chicago, Illinois

NOW, at home—you can easily, quickly and safely tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful, natural-appearing color. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Send Your
OLD RUGS, CARPETS, CLOTHING

WE merge, shred, sterilize and reclaim the valuable wools in all kinds of discarded materials—bleach, respin, redye, weave deep-textured, new, Seamless

Olson Reversible Broadloom Rugs

—in 66 solid and two-tone colors, Early American, Oriental, texture designs. *Any Size You Want* up to 16 ft. wide, any length. *It's All So Easy*—we call for your materials and deliver new rugs **A Week Later.** Satisfaction Guaranteed. Our 64th Year.

WRITE for BOOK in COLORS Decorating Helps, Model Rooms **FREE**

OLSON RUG CO. 2800 N. Crawford Ave. Chicago, Ill. Div. E16

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page 37*)

sings the song in "Garden of the Moon." This is the picture in which Jimmie Fidler is said to give a four-bell performance.

* * *

New Faces: Lum (Norris Goff) passed around cigars on the arrival of Gretchen Goff, aged one day, June 9th, in Hollywood. He is reported to have bet heavily on a boy.

* * *

Mae West is expected to do several guest shots this fall—under happier circumstances—and if she does, her radio paychecks will continue to go to the George Pepperdyne Foundation—which maintains a home for underprivileged children. Laun Reis tells me Mae's rent goes to this Charitable Institution—since the Ravenswood, which he manages, is Mae's home—and is owned by the Pepperdyne Foundation!

* * *

Reported on the verge of eloping with David Rose, her musical arranger, Martha Raye is readying plans for a long personal appearance tour. "Glamour-legs" is expected to open in Cleveland—late in July. With her on the tour will be her secretary, Jean Roth, her Mother and her fiance! But don't expect them to be married for a while yet, for her divorce will not be final until September.

* * *

Short Shots from a Longshot Town: Dick Powell (who is expected to head a new air show this Fall) telling Willet Brown (Don Lee—Mutual exec) he's plenty nervous about his expected baby's arrival.

Look for the "Dead End" boys to star in a "Crime School" series over Mutual.

In Hollywood recently several members of the screen colony were seen purchasing wedding gifts addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Morris! This fact promptly set Hollywood tongues wagging—but silenced Wayne and Priscilla Lane—his girl. They would neither confirm nor deny the report they are married. Priscilla's last radio appearance was with Fred Waring.

I have just been tipped that Freddie Bartholomew is being considered to head a dramatic airer for fall production.

* * *

Until you have seen Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," let me use that trite old expression, "you ain't seen nothin'." The recent radio-warbler is but WONDERFUL! So's the picture.

* * *

Radio's Romantic and Domestic Front: Bill Goodwin and Paula Winslow (his ex) are together on the Eddie Cantor show. He produces, she acts . . . John Conti and Diana Lewis, a twosome . . . Tommy Lee, network owner, and Judith Barrett, preacher material . . . Margot Yoder, wife of a commentator (guess who?), makes her film debut in Universal's "Adventures of Red Barry." . . . Tyrone Power takes one of Hollywood's shortest vacations—ten days—between two pictures, "Suez" and "Jesse James." He'll spend most of his time with Janet Gaynor! . . . Dorothy Lamour has been tagged for thirteen more weeks to romance Charlie McCarthy!

Happy Relief from PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

OLD LEG TROUBLE

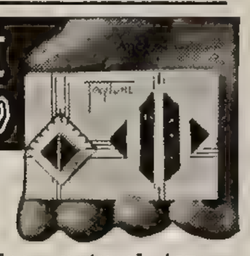
Easy to use Viscose Method heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for TRIAL. Describe your trouble and get FREE BOOK.

R. G. VISCOSE METHOD CO.
140 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions with proper care. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Also used by professionals. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 58K, Providence, R. I.**

At Last! A WIRELESS TUBELESS BATTERYLESS Pocket Radio

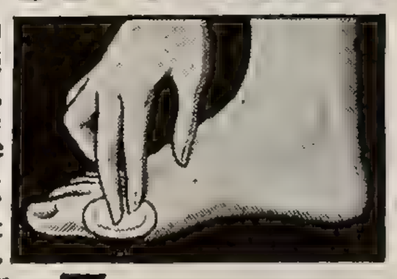


WORLD'S SMALLEST REAL PERFORMING RADIO

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Complete in one unit—weighs only 3 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. Self contained "Speakophone" unit gives superior performance. IS NOT A TOY! **THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS**—Many report amazing reception and distance. Sent complete with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT.** No hook-ups to any current. Six colors available. **SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. **GUARANTEED.** A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW!**
TINYTONE RADIO CORP. Dept. L-9, Kearney, Nebraska

BUNION PAIN

Instantly Relieved with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These soothing, healing, cushioning, protective pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. THIN and THICK for all conditions. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

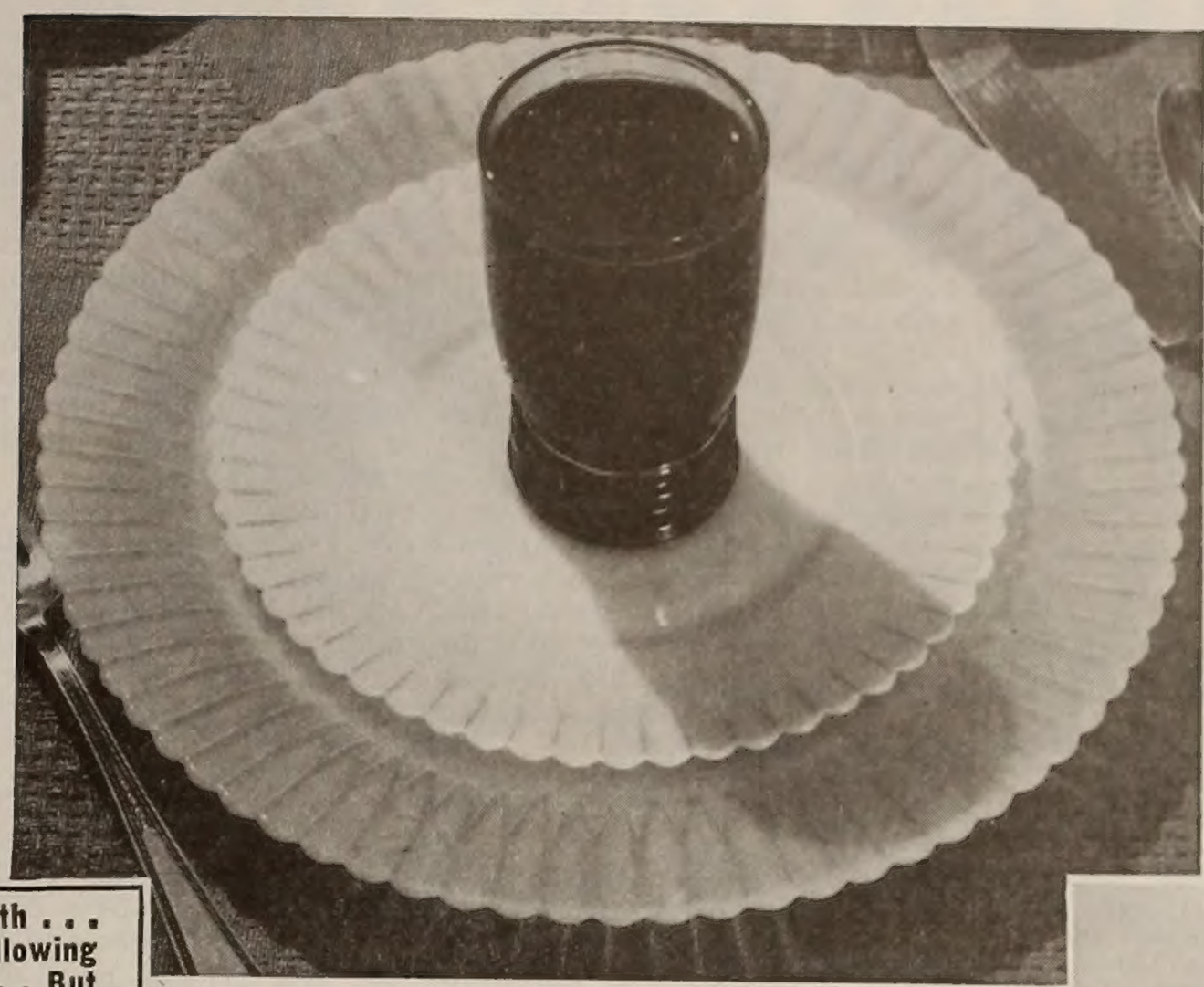
Included FREE of extra charge

Your choice of Man's or Lady's Wrist Watch **FREE** of extra charge with every Ring ordered during this **SALE** and paid for on our easy monthly plan. Lady's or Man's Ring, with simulated diamond that you'd think cost many times the price. Nothing extra for the watch. It's included **FREE.** Ladies' 1939 dainty model. Men's "Shockproof" military wrist watch—gold plate front—with all the color and charm of natural yellow gold; Jeweled: **Guarantee by $1,000,000 FACTORY enclosed.** Send NO Money, make only two monthly $2 payments (total $4). **WE TRUST YOU**—your package comes AT ONCE by Return mail.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.
Dept. 389-B, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer by RETURN MAIL—all postage paid to my door.
☐ Ladies' Model ☐ Men's Model

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____



To pep you up for Dean Kay Kyser's Kolledge of Musical Knowledge class, try this double-duty drink.

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

DRINK fruit juice for health . . . Of course you are following that tried and true rule . . . But the new slogan is drink canned fruit juice for health and variety . . . If you haven't yet discovered these new and appetizing combinations just try canned pineapple and loganberry juice . . . Canned grapefruit and apricot juice . . . Canned orange and grape juice . . . But don't forget that every one of these canned fruit juices is tops when served alone, from breakfast to bedtime.

DRINK TO *Health*

IN spite of all the talk about double-duty this and double-duty that, it's still a surprise to find a double-duty drink—but that's just what the one pictured here is. As you see it, it is serving as a cocktail—and a better prelude to lunch or dinner you couldn't ask for—but it also answers the demand heard on all sides these hot summer days for a long cold drink.

The credit for its discovery—or rather, its invention, goes to Kay Kyser, dean of NBC's College of Musical Knowledge on Wednesday nights. Kay, like many radio stars, advocates fruit juice and lots of it for keeping in condition, and his ingenuity in blending fruit juices and combining them with other ingredients resulted recently in what his friends call the Kay Kyser special.

Kay Kyser Special

1 cup canned unsweetened grapefruit juice
1 cup canned unsweetened pineapple juice
1 cup Irish stout

Chill all ingredients in refrigerator before mixing. Blend thoroughly and serve over cracked ice.

Aside from the almost endless variety of cooling drinks that can be achieved by combining two or more canned fruit juices, there are many new and delicious recipes based on them. The best ones that have come to my attention recently are three-in-one sherbet, a simply grand sauce which may be served cold with ice cream or pudding and hot with fritters, pancakes or waffles, and orange ham gravy.

Three-In-One Sherbet

⅞ cup pureed apricot pulp
⅜ cup canned orange juice
⅜ cup canned pineapple juice
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
½ cup cream
1 egg white

Puree canned apricots by forcing them through a strainer. Combine apricot pulp, orange and pineapple juices. Boil water and sugar together for three minutes, add to fruit mixture and cool. Freeze to mush consistency in regular ice cream freezer or in freezing compartment of mechanical refrigerator, then fold in the stiffly whipped cream and the stiffly beaten egg white. Continue freezing, stirring occasionally if mixture is in mechanical refrigerator freezing tray.

Pineapple Sauce

2 cups canned pineapple juice
Lemon rind
5 tbls. sugar
Juice of one lemon
2 tsps. cornstarch
1 tbl. water

Boil pineapple juice with a piece of lemon rind. In a separate pan melt sugar to golden brown, pour in pineapple juice and boil for three minutes. Make smooth paste of cornstarch and water and stir into boiling sauce. Boil for five minutes, stir in lemon juice and strain.

Orange Ham Gravy

In two tablespoons of the fat from broiled ham, brown one tablespoonful of flour. Reduce heat and stir in slowly sufficient canned orange juice to make gravy of the desired consistency. This is especially good when French toast is served with the ham.

THE SECRET'S OUT

ARE you one of the poor long suffering souls who thinks there's nothing quite like Hollandaise sauce for asparagus, broccoli and cauliflower, but has never been able to make Hollandaise without having it curdle? Take heart, for here is a mock Hollandaise to answer your problem. The secret is that it's made with canned evaporated milk, which just refuses to curdle when it meets lemon juice.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce

2 tbls. melted butter
¾ tsp. minced onion
Juice of half a lemon
2 tsps. flour
2 egg yolks, well beaten
2 bouillon cubes
¾ cup boiling water
2 tbls. canned evaporated milk
Salt and paprika

In the top of a double boiler stir butter and flour until smooth. Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water, and add canned evaporated milk. Add this mixture to the mixture in the double boiler and stir until smooth. Add minced onion. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce has thickened, then add seasoning to taste. Add lemon juice to well beaten egg yolks and add to sauce. Cook for five minutes more, stirring constantly.

I hope you are keeping a number of cans of evaporated milk in your refrigerator. When properly chilled, you know, it may be whipped just like cream and substituted in many recipes for whipped cream. Try moistening the egg yolks with whipped canned evaporated milk when next you make deviled eggs, then add salt, pepper and curry powder to taste.

Conceals all BLEMISHES

Smart women carry a SPOT-STIK in purse *always* . . . ready for instant use when a blemish makes its appearance. A touch with SPOT-STIK and . . . *presto!* your skin appears flawless! Covermark (called "Modern Miracle" in *Reader's Digest*) completely conceals all blemishes, burns, circles under eyes, birthmarks, broken veins, etc.
•Covermark Spot-Stik (*Light, Medium* or *Dark*) $1.25
•CovermarkCream in jars $1.25
At Department and Drug stores or write to
LYDIA O'LEARY, INC.
Dept. A 551 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

COVERMARK SPOT-STIK

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

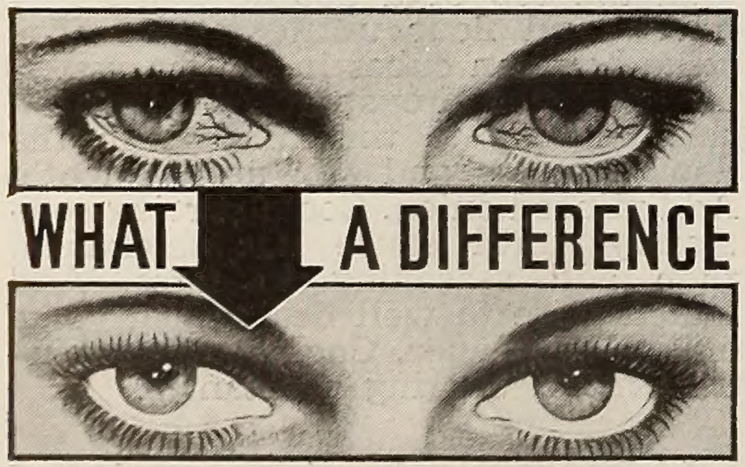
UNIQUE *New* BANDAGE
SEALS ITSELF WITHOUT TAPE

No Modern Woman Should Be Without SEALTAPE
It's so handy — so easy to use. Makes professional-looking bandages. Comes off painlessly — leaves no marks. Will not stick to hair or clothes. New, latex impregnated gauze *lets air in — keeps dirt out*. Safe. Economical. Used and preferred by many doctors. On display at your druggist — or send 10c to cover postage and packing for generous size FREE SAMPLE PACKAGE. Sealtex Company, 2022 Wabansia Avenue, Chicago.

SEALTAPE

Skin May Look Younger at 35 Than at 28!

THOUSANDS of women past 30, use a creme that is a complete beauty treatment! Not only smoothes skin, eliminates surface blemishes, but strikes at vital cause of old-looking skin. Works to eliminate darkening film of dead particles that often give skins dull "old" look. Reveals amazingly clear, youthful freshness! Try this "complete treatment" creme! Called **Golden Peacock Bleach Creme.** At any drug or department store.



IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION CLEARS EYES
Eye make-up beauty is doubled when you change dull, red, veined eyes (due to fatigue, late hours, exposure, etc.) to clear, white, sparkling loveliness with just two drops of Eye-Gene. Formula of two eye specialists. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Soothing . . . refreshing! Purse size at all 10c stores. Economy size at all drug stores. **EYE-GENE**

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 35)

Getting in to see Sammy Kaye backstage the momentous day he made his debut at New York's Paramount theater was a Herculean task, but once you succeeded it was well worth the trouble.

In his dressing room, the tension was terrific. Sammy had just finished his first show. A press agent, arranger, manager, road secretary, valet, and yours truly were patting him on the back and alternately assuring the "swing and sway" sultan that he had Broadway flat on his back. When we weren't doing this, we were pacing the dressing room, smoking cigarettes, and drinking Coca-Colas.

After all you only make Broadway once and that first and last try has to be good.

"There are two things I want more than anything," said Sammy, as he rustled a batch of congratulatory wires, "the candid comment of the Paramount manager, Bob Weitman, and the figures of the box office receipts."

If the twenty-seven-year-old Ohioan had rubbed a magic lantern, his wish couldn't have been answered quicker. The phone rang. Every one jumped. It was Weitman.

"Yes Bob," muffled Sammy into the receiver, "yes, Bob. Thanks, Bob, yes Bob, Goodby Bob."

Sammy turned around. It was like a prisoner getting a reprieve from the governor.

"He likes us," blurted out the nervous Mr. Kaye.

So did the public. The box office register rang up sales faster than a bargain basement during Christmas, and receipts totalled $44,000, eight thousand dollars more than the preceding week.

And so, after three years of swinging around this country, pleasing hicks in the sticks, swinging and swaying in draughty ballrooms on one-night stands, rehearsing and cursing, Sammy Kaye made Broadway. Now Broadway has made Sammy.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO

Will Osborne—For refusing to be licked, despite many bad breaks, and turning up this season with one of the best bands on anybody's ether waves.

Barry Woods—A baritone heard on CBS with a distinguished manner and ingratiating delivery.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet—

Let Me Borrow an Hour; Village in Valley (Vocalion—22600). **Sammy Kaye.** Saccharine syncopation by the band sensation of 1937-8. Reliable vocal work by Tommy Ryan and Charlie Wilson.

Something Tells Me; Who Do You Think I Saw Last Night? (Vocalion—22657). **Bert Block.** The Brooklyn bellringer reveals a nice sense of timing and respect for the original melody.

Now It Can Be Told; My Walking Stick (Bluebird—B7592A). **Shep Fields.** Irving Berlin's latest tomes go through the rippling rhythm process and lose little by it. They are both from the new Darryl F. Zanuck zowie, "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which depicts the life of Irving Berlin.

Stranger in Paree; The Latin Quarter (Victor—25835B). **Rudy Vallee.** Maine's nasal Apollo does his Chevalier impersonation at no rise in prices.

Daddy's Boy; Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride (Decca—DLA12291). **Dick Powell.** A sickly, sentimental ballad warbled by the polite Powell as if he meant it. What with a Powell-Blondell infant anticipated at this writing, it is all very apropos.

Sweet Low, Sweet Chariot; Let Me Whisper (Decca—DLA1290). **Bing Crosby.** Rhythm's crowned head reveals a new side of his art with this tender revival of a beautiful negro spiritual. Crosby collectors should "buy now." The Paul Taylor Choristers from Bing's radio show make this record sound like a tabloid version of the Kraft Music Hall show. Only Burns' bazooka and Carpenter's chimes are missing.

Spring Is Here; Man in the Street (Victor—25842A). **Leo Reisman.** Rodgers and Hart, the small but sensational pair of tunesmiths, enrichen Tin Pan Alley with these numbers from "I Married an Angel." The Reisman embellishments are sweet enough to put anybody's angel in heaven.

Donn'ama; Oh! Ma-Ma (Victor—25857A). **Guy Lombardo.** A novelty Lombardo record featuring the Butcher Boy song, translated by that noted linguist, M. Vallee. Oh, Ma-Ma, I'm afraid this song is the logical successor to "Ti-pi-tin."

Some Like It Swing—

Grandfather's Clock; You Know I Know (Brunswick). **Gene Krupa.** The parchment pounder punishes a pair of old tunes as his first disk contribution since leaving Massah Goodman. Hold your breath. It sizzles on anybody's phonograph.

You Go to My Head; I Can't Face the Music (Victor—25849A). **Larry Clinton.** Subtle swing and a Clinton arrangement save these two tunes from oblivion.

Dreamer in Me; Why'd Ya Make Me Fall in Love? (Victor—25846A). **Benny Goodman.** Swing isn't really swing until Benny plays it. The copy cats will sound swing's death-knell, not this clarinetist from Chicago.

Laughing Boy Blues; Twin City Blues (Decca—63608). **Woody Herman,** Isham Jones' former vocalist, puts a wampum belt on and swings a war cry that would frighten any Indian. Good for laughs and the intricate solo work of the brass section. Arrangements by clever Gordon Jenkins.

This Time It's Real; You Can't Be Mine (Decca—63703). **Ella Fitzgerald.** This month's solo star is Ella Fitzgerald, who withstood the cyclonic invasion on her rights by Maxine Sullivan and has recaptured first place purely because of her consistent record of swell performances.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .

NEW FROM KALAMAZOO !

NEW Coal and Wood Ranges
NEW Gas Stoves
NEW Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges
NEW Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range
NEW Oil Heaters—**NEW** Coal and Wood Heaters
NEW Furnaces—**FREE** Furnace Plans

ALL ON EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

NEW FACTORY PRICES!

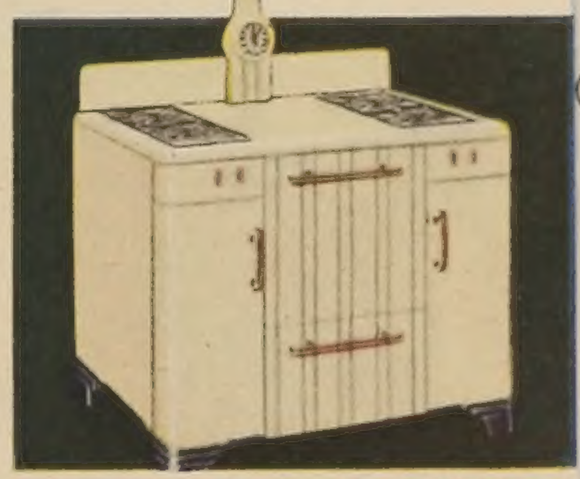
New Low Priced
Coal and Wood Heaters

FREE Sensational NEW Stove Catalog! NEW FACTORY PRICES! NEW designs. NEW ideas. NEW features. Nearly 300 illustrations. *Handsome NEW color photographs of modern kitchens.* As newsy and colorful as a magazine. Just off the press—ready for you. *Mail coupon today!*

Nearly 200 Styles, Sizes and Colors

You'll see nearly 200 styles, sizes and colors—174 Ranges, in all White, Tan and Ivory, Green and Ivory, Black and White, Gray and White, 14 different Heaters, 22 Furnaces. Stoves approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Coal and Wood Ranges; Gas Stoves; Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Ranges; Oil Ranges; Coal and Wood Heaters; Oil Heaters; Water Heaters; Washing Machines; Vacuum Cleaners; Furnaces. FREE furnace plans. *A bookful of bargains—more than you'll find in 20 big stores.*

All our Gas Stoves burn Bottled Gas, Manufactured or Natural Gas



Use Your Credit—Terms as Little as 18¢ a Day

You'll marvel at the *easy terms—as little as 18c a day for some stoves.* Year to pay. USE YOUR CREDIT. *3 years to pay for furnaces.*

24 Hour Shipments—Factory Guarantee

You'll be astounded at the new rapid Factory-to-You service (24 hour shipments). Order on 30 days trial. Satisfaction or money back.

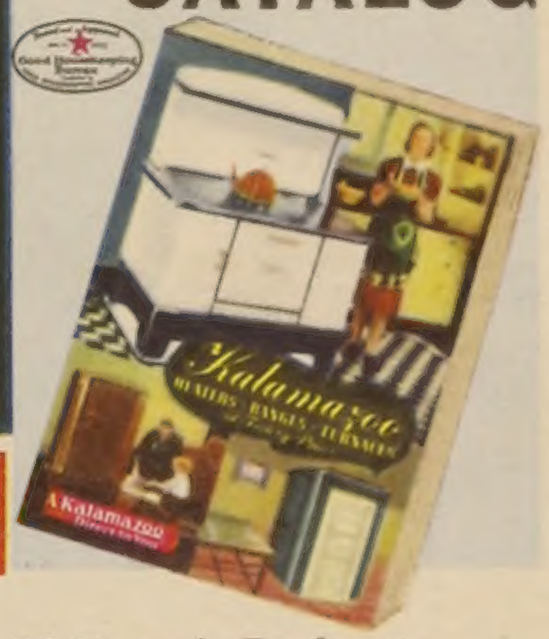
Oven that "Floats in Flame"

Mail coupon! See the oven that "Floats in Flame." Read letters from national and state baking champions. See other exclusive Kalamazoo stove features in this marvelous NEW FREE CATALOG.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" Trade Mark Registered

Mail Coupon Today for

NEW FREE CATALOG



1,300,000 Satisfied Users—39 Years in Business

Over 1,300,000 Satisfied Users praise Kalamazoo Quality. This is the 39th year of "A Kalamazoo Direct to You." Save at the FACTORY PRICE. Send for this FREE Catalog today. Mail coupon!

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, Manufacturers
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan
Warehouses: Utica, N. Y.; Reading, Penn.; Youngstown, Ohio; Springfield, Mass.

See this New Combination Electric, Coal and Wood Range

Circulating Coal and Wood Heaters

New Type Warm Air Furnaces

Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company
469 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dear Sirs: Send FREE FACTORY CATALOG.
Check articles in which you are interested:

☐ **Combination Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges** ☐ **Combination Electric and Coal-Wood Ranges** ☐ **Coal and Wood Ranges** ☐ **Coal and Wood Heaters** ☐ **Oil Heaters** ☐ **Oil Ranges** ☐ **Gas Ranges** ☐ **Furnaces**

Name.....
(Print name plainly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Copyright 1938, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.